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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION.

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D. (EDINB.)

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:
BICKERS AND SON. H. SOTHERAN AND CO.

M.DCCC.LXXI.

NCE

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HEAD, HOLE, & CO., FARRINGDON STREET, AND
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Rep. (Bdg. No.) 5517/2

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

CONTENTS

OF

THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Continuation of Tom Jones; or, The History of a Foundling.

BOOK X.

In which the history goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.	1
II.	Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn	4
III.	A dialogue between the landlady and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world . . .	11
IV.	Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred . . .	18
V.	Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid, were	22
VI.	Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick	28

CHAP. PAGE
VII. In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton . . . 33
VIII. In which the history goes backward . . 38
IX. The escape of Sophia 43

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. A crust for the critics 53
II. The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton 59
III. A very short chapter, in which, however, is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel . . 68
IV. The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick . . . 70
V. In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued 77
VI. In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful consternation . . 83
VII. In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history 88
VIII. A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick 97
IX. The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers 105
X. Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion. . 111

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize	117
II.	In which, though the squire doth not find his daughter, something is found which puts an end to his pursuit.	120
III.	The departure of Jones from Upton, with what passed between him and Partridge on the road	125
IV.	The adventure of a beggar-man . . .	131
V.	Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road . .	136
VI.	From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted	141
VII.	Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen	145
VIII.	In which Fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her	152
IX.	Containing little more than a few odd observations	157
X.	In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together	161
XI.	The disaster which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge	167

CHAP. PAGE
XII. Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion . . 171
XIII. A dialogue between Jones and Partridge . 181
XIV. What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans 187

BOOK XIII.

Containing the space of twelve days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. An invocation 193
II. What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London 197
III. A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to Lady Bellaston 203
IV. Which consists of visiting 207
V. The adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with some account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the mistress of the house and her two daughters 211
VI. What arrived while the company were at breakfast, with some hints concerning the government of daughters 218
VII. Containing the whole humours of a masquerade 225
VIII. Containing a scene of distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our readers 232
IX. Which treats of matters of a very different kind from those in the preceding chapter . 237
X. A chapter, which, though short, may draw tears from some eyes 242

CHAP. PAGE
XI. In which the reader will be surprised . . 246
XII. In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded . 254

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. An essay to prove that an author will write the better, for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes . . . 259
II. Containing letters and other matters which attend amours 264
III. Containing various matters 270
IV. Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young people of both sexes . 275
V. A short account of the history of Mrs. Miller 280
VI. Containing a scene which we doubt not will affect all our readers. 285
VII. The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale 291
VIII. What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a person not yet mentioned in this history . . 298
IX. Containing strange matters 307
X. A short chapter which concludes the book . 311

BOOK XV.

In which the history advances about two days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. Too short to need a Preface 315
II. In which is opened a very black design against Sophia 317

CHAP. PAGE
III. A further explanation of the foregoing design 323
IV. By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when she applies her eloquence to an ill purpose . . . 328
V. Containing some matters which may affect, and others which may surprise, the reader. 330
VI. By what means the squire came to discover his daughter 338
VII. In which various misfortunes befel poor Jones 344
VIII. Short and sweet 352
IX. Containing love-letters of several sorts . . 356
X. Consisting partly of facts, and partly of observations upon them 364
XI. Containing curious, but not unprecedented matters 369
XII. A discovery made by Partridge 372

BOOK XVI.

Containing the space of five days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. Of Prologues 377
II. A whimsical adventure which befel the squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia . 379
III. What happened to Sophia during her confinement 388
IV. In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement 393
V. In which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to a play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge 399
VI. In which the history is obliged to look back . 408

CHAP. PAGE
VII. In which Mr. Western pays a visit to his sister, in company with Mr. Blifil . . 412
VIII. Schemes of Lady Bellaston for the ruin of Jones 415
XI. In which Jones pays a visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick 420
X. The consequence of the preceding visit . . 426

BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. Containing a portion of introductory writing . 431
II. The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller 433
III. The arrival of Mr. Western, with some matters concerning the paternal authority . 438
IV. An extraordinary scene between Sophia and her aunt 447
V. Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the prison 452
VI. In which Mrs. Miller pays a visit to Sophia . 457
VII. A pathetic scene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller 461
VIII. Containing various matters 465
IX. What happened to Mr. Jones in the prison . 472

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about six days.

CHAP. PAGE
I. A farewell to the reader 481
II. Containing a very tragical incident . . 483

CHAP. PAGE

III. Allworthy visits Old Nightingale; with a strange discovery that he made on that occasion 489
IV. Containing two letters in very different styles. 495
V. In which the history is continued . . . 500
VI. In which the history is further continued . 507
VII. Continuation of the history 511
VIII. Further continuation 517
IX. A further continuation 528
X. Wherein the history begins to draw towards a conclusion 537
XI. The history draws nearer to a conclusion . 544
XII. Approaching still nearer to the end . . 552

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In which the history is concluded 560

CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES,

A

FOUNDLING.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the history goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAPTER I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be; for, perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in human nature as Shakespeare himself was, and, perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his editors. Now, lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history, as impertinent

and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics, in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly, is another; and as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery; every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammom, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquisite judgment; for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being con-

victed as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our playhouse critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head,) not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little question whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

> ——*nulla virtute redemptum*
> *A vitiis*——*

in Juvenal; nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; since, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, than to draw any good uses from such patterns; for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue.

nature of which he is a partaker degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surprise, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contrast them and shew their deformity; and when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

CHAPTER II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn.

Now the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, sports wantonly o'er the lawns; now on some hollow tree the owl, shrill

chorister of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of some modern connoisseurs in music; now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he staggers through the churchyard, or rather charnelyard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin; now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honest watchmen fast asleep; in plain English, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this history, as some others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Susan Chambermaid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the kitchen, before she retired to the arms of the fond expecting hostler.

In this posture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there post. He immediately alighted from his horse, and coming up to Susan, inquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused manner, being almost out of breath with eagerness, Whether there was any lady in the house? The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who stared very wildly all the time, a little surprised Susan, so that she hesitated before she made any answer; upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerness, begged her to give him a true information, saying, He had lost his wife, and was come in pursuit of her. 'Upon my shoul,' cries he, 'I have been near 'catching her already in two or three places, if I had not 'found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be 'in the house, do carry me up in the dark and show her 'to me; and if she be gone away before me, do tell me 'which way I shall go after her to meet her, and upon my 'shoul, I will make you the richest poor woman in the 'nation.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a sight which would have bribed persons of much greater consequence than this poor wench, to much worse purposes.

Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt but that she was the very identical stray whom the right owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reason, that she never could get money in an honester way than by restoring a wife to her husband, she made no scruple of assuring the gentleman that the lady he wanted was then in the house; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promises, and some earnest paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bedchamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a custom long established in the polite world, and that upon very solid and substantial reasons, that a husband shall never enter his wife's apartment without first knocking at the door. The many excellent uses of this custom need scarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world; for by this means the lady hath time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable object out of the way; for there are some situations, in which nice and delicate women would not be discovered by their husbands.

To say the truth, there are several ceremonies instituted among the polished part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarser judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been, had the custom above-mentioned been observed by our gentleman in the present instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of those gentle raps which is usual on such occasions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with such violence that the lock immediately gave way, the door burst open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise appeared—with shame

and sorrow are we obliged to proceed—our hero himself, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at first thought he had committed a mistake, and was going to ask pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, stockings, garters, shoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered manner on the floor. All these operating on the natural jealousy of his temper, so enraged him, that he lost all power of speech; and, without returning any answer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce contention arose, which soon proceeded to blows on both sides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we must confess she was in the same bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her sleep, and seeing two men fighting in her bedchamber, began to scream in the most violent manner, crying out murder! robbery, and more frequently rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these words of exclamation are used by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are in music, only as the vehicles of sound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was deposited the body of an Irish gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of those whom the Irish call a calabalaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one; for which purpose he was proceeding to the Bath, to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been instructed by a friend,

that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himself to the ladies than the improving his understanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolster, and taking his sword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him, in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the sight of another man in his shirt at first added some shock to the decency of the lady, it made her presently amends by considerably abating her fears; for no sooner had the calabalaro entered the room, than he cried out: 'Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is the maning of 'this?' Upon which the other immediately answered, 'O, Mr. Macklachlan! I am rejoiced you are here.—This 'villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed 'with her.'—'What wife?' cries Macklachlan, 'do not I 'know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I see that 'the lady, whom the gentleman who stands here in his 'shirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpse he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate mistake, began to ask many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones, he said, 'I would have you take notice I do 'not ask your pardon, for you have bate me; for which I 'am resolved to have your blood in the morning.'

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan answered, 'Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, 'you may be ashamed of your own self, to disturb 'people at this time of night; if all the people in the 'inn were not asleep, you would have awakened them 'as you have me. The gentleman has served you very 'rightly. Upon my conscience, though I have no wife, if 'you had treated her so, I would have cut your throat.'

Jones was so confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own assurance, she answered, 'I know not what you mean 'villains! I am wife to none of you. Help! Rape! 'Murder! Rape!'—And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmost virulence, saying, She thought herself in a sober inn, and not in a bawdy-house; but that a set of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both she said were equally dear to her.

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, She was undone, and that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed. Then turning to the men she cried, 'What, in the devil's name, 'is the reason of all this disturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, That he had committed a mistake, for which he heartily asked pardon, and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have missed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly asserted, That he had run to her assistance upon hearing the door broke open; with what design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the lady; which, if they intended, he said, he had the good fortune to prevent. 'I never had a robbery committed 'in my house since I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no highway-'men here; I scorn the word, thof I say it. None but 'honest, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my house; 'and, I thank good luck, I have always had enow of

'such customers; indeed as many as I could entertain. 'Here hath been my lord——,' and then she repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her, That nothing but a concern for her safety could have prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the scene, by considering the situation which she affected, it being that of a modest lady, who was awakened out of her sleep by three strange men in her chamber. This was the part which she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that none of our theatrical actresses could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair sex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress; and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well those individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters, recovering from her fear, recovered likewise from her anger, and spoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not so readily quit her concern for the reputation of the house, in favour of which she began again to number the many great persons who had slept under her roof; but the lady stopt her short, and having absolutely acquitted her of having had any share in the

past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many curt'sies, took her leave.

CHAPTER III.

A dialogue between the landlady and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

THE landlady, remembering that Susan had been the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to inquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had, in the preface to her inquiry, spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words. 'A likely story, truly,' cried she, 'that a woman should 'cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was 'the case; I desire to know what better proof any lady 'can give of her virtue, than her crying out, which, I

'believe, twenty people can witness for her she did! I 'beg, Madam, you would spread no such scandal of any 'of my guests; for it will not only reflect on them, but 'upon the house; and I am sure no vagabonds, nor 'wicked beggarly people, come here.'

'Well,' says Susan, 'then I must not believe my own 'eyes.' 'No, indeed, must you not always,' answered her mistress; 'I would not have believed my own eyes 'against such good gentlefolks. I have not had a better 'supper ordered this half year than they ordered last 'night; and so easy and good-humoured were they, that 'they found no fault with my Worcestershire Perry, 'which I sold them for champagne; and to be sure it 'is as well tasted, and as wholesome as the best cham- 'pagne in the kingdom, otherwise I would scorn to give 'it 'em; and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I 'will never believe any harm of such sober good sort 'of people.'

Susan being thus silenced, her mistress proceeded to other matters. 'And so you tell me,' continued she, 'that the strange gentleman came post, and there is a 'footman without with the horses; why, then, he is cer- 'tainly some of your great gentlefolks too. Why did 'not you ask him whether he'd have any supper? I 'think he is in the other gentleman's room; go up and 'ask whether he called. Perhaps he'll order something 'when he finds any body stirring in the house to dress 'it. Now don't commit any of your usual blunders, by 'telling him the fire's out, and the fowls alive. And if 'he should order mutton, don't blab out, that we have 'none. The butcher, I know, killed a sheep just before 'I went to bed, and he never refuses to cut it up warm 'when I desire it. Go, remember there's all sorts of 'mutton and fowls; go, open the door with, Gentlemen 'd'ye call? and if they say nothing, ask what his

'honour will be pleased to have for supper? Don't 'forget his honour. Go; if you don't mind all these 'matters better, you'll never come to any thing.'

Susan departed, and soon returned with an account, that the two gentlemen were got both into the same bed. 'Two gentlemen,' says the landlady, 'in the same 'bed! that's impossible; they are two errant scrubs, I 'warrant them; and, I believe, young Squire Allworthy 'guessed right, that the fellow intended to rob her lady-'ship; for if he had broke open the lady's door with 'any of the wicked designs of a gentleman, he would 'never have sneaked away to another room to save the 'expense of a supper and a bed to himself. They are 'certainly thieves, and their searching after a wife is 'nothing but a pretence.'

In these censures my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injustice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had some few blemishes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handsome fortune with his wife, he had now spent every penny of it, except some little pittance which was settled upon her; and, in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such cruelty, that, together with his jealousy, which was of the bitterest kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Chester in one day, with which, and some good dry blows he had received in the scuffle, his bones were so sore, that, added to the soreness of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's instance, he had mistaken for his

wife, it never once entered into his head, that she might nevertheless be in the house, though he had erred in the first person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the dissuasions of his friend from searching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and post-boy were in a different disposition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real truth of the case, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greediness, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been first awaked by the hurry which we have before seen; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his pillow, a screech-owl had given him such a serenade at his window, that he leapt in a most horrible affright from his bed, and, huddling on his clothes with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her rest; for she was just about to leave the other two guests to the care of Susan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same quantity of perry to the fire; for this readily answered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Irish footman was retired to bed, and the post-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to stay and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The schoolmaster was indeed afraid to return to bed by himself; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the company of my landlady, he was resolved

to secure that of the boy, in whose presence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another post-boy at the gate; upon which Susan, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that Partridge and the post-boy instantly started from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her curt'sies, and her ladyships, with great eagerness.

The lady in the rich habit said, with a smile of great condescension, 'If you will give me leave, Madam, I 'will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen fire; 'for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturb-'ing no one from his seat.' This was spoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendour of the lady's dress. Indeed, she had a much better title to respect than this; for she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earnestly desired Partridge to return to his seat; but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and displayed to the fire two hands which had every property of snow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewise pulled off her gloves, and discovered what bore an exact resemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

'I wish, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your ladyship 'would not think of going any farther to-night. I am 'terribly afraid your ladyship will not be able to bear 'the fatigue.'

'Why sure,' cries the landlady, 'her ladyship's honour 'can never intend it. O, bless me! farther to-night 'indeed! let me beseech your ladyship not to think 'on't——But to be sure, your ladyship can't. What

'will your honour be pleased to have for supper? I 'have mutton of all kinds, and some nice chicken.'

'I think, Madam,' said the lady, 'it would be rather 'breakfast than supper; but I can't eat any thing; and 'if I stay, shall only lie down for an hour or two. How-'ever, if you please, Madam, you may get me a little 'sack-whey, made very small and thin.'

'Yes, Madam,' cries the mistress of the house, 'I have 'some excellent white wine.' 'You have no sack, then,' says the lady. 'Yes, an't please your honour, I have 'I may challenge the country for that—but let me be 'your ladyship to eat something.'

'Upon my word, I can't eat a morsel,' answered the lady; 'and I shall be much obliged to you, if you wil 'please to get my apartment ready as soon as possible; for 'I am resolved to be on horseback again in three hours.'

'Why, Susan,' cries the landlady, 'is there a fire li 'yet in the Wild-goose?—I am sorry, Madam, all my 'best rooms are full. Several people of the first quality 'are now in bed. Here's a great young squire, and 'many other great gentlefolks of quality.' Susan answered, That the Irish gentlemen were got into the Wild-goose.

'Was ever any thing like it!' says the mistress; 'why 'the devil would you not keep some of the best rooms 'for the quality, when you know scarce a day passes 'without some calling here?——If they be gentlemen, 'I am certain, when they know it is for her ladyship, 'they will get up again.'

'Not upon my account,' says the lady; 'I will have 'no person disturbed for me. If you have a room that 'is commonly decent, it will serve me very well, though 'it be never so plain. I beg, Madam, you will not give 'yourself so much trouble on my account.' 'O, Ma-'dam!' cries the other, 'I have several good rooms

'for that matter, but none good enough for your honour's 'ladyship. However, as you are so condescending to 'take up with the best I have, do, Susan, get a fire in 'the Rose this minute. Will your ladyship be pleased 'to go up now, or stay till the fire is lighted?' 'I think, 'I have sufficiently warmed myself,' answered the lady; 'so, if you please, I will go now; I am afraid I have 'kept people, and particularly that gentleman (meaning 'Partridge), too long in the cold already. Indeed, I 'cannot bear to think of keeping any person from the 'fire this dreadful weather.'—She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almost can withstand; for my landlady, though she was not pleased at the negative given to the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the most extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying some compliments to the gold lace on her habit; the post-boy sung forth the praises of her goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other post-boy, who was now come in. 'She's a true good lady, I warrant her,' says he; 'for 'she hath mercy upon dumb creatures; for she asked 'me every now and tan upon the journey, if I did not 'think she should hurt the horses by riding too fast! and 'when she came in, she charged me to give them as 'much corn as ever they would eat.'

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey.* It is

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A short reflection, which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the reverse.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred.

THE lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, shewed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed, it was scarce possible they should have done so; for she placed her chair in such a posture, as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it. Now, though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes must have been witness to the Fourberie; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the house; 'but, Madam,' said she, 'I can get any kind 'of mutton in an instant from the butcher's.'

'Do you think, then,' answered the waiting-gentlewoman, 'that I have the stomach of a horse, to eat 'mutton at this time of night? Sure you people that 'keep inns imagine your betters are like yourselves. 'Indeed, I expect to get nothing at this wretched place. 'I wonder my lady would stop at it. I suppose none 'but tradesmen and graziers ever call here.' The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however, she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with saying, Very good quality frequented it, she thanked heaven! 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of quality! I 'believe I know more of people of quality than such as 'you.—But, prithee, without troubling me with any of 'your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for 'supper; for though I cannot eat horse-flesh, I am really 'hungry.' 'Why truly, Madam,' answered the landlady, 'you could not take me again at such a disadvantage; 'for I must confess, I have nothing in the house, unless a 'cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman's footman 'and the post-boy have almost cleared to the bone.' 'Woman,' said Mrs. Abigail (so for shortness we will call her), 'I entreat you not to make me sick. If I had 'fasted a month, I could not eat what had been touched 'by the fingers of such fellows: Is there nothing neat or 'decent to be had in this horrid place?' 'What think 'you of some eggs and bacon, Madam?' said the landlady. 'Are your eggs new laid? are you certain they 'were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon cut very 'nice and thin; for I can't endure any thing that's gross. 'Prithee, try if you can do a little tolerably for once, 'and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or some of 'those creatures in the house.'—The landlady began then to handle her knife; but the other stopt her, saying, 'Good woman, I must insist upon your first 'washing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and

'have been always used from my cradle to have every 'thing in the most elegant manner.'

The landlady, who governed herself with much difficulty, began now the necessary preparations; for as to Susan, she was utterly rejected, and with such disdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it to restrain her hands from violence, as her mistress had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Susan did not entirely; for though she literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-ups, as good flesh and blood as your-'self;' with other such indignant phrases.

While the supper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament she had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but, she said, that was now too late. 'However,' said she, 'I have novelty to recommend a kitchen; for I do not 'believe I ever eat in one before.' Then turning to the post-boys, she asked them, 'Why they were not in the 'stable with their horses? If I must eat my hard fare 'here, Madam,' cries she to the landlady, 'I beg the 'kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be surrounded 'with all the blackguards in town; as for you, Sir,' says she to Partridge, 'you look somewhat like a gentleman-'and may sit still if you please; I don't desire to disturb 'any body but mob.'

'Yes, yes, Madam,' cries Partridge, 'I am a gentle-'man I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be 'disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nomi-'nativus.*' This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered, 'You may be a gentleman, Sir; but you 'don't shew yourself as one, to talk Latin to a woman.' Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

The supper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat

very heartily, for so delicate a person; and while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said, 'And so, Madam, you tell me your house is 'frequented by people of great quality?'

The landlady answered in the affirmative, saying, 'There were a great many very good quality and 'gentlefolks in it now. There's young Squire All-'worthy, as that gentleman there knows.'

'And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, 'this young Squire Allworthy?' said Abigail.

'Who should he be,' answered Partridge, 'but the 'son and heir of the great Squire Allworthy, of Somer-'setshire.'

'Upon my word,' said she, 'you tell me strange news; 'for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire very well, 'and I know he hath no son alive.'

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered, 'Indeed, Madam, it is true, every 'body doth not know him to be Squire Allworthy's 'son; for he was never married to his mother; but 'his son he certainly is, and will be his heir too, as 'certainly as his name is Jones.' At that word, Abigail let drop the bacon, which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, 'You surprise me, Sir. Is it 'possible Mr. Jones should be now in the house?' '*Quare non?*' answered Partridge, 'it is possible, and 'it is certain.'

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid were.

As in the month of June, the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermilion; or, as some playsome heifer in the pleasant month of May diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows; or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so, looking a hundred charms and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and innocent as her face was beautiful; Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room, and running directly to the bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—'who doth your ladyship think is in the house?' Sophia, starting up, cried, 'I hope my father hath not overtaken 'us,' 'No, Madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; 'Mr. Jones himself is here at this very instant.' 'Mr. 'Jones!' says Sophia, 'it is impossible! I cannot be so 'fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was presently detached by her mistress to order him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for some time, and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud cart, when the board which confines it is removed.

Partridge likewise shovelled in his share of calumny, and (what may surprise the reader) not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. 'Never a barrel the better herring,' cries he, '*Noscitur à socio*, is a true saying. It must be 'confessed indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is 'the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them 'are a bit better than they should be. A couple of Bath 'trulls, I'll answer for them; your quality don't ride 'about at this time o'night without servants.' 'Sbod-'likins, and that's true,' cries the landlady, 'you have 'certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don't 'come into a house without bespeaking a supper, whether 'they eat or no.'

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned and discharged her commission, by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, he was the squire's friend; but, for her part, she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen, and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge; but he refused, 'for my friend,' cries he, 'went to bed very 'late, and he would be very angry to be disturbed so 'soon.' Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, She was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest degree delighted when he knew the occasion. 'Another time, perhaps, he might,' cries Partridge; 'but *non omnia possumus omnes*. One woman 'is enough at once for a reasonable man.' 'What do you 'mean by one woman, fellow?' cries Honour. 'None 'of your fellow,' answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that

she called him jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with the success of her errand, and with the account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with Jones, as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She discharged a torrent of abuse on the master, and advised her mistress to quit all thoughts of a man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the story of Molly Seagrim, and gave the most malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herself; which, I must confess, the present incident not a little countenanced.

The spirits of Sophia were too much dissipated by concern, to enable her to stop the torrent of her maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, 'I never 'can believe this; some villain hath belied him. You 'say you had it from his friend; but surely it is not the 'office of a friend to betray such secrets.' 'I suppose,' cries Honour, 'the fellow is his pimp; for I never saw 'so ill-looked a villain. Besides, such profligate rakes 'as Mr. Jones are never ashamed of these matters.'

To say the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the dose which he swallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt spirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which Nature designed for the reservoir of drink, being very shallow, a small quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the sluices of his heart; so that all the secrets there deposited run out. These sluices were indeed, naturally, very ill-secured. To give the best-natured turn we can to his disposition, he was a very honest man; for as he was the most inquisitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the secrets of others;

so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what resolution to take, Susan arrived with the sack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately advised her mistress, in a whisper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, child; now answer me 'truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I 'will very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman 'in this house, a handsome young gentleman, that——.' Here Sophia blushed and was confounded. 'A young 'gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came hither in com- 'pany with that saucy rascal who is now in the kitchen?' Susan answered, There was.—'Do you know any thing 'of any lady?' continues Sophia, 'any lady? I don't 'ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is 'not, that's nothing to the purpose; but do you know of 'any lady?' 'La! Madam,' cries Honour, 'you will 'make a very bad examiner. Harkye, child,' says she, 'is not that very young gentleman now in bed with 'some nasty trull or other?' Here Susan smiled, and was silent. 'Answer the question, child,' says Sophia, 'and here's a guinea for you.' 'A guinea! Madam,' cries Susan; 'La, what's a guinea? If my mistress should 'know it, I shall certainly lose my place that very 'instant.' 'Here's another for you,' says Sophia, 'and 'I promise you faithfully your mistress shall never know 'it.' Susan, after a very short hesitation, took the money, and told the whole story, concluding with saying, 'If you have any great curiosity, Madam, I can steal 'softly into his room, and see whether he be in his own 'bed or no.' She accordingly did this by Sophia's desire, and returned with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled, and turned pale. Mrs. Honour

begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a fellow. 'Why there,' says Susan, 'I 'hope, Madam, your ladyship won't be offended; but 'pray, Madam, is not your ladyship's name Madam 'Sophia Western?' 'How is it possible you should 'know me?' answered Sophia. 'Why that man that 'the gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the kitchen, told 'about you last night. But I hope your ladyship is not 'angry with me.' 'Indeed, child,' said she, 'I am not; 'pray tell me all, and I promise you I'll reward you.' 'Why, Madam,' continued Susan, 'that man told us all 'in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Western—Indeed 'I don't know how to bring it out.'—Here she stopt, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus: —'He told us, Madam, though to be sure it is all a lie, 'that your ladyship was dying for love of the young 'squire, and that he was going to the wars, to get rid of 'you. I thought to myself then he was a false-hearted 'wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful lady 'as you be, forsaken for such an ordinary woman; for 'to be sure so she is, and another man's wife into the 'bargain. It is such a strange unnatural thing, in a 'manner.'

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and, telling her she would certainly be her friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl, with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting-woman, That she never was more easy than at present. 'I am now convinced,' said she, 'he 'is not only a villain, but a low despicable wretch. I 'can forgive all rather than his exposing my name in 'so barbarous a manner. That renders him the object

'of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now easy; I 'am indeed; I am very easy;' and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval spent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at least some punishment for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and, having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then, having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and, once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

It was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who, being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the serjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word king; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. Jones being now returned to his own bed (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating), summoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows:

'It is, Sir, an old saying, and a true one, that a wise 'man may sometimes learn counsel from a fool: I wish 'therefore I might be so bold as to offer you my advice, 'which is to return home again, and leave these *horrida* '*bella*, these bloody wars, to fellows who are contented 'to swallow gunpowder, because they have nothing else 'to eat. Now every body knows your honour wants 'for nothing at home; when that's the case, why should 'any man travel abroad?'

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'thou art certainly a coward; 'I wish therefore thou would'st return home thyself, and 'trouble me no more.'

'I ask your honour's pardon,' cries Partridge, 'I spoke 'on your account more than my own; for as to me, 'heaven knows my circumstances are bad enough, and 'I am so far from being afraid, that I value a pistol, or 'a blunderbuss, or any such thing, no more than a pop-'gun. Every man must die once, and what signifies the 'manner how; besides, perhaps, I may come off with 'the loss only of an arm or a leg. I assure you, Sir, I 'was never less afraid in my life; and so if your honour 'is resolved to go on, I am resolved to follow you. But, 'in that case, I wish I might give my opinion. To be 'sure, it is a scandalous way of travelling, for a great 'gentleman like you to walk a-foot. Now here are two 'or three good horses in the stable, which the landlord 'will certainly make no scruple of trusting you with; 'but if he should, I can easily contrive to take them; 'and let the worst come to the worst, the king would 'certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in his 'cause.'

Now as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger; for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in ear
in this proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and
in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to la
it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matt
saying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-house,
that he had with much ado prevented two wenc
from disturbing his honour in the middle of the ni
'Heyday!' says he, 'I believe they got into y
'chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the n
'of one of them on the ground.' Indeed, as Jc
returned to his bed in the dark, he had never percei
the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed,
had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now t
up, and was going to put it into his pocket, when Jc
desired to see it. The muff was so very remarka
that our hero might possibly have recollected it witl
the information annexed. But his memory was not
to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw
read the words Sophia Western upon the paper wl
was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic i
moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'Oh heavens! l
'came this muff here!' 'I know no more than y
'honour,' cried Partridge; 'but I saw it upon the
'of one of the women who would have disturbed y
'if I would have suffered them.' 'Where are the
cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of
clothes. 'Many miles off, I believe, by this time,'
Partridge. And now Jones, upon further inquiry,
sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was
other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoug
his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar
description. After many bitter execrations on Partri
and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fell
who was frightened out of his wits, to run down

hire him horses at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horse-flesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The coachman having but two passengers, and hearing Mr. Macklachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hostler, who said that the horse which Mr. Macklachlan had hired from Worcester, would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there, than to prosecute a long journey; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Macklachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman, and at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the soreness of his bones made

more agreeable to him than a horse; and being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Macklachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester with the other circumstances which he learned from the hostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife; and presently acquainted him with this suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the same, and without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Macklachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly up stairs, to surprise his wife before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct) ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that simile of the hounds, just before inserted; since the poor wife may, on these occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not however the case at present; for after a long fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chace, entered a gentleman hallooing as hunters do when the hounds are

at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

In the first place, then, this gentleman just arrived was no other person than Squire Western himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady, Madam Western.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the same time with Sophia; for having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady, and being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and though the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as much as the reader, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any

notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion, Western inquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up and laid hold of Jones, crying, 'We have got the dog fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so it would be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when parson Supple stepped up, and said 'It is folly to deny it; for why, the marks of guilt are in 'thy hands. I will myself asseverate and bind it by an 'oath, that the muff thou bearest in thy hand belongeth 'unto Madam Sophia; for I have frequently observed 'her, of later days, to bear it about her.'—'My daughter's 'muff!' cries the squire in a rage. 'Hath he got my 'daughter's muff? bear witness the goods are found upon 'him. I'll have him before a justice of peace this instant 'Where is my daughter, villain?'—'Sir,' said Jones, 'I 'beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge 'is the young lady's; but, upon my honour, I have never 'seen her.' At these words Western lost all patience and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman therefore thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly obtain his favour, stept up to Jones, and cried out, 'Upon 'my conscience, Sir, you may be ashamed of denying 'your having seen the gentleman's daughter before my 'face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together.' Then turning to Western, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the squire, the parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bedside a figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of Bedlam. Such wildness and confusion were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw the lady, than he started back, shewing sufficiently by his manner, before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that though the latter seemed now in more danger than before; yet as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all thought of further repose; and as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in th house, though it was yet scarcely daylight. Amon these was a grave gentleman, who had the honour t be in the commission of the peace for the county o Worcester. Of which Mr. Western was no sooner in formed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him The justice declined executing his office, as he said h had no clerk present, nor no book about justice business and that he could not carry all the law in his head abou stealing away daughters, and such sort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his assist ance, informing the company that he had been himsel bred to the law. (And indeed he had served three year as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, whe choosing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his master came over to England, and set up that business whic requires no apprenticeship, namely, that of a gentleman in which he had succeeded, as hath been already partl mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concernin daughters was out of the present case; that stealing muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being foun upon the person, were sufficient evidence of the fact.

The magistrate, upon the encouragement of so learne a coadjutor, and upon the violent intercession of th squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself i the chair of justice, where being placed, upon viewin the muff which Jones still held in his hand, and upo the parson's swearing it to be the property of M Western, he desired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a con mitment, which he said he would sign.

Jones now desired to be heard, which was at las with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the ev dence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but wh was still more, Susan deposed that Sophia herself ha

delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of justice, or the extraordinary comeliness of Jones, had wrought on Susan to make the discovery, I will not determine; but such were the effects of her evidence, that the magistrate, throwing himself back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the side of the prisoner, as it had before been against him: with which the parson concurred, saying, The Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent person to durance. The justice then arose, acquitted the prisoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Western now gave every one present a hearty curse, and immediately ordering his horses, departed in pursuit of his daughter, without taking the least notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any answer to his claim of kindred, notwithstanding all the obligations he had just received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his passion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I say luckily; for he would have died on the spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his friend Partridge, set forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in quest of his lovely Sophia, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he detested the very thought, as she had been, though not designedly, the occasion of his missing the happiest interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal constancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, she took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place she set out in company with the two Irish gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for

which, she was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for their loan. Upon the road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handsome fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the absence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somersetshire angel.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the history goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our history, it ma be proper to look a little back, in order to account fo the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her fathe at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that, in th ninth chapter of the Seventh Book of our history, we le Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, de ciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, i favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, fro a visit which her father had just before made her, i order to force her consent to a marriage with Blifil and which he had understood to be fully implied i her acknowledgment, that she neither must nor coul refuse any absolute command of his.

Now from this visit the squire retired to his evenin potation, overjoyed at the success he had gained wit his daughter; and as he was of a social disposition, an willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer wa

ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening, there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. Blifil; for though the squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted, than he really was, with the former aversion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakespeare! had I thy pen! O, Hogarth! had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving-man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

> (E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
> Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
> And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.)

entered the room, and declared,—That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

'Not to be found!' cries the squire, starting from his chair; 'Zounds and d—nation! Blood and fury! Where, 'when, how, what—Not to be found! Where?'

'La! Brother,' said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, 'you are always throwing yourself into such

'violent passions for nothing. My niece, I suppose, is 'only walked out into the garden. I protest you are 'grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in 'the house with you.'

'Nay, nay,' answered the squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; 'if that be all 'the matter, it signifies not much; but upon my soul, my 'mind misgave me, when the fellow said she was not to 'be found.' He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other than were the brother and sister, in most instances; particularly in this, That as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quicksighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive; for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice, as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas; and as the poet tells us, that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields resound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women; while echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved sound, that if there is

such a person, I believe Ovid hath belied her

hing reigned for a long time but confusion; till at
ıe squire having sufficiently spent his breath, re-
. to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and
lifil, and threw himself, with the utmost dejection
countenance, into a great chair.
e Mrs. Western began to apply the following con-
n:
other, I am sorry for what hath happened; and
my niece should have behaved herself in a
ıer so unbecoming her family; but it is all your
doings, and you have nobody to thank but your-
You know she hath been educated always in
anner directly contrary to my advice, and now
see the consequence. Have I not a thousand
ı argued with you about giving my niece her
will? But you know I never could prevail upon
and when I had taken so much pains to eradi-
her headstrong opinions, and to rectify your errors
›licy, you know she was taken out of my hands;
ıat I have nothing to answer for. Had I been
ed entirely with the care of her education, no such
lent as this had ever befallen you; so that you
; comfort yourself by thinking it was all your own
g; and indeed, what else could be expected from
indulgence?'——
›unds! Sister,' answered he, 'you are enough to
e one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I given
ıer will?——It was no longer ago than last night
I threatened, if she disobeyed me, to confine her
›r chamber upon bread and water; as long as she
l.—You would provoke the patience of Job.'
:d ever mortal hear the like?' replied she.
her, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, you

'would make me forget all decency and decorur
'Why would you interfere? Did I not beg you, d
'I not intreat you, to leave the whole conduct to m
'You have defeated all the operations of the campaig
'by one false step. Would any man in his sens
'have provoked a daughter by such threats as these
'How often have I told you, that English women a
'not to be treated like Ciracessian* slaves. We ha
'the protection of the world; we are to be won b
'gentle means only, and not to be hectored, and bullie
'and beat into compliance. I thank heaven, no Saliq
'law governs here. Brother, you have a roughne
'in your manner which no woman but myself woul
'bear. I do not wonder my niece was frightened an
'terrified into taking this measure; and to speak honestl
'I think my niece will be justified to the world for wh
'she hath done. I repeat it to you again, brother, yo
'must comfort yourself by rememb'ring that it is a
'your own fault. How often have I advised—' He
Western rose hastily from his chair, and, venting tw
or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more bi
terness (if possible) against him, than she had done whi
he was present; for the truth of which she appealed
Mr. Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquiesced e
tirely in all she said; but excused all the faults of M
Western, 'as they must be considered,' he said, 'to ha
'proceeded from the too inordinate fondness of a fathe
'which must be allowed the name of an amiable wea
'ness.' 'So much the more inexcusable,' answered t
lady; 'for whom doth he ruin by his fondness, but h
'own child?' To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion o

* Possibly Circassian.

the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which he had received from a family to which he intended so much honour. On this subject she treated the folly of her niece with great severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent: 'But he was (says she) always of a 'violent, headstrong temper; and I can scarce forgive 'myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon 'him.'

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment; which, however, the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear, rather better than more passionate lovers bear, these kinds of evils.

CHAPTER IX.

The escape of Sophia.

It is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her passionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly round.——In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have said, lay

buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs. Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts which ladies sometimes practise, to display their fears on every little occasion (almost as many as the other sex use to conceal theirs), certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character; for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps, many a woman who shrieks at a mouse, or a rat, may be capable of poisoning a husband; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the gentleness which a woman can have, had all the spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore, she came to the place of appointment, and, instead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, saw a man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out, nor fainted away; not that her pulse then beat with its usual regularity; for she was, at first, under some surprise and apprehension: but these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the man, pulling off his hat, asked her, in a very submissive manner, 'If her lady-'ship did not expect to meet another lady?' And then proceeded to inform her, that he was sent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no possible suspicion of any falsehood in this account: she therefore mounted resolutely

behind the fellow, who conveyed her safe to a town about five miles distant, where she had the satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the soul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in those very habiliments which used to enwrap her body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept guard in person, while she detached the aforesaid fellow after her mistress, having given him all proper instructions.

They now debated what course to take, in order to avoid the pursuit of Mr. Western, who they knew, would send after them in a few hours. The London road had such charms for Honour, that she was desirous of going on directly; alleging, that as Sophia could not be missed till eight or nine the next morning, her pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way she had gone. But Sophia had too much at stake to venture anything to chance; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender limbs, in a contest which was to be decided only by swiftness. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the country, for at least twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horses to go twenty miles one way, when she intended to go twenty miles the other, she set forward with the same guide, behind whom she had ridden from her father's house; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely burden; being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conquests, and, finally, to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and, with a voice much fuller of honey than was

ever that of Plato, though his mouth is supposed to ha
been a bee-hive, begged him to take the first turni
which led towards Bristol.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great belie
of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the f
lowing as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can scarce cre
it myself: but the fidelity of an historian obliges me
relate what hath been confidently asserted. The hor
then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have be
so charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full st
and exprest an unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and l
miraculous than it hath been represented; since t
natural cause seems adequate to the effect: for as t
guide at that moment desisted from a constant appli
tion of his armed right heel (for, like Hudibras,
wore but one spur), it is more than possible, that t
omission alone might occasion the beast to stop, es
cially as this was very frequent with him at other time

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on
horse, it had very little on the rider. He answe
somewhat surlily, 'That measter had ordered him
'go a different way, and that he should lose his pla
'if he went any other than that he was ordered.'

Sophia finding all her persuasions had no effect, be
now to add irresistible charms to her voice; cha
which, according to the proverb, makes the old m
trot, instead of standing still; charms! to wh
modern ages have attributed all that irresistible fo
which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. I
word, she promised she would reward him to his utm
expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to these promises;
he disliked their being indefinite: for though perh
he had never heard that word; yet that in fact was

objection. He said, 'Gentlevolks did not consider the 'case of poor volks; that he had like to have been 'turned away the other day, for riding about the country 'with a gentleman from Squire Allworthy's, who did 'not reward him as he should have done.'

'With whom?' says Sophia eagerly—'With a gen-'tleman from Squire Allworthy's,' repeated the lad; 'the squire's son, I think, they call 'un.'—'Whither? 'which way did he go?' says Sophia. 'Why a little 'o' one side o' Bristol, about twenty miles off,' answered the lad.—'Guide me,' says Sophia, 'to the 'same place, and I'll give thee a guinea, or two, if 'one is not sufficient.' 'To be certain,' said the boy, 'it is honestly worth two, when your ladyship considers 'what a risk I run; but, however, if your ladyship will 'promise me the two guineas, I'll e'en venture: to be 'certain it is a sinful thing to ride about my measter's 'horses; but one comfort is, I can only be turned away, 'and two guineas will partly make me amends.'

The bargain being thus struck, the lad turned aside into the Bristol road, and Sophia set forward in pursuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonstrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more desire to see London, than to see Mr. Jones: for indeed she was not his friend with her mistress, as he had been guilty of some neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by custom due to the waiting gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more especially in those of a clandestine kind. This we impute rather to the carelessness of his temper, than to any want of generosity; but perhaps she derived it from the latter motive. Certain it is that she hated him very bitterly on that account, and resolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same town and inn whence Jones had started,

and still more unlucky was she, in having stumbled on the same guide, and on this accidental discovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook* at the break of day, where Honour was against her will charged to inquire the route which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himself could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reason, never asked him the question.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured some indifferent horses, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a surgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour being again charged with a commission of inquiry, had no sooner applied herself to the landlady, and had described the person of Mr. Jones, than that sagacious woman began, in the vulgar phrase, to smell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, instead of answering the maid, the landlady addressing herself to the mistress began the following speech: 'Good-lack-'a-day! why there now, who would have thought it! 'I protest the loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. 'I-fackins, Madam, it is no wonder the squire run on 'so about your ladyship. He told me indeed you was 'the finest lady in the world, and to be sure so you be. 'Mercy on him, poor heart, I bepitied him, so I did, 'when he used to hug his pillow, and call it his dear 'Madam Sophia. I did all I could to dissuade him 'from going to the wars: I told him there were men 'enow that were good for nothing else but to be killed, 'that had not the love of such fine ladies.' 'Sure,' says

* This was the village where Jones met the quaker.

Sophia, 'the good woman is distracted.' 'No, no,' cries the landlady, 'I am not distracted. What, doth your 'ladyship think I don't know, then? I assure you he 'told me all.' 'What saucy fellow,' cries Honour, 'told 'you any thing of my lady?' 'No saucy fellow,' answered the landlady, 'but the young gentleman you 'inquired after, and a very pretty young gentleman he 'is, and he loves Madam Sophia Western to the bottom 'of his soul.' 'He love my lady! I'd have you to 'know, woman, she is meat for his master.'—'Nay, 'Honour,' said Sophia, interrupting her, 'don't be 'angry with the good woman; she intends no harm.' 'No, marry, don't I,' answered the landlady, emboldened by the soft accents of Sophia; and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here set down, in which some passages dropt, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occasion to abuse poor Jones to her mistress the moment they were alone together, saying, 'that he 'must be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love 'for a lady, whose name he would thus prostitute in an 'alehouse.'

Sophia did not see his behaviour in so very disadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other circumstance) than she was offended with the rest; and indeed she imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his passion, and to the openness of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the most odious colours by Honour, served to heighten and give credit to those unlucky occurrences at Upton, and assisted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her mistress depart from that inn without seeing Jones.

The landlady finding Sophia intended to stay no longer than till her horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when Honour began to take her mistress to task, (for indeed she used great freedom) and after a long harangue, in which she reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of pursuing a young fellow, she at last concluded with this serious exhortation: 'For Heaven's sake, Madam, consider what you 'are about, and whither you are going.'

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed she had well considered and resolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this I doubt not is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long since well convinced of the purpose of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the case. Sophia had been lately so distracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compassion, and (why should we not confess the truth?) her love for Jones; which last the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of Jones himself, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confused state, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather, indeed, indifferent as to the consequence of either.

The prudent and sage advice of her maid produced, however, some cool reflection; and she at length determined to go to Gloucester, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But, unluckily, a few miles before she entered that town, she met the hack-attorney, who, as is before

ıentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This ellow being well known to Mrs. Honour, stopt and poke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little otice, more than to inquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Gloucester, and ıearing of the great expedition he usually made in ravelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Gloucester, she began to fear lest her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if she should there strike into the London road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her resolution; and having hired horses to go a week's journey, a way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light refreshment, contrary to the desire and earnest entreaties of her maid, and to the no less vehement remonstrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who, from good-breeding, or perhaps from good-nature (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued) press'd her very heartily to stay that evening at Gloucester.

Having refreshed herself only with some tea, and rith lying about two hours on the bed, while her orses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and striking directly ıto the Worcester road, within less than four hours rrived at that very inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back om her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we shall ı a very few words bring her father to the same place; ho having received the first scent from the post-boy, ho conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very easily

traced her afterwards to Gloucester; whence he pursued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that route (for Partridge, to use the squire's expression, left every where a strong scent behind him), and he doubted not in the least but Sophia travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same way. He used indeed a very coarse expression, which need not be here inserted; as fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAPTER I.

A crust for the critics.

In our last initial chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable set of men, who are called Critics, with more freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condescension from authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the reasons of our conduct to this august body; and here we shall, perhaps, place them in a light in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and signifies judgment. Hence I presume some persons who have not understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have concluded that it

meant judgment in the legal sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greatest number of critics hath of late years been found amongst the lawyers. Many of these gentlemen, from despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the bench in Westminster-hall, have placed themselves on the benches at the playhouse, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i.e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would, perhaps, be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do so; but as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another officer of justice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewise some remote resemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which these modern critics may, with great justice and propriety, be seen; and this is that of a common slanderer. If a person who pries into the characters of others, with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a slanderer of the reputations of men; why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly styled the slanderer of the reputation of books.

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject slave; society produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a slanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monster with half the abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the reason of this criminal lenity shewn towards him; ye

s certain that the thief looks innocent in the com-
son; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand
competition with his guilt: for slander is a more
el weapon than a sword, as the wounds which the
ner gives are always incurable. One method, in-
l, there is of killing, and that the basest and most
crable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the
s here declaimed against, and that is poison. A
ns of revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it
s once wisely distinguished by our laws from all
er murders, in the peculiar severity of the punish-
nt.

Besides the dreadful mischiefs done by slander, and
s baseness of the means by which they are effected,
re are other circumstances that highly aggravate its
ocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provo-
ion, and seldom promises itself any reward, unless
ne black and infernal mind may propose a reward
the thoughts of having procured the ruin and misery
another.

Shakespeare hath nobly touched this vice, when he
s,

> ' Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
> ' 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands:
> ' But he that filches from me my good name,
> ' Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
> ' BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good reader will doubtless agree;
much of it will probably seem too severe, when
lied to the slanderer of books. But let it here be
sidered, that both proceed from the same wicked
osition of mind, and are alike void of the excuse
temptation. Nor shall we conclude the injury done
way to be very slight, when we consider a book as

the author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath suffered his muse to continue hitherto in a virgin state, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondness. To such we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff, 'Alas, thou 'hast written no book.' But the Author whose muse hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic strain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (especially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneasiness with which the big muse bears about her burden, the painful labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the care, the fondness, with which the tender father nourishes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondness which seems less to savour of absolute instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly wisdom, as this. These children may most truly be called the riches of their father: and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: so that not only the affection, but the interest of the Author may be highly injured by these slanderers, whose poisonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Lastly, the slanderer of a book is, in truth, the slanderer of the Author: for as no one can call another bastard, without calling the mother a whore; so neither can any one give the names of sad stuff, horrid nonsense, &c. to a book, without calling the Author a blockhead; which, though in a moral sense it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly interest.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to some others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it: nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the

subject with decent solemnity; but surely a man may speak truth with a smiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciously, or wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured office; and a morose snarling critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to shew what criticism I here intend to obviate: for I can never be understood, unless by the very persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble critics, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients, Dacier and Bossu among the French, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorised to execute at least a judicial authority in *foro literario.*

But without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one past upon works which he hath not himself read. Such censurers as these, whether they speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, da—d stuff, &c. and particularly by the use of the monosyllable Low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet if those are not in the most essential parts, or, if they are compensated by greater beauties,

it will savour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura———

But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty shows.

MR. FRANCIS.

For as Martial says, *Aliter non fit, avite, liber.* No book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some Christians, no author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAPTER II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

Our history, just before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now therefore pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill-luck, or rather his ill-conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumstance for poor Sophia; whose fears, joined to her fatigue, had almost overpowered her spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the softest manner, and with the utmost civility. This greeting Sophia, as soon as she could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the highest satisfaction to herself, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her such terror, consisted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open

their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear (but yet being somewhat surprised that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great road, and had already passed through several turnings), accosted the strange lady in a most obliging tone; and said, She was very happy to find they were both travelling the same way. The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, That the happiness was entirely hers; that she was a perfect stranger in that country, and was so overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own sex, that she had perhaps been guilty of an impertinence, which required great apology, in keeping pace with her. More civilities passed between these two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the stranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curiosity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the same bye-roads with herself, nay, though this gave her some uneasiness, yet fear, or modesty, or some other consideration, restrained her from asking the question.

The strange lady now laboured under a difficulty, which appears almost below the dignity of history to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not less than five times within the last mile; nor could she come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a handkerchief for this purpose; which, while she was pulling from her pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the management of her horse, for the beast now unluckily making a false step, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremost to the ground, she happily received not the least damage; and the same

circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preserved her from confusion; for the lane which they were then passing was narrow, and very much overgrown with trees, so that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these means the young lady's modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from injury as her limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her saddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Daylight at length appeared in its full lustre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common side by side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horses stopt, and both speaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter surprised the ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious reader, who must have imagined that the strange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the cousin of Miss Western, whom we before mentioned to have sallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the surprise and joy which these two cousins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Western) that it is impossible to recount half the congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural question of the other, namely, whither she was going?

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but easy and natural as the question may seem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain answer. She begged her cousin therefore to suspend all

curiosity till they arrived at some inn, 'which I suppose,' says she, 'can hardly be far distant; and believe me, 'Harriet, I suspend as much curiosity on my side; for 'indeed I believe our astonishment is pretty equal.'

The conversation which passed between these ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two waiting-women: for they likewise began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides they were debarred from the pleasure of discourse, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this posture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, soon brought them to a very fair promising inn; where they all alighted: but so fatigued was Sophia, that, as she had sat her horse during the last five or six miles with great difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without assistance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her saddle; and she too readily accepted the tender of his service. Indeed fortune seems to have resolved to put Sophia to the blush that day, and the second malicious attempt succeeded better than the first: for my landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same time, with no less dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming burden, so that he alone received any bruise from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent shock given to her modesty, by an immoderate grin which, at her rising from the ground, she observed in the countenance of most of the bye-standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what

e shall not here relate, for the indulgence of those eaders who are capable of laughing at the offence given) a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we ave never regarded in a comical light; nor will we cruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate idea f the modesty of a beautiful young woman, who would vish to sacrifice it to so paltry a satisfaction as can arise rom laughter.

This fright and shock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent constitution of Sophia, and she had scarce strength sufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a glass of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my opinion, changed it into a glass of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two last nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some sleep. She was yet a stranger to her history, or her apprehensions; but had she known both, she would have given the same advice; for rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long journey through bye-roads so entirely removed all danger of pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the counsel of her friend, which was heartily seconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise offered to bear her cousin company, which Sophia, with much complaisance, accepted.

The mistress was no sooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her sister Abigail for leaving her alone in so horrid a place as an inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a nap as

herself, and desired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a share of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many court'sies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to inquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, postboys, and others, into the names of all his guests; what their estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumstances which attended our travellers, and especially their retiring all to sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an hour as ten in the morning, should excite his curiosity. As soon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hums and ha's, ay, ays, and other expletives: so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking, or nodding the head,

or pointing with his fore-finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them the hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several imposers on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person now taking his wife aside, asked her, what she thought of the ladies lately arrived? 'Think 'of them?' said the wife, 'why what should I think 'of them?' 'I know,' answered he, 'what I think. 'The guides tell strange stories. One pretends to be 'come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; 'and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell 'whither they are going. But what people ever travel 'across the country from Upton hither, especially to 'London? And one of the maid-servants, before she 'alighted from her horse, asked, if this was not the 'London road? Now I have put all these circum-'stances together, and whom do you think I have 'found them out to be?' 'Nay,' answered she, 'you 'know I never pretend to guess at your discoveries.' ——'It is a good girl,' replied he, chucking her under the chin; 'I must own you have always sub-'mitted to my knowledge of these matters. Why then, 'depend upon it; mind what I say,—depend upon it, 'they are certainly some of the rebel ladies, who, they 'say, travel with the young Chevalier; and have taken 'a roundabout way to escape the duke's army.'

'Husband,' quoth the wife, 'you have certainly hit 'it; for one of them is drest as fine as any princess; 'and, to be sure, she looks for all the world like one.—— 'But yet, when I consider one thing'——'When you

'consider,' cries the landlord contemptuously——'Come, 'pray let's hear what you consider.'——'Why it is,' answered the wife, 'that she is too humble to be any very 'great lady: for while our Betty was warming the bed, 'she called her nothing but child, and my dear, and 'sweetheart; and when Betty offered to pull off her 'shoes and stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, 'she would not give her the trouble.'

'Pugh!' answered the husband, 'that is nothing. 'Dost think, because you have seen some great ladies 'rude and uncivil to persons below them, that none 'of them know how to behave themselves when they 'come before their inferiors? I think I know people 'of fashion when I see them. I think I do. Did not 'she call for a glass of water when she came in? 'Another sort of women would have called for a 'dram; you know they would. If she be not a 'woman of very great quality, sell me for a fool; 'and, I believe, those who buy me will have a bad 'bargain. Now, would a woman of her quality travel 'without a footman, unless upon some such extraordinary 'occasion?' 'Nay, to be sure, husband,' cries she, 'you 'know these matters better than I, or most folk.' 'I 'think I do know something,' said he. 'To be sure,' answered the wife, 'the poor little heart looked so 'piteous, when she sat down in the chair, I protest I 'could not help having a compassion for her, almost 'as much as if she had been a poor body. But what's 'to be done, husband? If an she be a rebel, I suppose 'you intend to betray her up to the court. Well, she's 'a sweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be she what 'she will, and I shall hardly refrain from crying when 'I hear she is hanged or beheaded.' 'Pooh!' answered the husband.——'But, as to what's to be done it is 'not so easy a matter to determine. I hope, before she

;oes away, we shall have the news of a battle: for if he Chevalier should get the better, she may gain us nterest at court, and make our fortunes without betray-ng her.' 'Why, that's true,' replied the wife; 'and I heartily hope she will have it in her power. Cer-:ainly she's a sweet good lady; it would go horribly igainst me to have her come to any harm.' 'Pooh,' 'ies the landlord, 'women are always so tender-hearted. Why, you would not harbour rebels, would you?' 'No, certainly,' answered the wife; 'and as for betraying her, come what will on't, nobody can blame us. It is what any body would do in our case.'

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, un-leservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his ieighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with iimself (for he paid little attention to the opinion of is wife), news arrived that the rebels had given the luke the slip, and had got a day's march towards .ondon; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite quire, who, with great joy in his countenance, shook he landlord by the hand, saying, 'All's our own, boy, ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly.'

The news determined the opinion of the wise man, nd he resolved to make his court to the young lady, /hen she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered hat she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron erself.

CHAPTER III.

A very short chapter, in which however is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.

THE sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been some time retired to rest, when Sophia arose greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy when she left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very distemper which physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended (for her mistress would not suffer her to be waked), and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than she did at this instant. We ought not, therefore, to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who, when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to

o to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to ac-
ompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton
ad put an end to her design of going to Bath, or to
er aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished
ieir tea, than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then
hining extremely bright, and as for the frost she defied
; nor had she any of those apprehensions, which many
oung ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for
he had, as we have before observed, some little degree
f natural courage; and this her present sensations,
which bordered somewhat on despair, greatly increased.
Besides, as she had already travelled twice with safety,
by the light of the moon, she was the better emboldened
to trust to it a third time.

The disposition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous;
for though the greater terrors had conquered the less, and
the presence of her husband had driven her away at so
unseasonable an hour from Upton; yet being now arrived
at a place where she thought herself safe from his pur-
suit, these lesser terrors of I know not what, operated so
strongly, that she earnestly entreated her cousin to stay
ill the next morning, and not expose herself to the
langers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an excess, when she could
either laugh nor reason her cousin out of these appre-
ensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps, indeed,
ad she known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might
ave been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as
o Jones, she had, I am afraid, no great horror at the
houghts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the
ruth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though
might honestly enough have concealed this wish from
he reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous
motions of the soul, to which the reason is often a
tranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who desired to know what their ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that she ravished the landlady to the highest degree; and that good woman concluding that she had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a staunch Jacobite, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's cause, from the great sweetness and affability with which she had been treated by his supposed mistress.

The two cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curiosity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected meeting. At last Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promise of communicating likewise in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is desirous to know her history, may read in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. FITZPATRICK, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began:

'It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern 'in recollecting those periods of their lives which have 'been most delightful to them. The remembrance of 'past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, 'like what we suffer for departed friends; and the ideas 'of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

'For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on

those days (the happiest far of my life) which we spent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Western. Alas! why are Miss Graveairs, and Miss Giddy no more? You remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old.—— O my Sophy, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greatest I had ever known!'

'And yet, my dear Harriet,' answered Sophia, 'it was then a serious matter with you. Comfort yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament, may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.'

'Alas, my Sophia,' replied the other lady, 'you yourself will think otherwise of my present situation: for greatly must that tender heart be altered, if my misfortunes do not draw many a sigh, nay, many a tear, from you. The knowledge of this should perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will so much affect you.' Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick stopt, till, at ıe repeated entreaties of Sophia, she thus proceeded.

'Though you must have heard much of my marriage; yet as matters may probably have been misrepresented, I will set out from the very commencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with my present husband; which was at Bath, soon after you left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

'Among the gay young fellows, who were at this 'season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was 'handsome, *degagé*, extremely gallant, and in his dress 'exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if you was 'unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no 'better than by telling you he was the very reverse 'of every thing which he is: for he hath rusticated 'himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild 'Irishman. But to proceed in my story; the qualifi- 'cations which he then possessed, so well recommended 'him, that though the people of quality at that time 'lived separate from the rest of the company, and ex- 'cluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick 'found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no 'easy matter to avoid him; for he required very little 'or no invitation; and as being handsome and genteel, 'he found it no very difficult matter to ingratiate himself 'with the ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his 'sword, the men did not care publicly to affront him. 'Had it not been for some such reason, I believe he 'would have been soon expelled by his own sex; for 'surely he had no strict title to be preferred to the 'English gentry; nor did they seem inclined to shew 'him any extraordinary favour. They all abused him 'behind his back, which might probably proceed from 'envy; for by the women he was well received, and 'very particularly distinguished by them.

'My aunt, though no person of quality herself, as she 'had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that 'party: for by whatever means you get into the polite 'circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient merit for 'you that you are there. This observation, young as 'you was, you could scarce avoid making from my aunt, 'who was free, or reserved, with all people, just as they 'had more or less of this merit.

'And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally 'recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour. In which 'he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her 'private parties. Nor was he backward in returning 'such distinction; for he soon grew so very particular 'in his behaviour to her, that the scandal club first 'began to take notice of it, and the better disposed 'persons made a match between them. For my own 'part, I confess, I made no doubt but that his designs 'were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to 'rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My 'aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough nor hand-'some enough, to attract much wicked inclination; but 'she had matrimonial charms in great abundance.

'I was the more confirmed in this opinion from the 'extraordinary respect which he shewed to myself, from 'the first moment of our acquaintance. This I under-'stood as an attempt to lessen, if possible, that dis-'inclination which my interest might be supposed to 'give me towards the match; and I know not but in 'some measure it had that effect: for as I was well con-'tented with my own fortune, and of all people the least 'a slave to interested views; so I could not be violently 'the enemy of a man with whose behaviour to me I was 'greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the only 'object of such respect; for he behaved at the same time 'to many women of quality without any respect at all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it into 'another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps more so. 'He now put on much softness and tenderness, and 'languished and sighed abundantly. At times, indeed, 'whether from art or nature, I will not determine, he 'gave his usual loose to gaiety and mirth; but this was 'always in general company, and with other women; for 'even in a country dance, when he was not my partner,

'he became grave; and put on the softest look imagin-
'able, the moment he approached me. Indeed, he was
'in all things so very particular towards me, that I must
'have been blind not to have discovered it. And, and,
'and—'—'And you was more pleased still, my dear
'Harriet,' cries Sophia; 'you need not be ashamed,'
added she, sighing; 'for sure there are irresistible charms
'in tenderness, which too many men are able to affect.'
—'True,' answered her cousin, 'men, who in all other
'instances want common sense, are very Machiavels in
'the art of loving. I wish I did not know an instance.
'—Well, scandal now began to be as busy with me as it
'had before been with my aunt; and some good ladies
'did not scruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an
'intrigue with us both.

'But what may seem astonishing; my aunt never saw,
'nor in the least seemed to suspect that which was visible
'enough, I believe, from both our behaviours. One would
'indeed think, that love quite puts out the eyes of an old
'woman. In fact, they so greedily swallow the addresses
'which are made to them, that, like an outrageous glutton,
'they are not at leisure to observe what passes amongst
'others at the same table. This I have observed in more
'cases than my own; and this was so strongly verified
'by my aunt, that, though she often found us together at
'her return from the pump, the least canting word of
'his, pretending impatience at her absence, effectually
'smothered all suspicion. One artifice succeeded with
'her to admiration. This was his treating me like a
'little child, and never calling me by any other name
'in her presence, but that of pretty miss. This indeed
'did him some disservice with your humble servant; but
'I soon saw through it, especially as in her absence he
'behaved to me, as I have said, in a different manner.
'However, if I was not greatly disobliged by a conduct

hich I had discovered the design, I smarted very ely for it; for my aunt really conceived me to be her lover (as she thought him) called me, and ed me, in all respects, as a perfect infant. To say ruth, I wonder she had not insisted on my again ing leading-strings.

last, my lover (for so he was) thought proper, in a solemn matter, to disclose a secret which I had n long before. He now placed all the love which ad pretended to my aunt to my account. He nted, in very pathetic terms, the encouragement had given him, and made a high merit of the us hours, in which he had undergone her conver-n.—What shall I tell you, my dear Sophia?—Then I confess the truth. I was pleased with my man. s pleased with my conquest. To rival my aunt hted me; to rival so many other women charmed In short, I am afraid I did not behave as I should ven upon the very first declaration—I wish I did lmost give him positive encouragement before we d.

e Bath now talked loudly, I might almost say, d against me. Several young women affected to my acquaintance, not so much, perhaps, from any suspicion, as from a desire of banishing me from a any, in which I too much engrossed their favourite

And here I cannot omit expressing my gratitude e kindness intended me by Mr. Nash; who took ne day aside, and gave me advice, which if I had ved I had been a happy woman. "Child," says he, m sorry to see the familiarity which subsists be-en you and a fellow who is altogether unworthy of , and I am afraid will prove your ruin. As for r old stinking aunt, if it was to be no injury to , and my pretty Sophy Western (I assure you I

'"repeat his words), I should be heartily glad that the '"fellow was in possession of all that belongs to her. I '"never advise old women; for if they take it into their '"heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible, than '"worth while, to keep them from him. Innocence and '"youth and beauty are worthy a better fate, and I '"would save them from his clutches. Let me advise '"you therefore, dear child, never suffer this fellow to '"be particular with you again." Many more things he 'said to me, which I have now forgotten, and indeed I 'attended very little to them at that time; for inclination 'contradicted all he said; and besides, I could not be 'persuaded, that women of quality would condescend to 'familiarity with such a person as he described.

'But I am afraid, my dear, I shall tire you with a 'detail of so many minute circumstances. To be concise 'therefore, imagine me married; imagine me with my 'husband, at the feet of my aunt; and then imagine the 'maddest woman in Bedlam in a raving fit, and your 'imagination will suggest to you no more than what 'really happened.

'The very next day my aunt left the place, partly to 'avoid seeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myself, and as much 'perhaps to avoid seeing any one else; for, though I am 'told she hath since denied every thing stoutly, I believe 'she was then a little confounded at her disappointment. 'Since that time I have written to her many letters; but 'never could obtain an answer, which I must own sits 'somewhat the heavier, as she herself was, though un-'designedly, the occasion of all my sufferings: for had it 'not been under colour of paying his addresses to her, 'Mr. Fitzpatrick would never have found sufficient oppor-'tunities to have engaged my heart, which, in other 'circumstances, I still flatter myself would not have been 'an easy conquest to such a person. Indeed, I believe, I

'should not have erred so grossly in my choice, if I had 'relied on my own judgment; but I trusted totally to the 'opinion of others, and very foolishly took the merit of a 'man for granted, whom I saw so universally well re- 'ceived by the women. What is the reason, my dear, 'that we, who have understandings equal to the wisest 'and greatest of the other sex, so often make choice of 'the silliest fellows for companions and favourites? It 'raises my indignation to the highest pitch, to reflect on 'the numbers of women of sense who have been undone 'by fools.' Here she paused a moment; but Sophia making no answer, she proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

'We remained at Bath no longer than a fortnight after 'our wedding: for as to any reconciliation with my aunt 'there were no hopes; and of my fortune, not one far- 'thing could be touched till I was of age, of which I now 'wanted more than two years. My husband therefore 'was resolved to set out for Ireland; against which I re- 'monstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a promise 'which he had made me before our marriage that I 'should never take this journey against my consent; and 'indeed I never intended to consent to it; nor will any 'body, I believe, blame me for that resolution; but this, 'however, I never mentioned to my husband, and pe- 'titioned only for the reprieve of a month; but he had 'fixed the day, and to that day he obstinately adhered.

'The evening before our departure, as we were disput- 'ing this point with great eagerness on both sides, he

'started suddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, 'saying he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out 'of the house, when I saw a paper lying on the floor, 'which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from his 'pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I 'took up, and finding it to be a letter, I made no scruple 'to open and read it; and indeed I read it so often, that 'I can repeat it to you almost word for word. This then 'was the letter:

'*To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.*

'SIR,

'Yours received, and am surprised you should use me 'in this manner, as have never seen any of your cash, 'unless for one linsey-woolsey coat, and your bill is now 'upwards of 150*l.* Consider, Sir, how often you have 'fobbed me off with your being shortly to be married to 'this lady, and t'other lady; but I can neither live on 'hopes or promises, nor will my woollen-draper take any 'such in payment. You tell me you are secure of having 'either the aunt or the niece, and that you might have 'married the aunt before this, whose jointure you say is 'immense, but that you prefer the niece on account of her 'ready money. Pray, Sir, take a fool's advice for once, 'and marry the first you can get. You will pardon my 'offering my advice, as you know I sincerely wish you 'well. Shall draw on you per next post, in favour of 'Messieurs John Drugget and company, at fourteen days, 'which doubt not your honouring, and am,

'Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'SAM. COSGRAVE.'

'This was the letter, word for word. Guess, my dear girl, guess how this letter affected me. You prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If every one of these words had been a dagger, I could with pleasure have stabbed them into his heart; but I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the occasion. I had pretty well spent my tears before his return home; but sufficient remains of them appeared in my swollen eyes. He threw himself sullenly into his chair, and for a long time we were both silent. At length, in a haughty tone, he said, "I hope, Madam, your servants have "packed up all your things; for the coach will be "ready by six in the morning." My patience was totally subdued by this provocation, and I answered, "No, Sir, there is a letter still remains unpacked;" and then throwing it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him with the most bitter language I could invent.

'Whether guilt, or shame, or prudence, restrained him, I cannot say; but though he is the most passionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occasion. He endeavoured, on the contrary, to pacify me by the most gentle means. He swore the phrase in the letter, to which I principally objected, was not his, nor had he ever written any such. He owned, indeed, the having mentioned his marriage, and that preference which he had given to myself, but denied with many oaths the having assigned any such reason. And he excused the having mentioned any such matter at all, on account of the straits he was in for money, arising, he said, from his having too long neglected his estate in Ireland. And this, he said, which he could not bear to discover to me, was the only reason of his having so strenuously insisted on our journey. He then used several very endearing expressions, and concluded by a very fond caress, and many violent protestations of love.

'There was one circumstance, which, though he did 'not appeal to it, had much weight with me in his 'favour, and that was the word jointure in the tailor's 'letter, whereas my aunt never had been married, and 'this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.——As I imagined, 'therefore, that the fellow must have inserted this of 'his own head, or from hearsay, I persuaded myself 'he might have ventured likewise on that odious line 'on no better authority. What reasoning was this, my 'dear? was I not an advocate rather than a judge?— 'But why do I mention such a circumstance as this, or 'appeal to it for the justification of my forgiveness?— 'In short had he been guilty of twenty times as much, 'half the tenderness and fondness which he used, would 'have prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I now 'made no farther objections to our setting out, which 'we did the next morning, and in little more than a 'week arrived at the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

'Your curiosity will excuse me from relating any 'occurrences which past during our journey: for it 'would indeed be highly disagreeable to travel it 'over again, and no less so to you to travel it over 'with me.

'This seat then, is an ancient mansion-house: if I 'was in one of those merry humours, in which you 'have so often seen me, I could describe it to you ridi- 'culously enough. It looked as if it had been formerly 'inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room enough, 'and not the less room on account of the furniture: 'for indeed there was very little in it. An old woman, 'who seemed coeval with the building, and greatly re- 'sembled her whom Chamount mentions in the Orphan, 'received us at the gate, and in a howl scarce human, 'and to me unintelligible, welcomed her master home. 'In short, the whole scene was so gloomy and melan-

y, that it threw my spirits into the lowest dejection: h my husband discerning, instead of relieving, in- ed by two or three malicious observations. "There e good houses, Madam," says he, "as you find, in her places besides England; but perhaps you had ther be in a dirty lodging at Bath."

appy, my dear, is the woman, who, in any state of hath a cheerful good-natured companion to support comfort her; but why do I reflect on happy situa- only to aggravate my own misery! my companion, from clearing up the gloom of solitude, soon con- ed me, that I must have been wretched with him ny place, and in any condition. In a word, he was rly fellow, a character perhaps you have never : for indeed no woman ever sees it exemplified, in a father, a brother, or a husband; and though have a father, he is not of that character. This fellow had formerly appeared to me the very rse, and so he did still to every other person. d heaven! how is it possible for a man to main- a constant lie in his appearance abroad and in pany, and to content himself with shewing dis- eable truth only at home? Here, my dear, they e themselves amends for the uneasy restraint which put on their tempers in the world; for I have rved, the more merry and gay and good-humoured husband hath at any time been in company, the e sullen and morose he was sure to become at our private meeting. How shall I describe his bar- ty? To my fondness he was cold and insensible. little comical ways, which you, my Sophy, and h others have called so agreeable, he treated with empt. In my most serious moments he sung and tled; and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and rable, he was angry, and abused me: for though

'he was never pleased with my good humour, nor 'ascribed it to my satisfaction in him, yet my low 'spirits always offended him, and those he imputed to 'my repentance of having (as he said) married an 'Irishman.

'You will easily conceive, my dear Graveairs (I ask 'your pardon, I really forgot myself), that when a 'woman makes an imprudent match in the sense of the 'world; that is, when she is not an arrant prostitute to 'pecuniary interest, she must necessarily have some in-'clination and affection for her man. You will as easily 'believe that this affection may possibly be lessened; 'nay, I do assure you, contempt will wholly eradicate 'it. This contempt I now began to entertain for my 'husband, whom I now discovered to be—I must use 'the expression—an arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will 'wonder I did not make this discovery long before; but 'women will suggest a thousand excuses to themselves 'for the folly of those they like: besides, give me leave 'to tell you, it requires a most penetrating eye to dis-'cern a fool through the disguises of gaiety and good-'breeding.

'It will be easily imagined, that when I once despised 'my husband, as I confess to you I soon did, I must 'consequently dislike his company; and indeed I had 'the happiness of being very little troubled with it; for 'our house was now most elegantly furnished, our cellars 'well stocked, and dogs and horses provided in great 'abundance. As my gentleman therefore entertained 'his neighbours with great hospitality; so his neigh-'bours resorted to him with great alacrity; and sports 'and drinking consumed so much of his time, that a 'small part of his conversation, that is to say, of his 'ill-humours, fell to my share.

'Happy would it have been for me, if I could as

easily have avoided all other disagreeable company, but alas! I was confined to some which constantly tormented me; and the more, as I saw no prospect of being relieved from them. These companions were my own racking thoughts, which plagued, and in a manner haunted me night and day. In this situation I passed through a scene, the horrors of which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, my dear, figure, if you can, to yourself what I must have undergone. I became a mother by the man I scorned, 'hated, and detested. I went through all the agonies 'and miseries of a lying-in (ten times more painful in 'such a circumstance, than the worst labour can be, 'when one endures it for a man one loves), in a desert, 'or rather indeed a scene of riot and revel, without a 'friend, without a companion, or without any of those 'agreeable circumstances which often alleviate, and per-'haps sometimes more than compensate, the sufferings of 'our sex at that season.'

CHAPTER VI.

In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful consternation.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when she was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raised her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to satisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the same respect in his countenance and address,

which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and six.

The married lady seemed less affected with her own misfortunes than was her cousin; for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly swallow a morsel. Sophia likewise shewed more concern and sorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who having observed these symptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, 'Perhaps all 'may yet end better than either you or I expect.'

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. 'I am 'sorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your ladyship can't eat; 'for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. 'I hope your ladyship is not uneasy at any thing, for, as 'Madam there says, all may end better than any body 'expects. A gentleman who was here just now, brought 'excellent news; and perhaps some folks who have given 'other folks the slip, may get to London before they are 'overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt, but they 'will find people who will be very ready to receive 'them.'

All persons under the apprehension of danger convert whatever they see and hear into the objects of that apprehension. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing speech, that she was known and pursued by her father. She was now struck with the utmost consternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the landlord to send his servants out of the room, and then addressing herself to him, said; 'I 'perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech 'you;—nay, I am convinced, if you have any compas-'sion or goodness, you will not betray us.'

'I betray your ladyship!' quoth the landlord; 'no'

(and then he swore several very hearty oaths); 'I 'would sooner be cut into ten thousand pieces. I hate 'all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my life 'yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a 'lady as your ladyship. All the world would very much 'blame me if I should, since it will be in your ladyship's 'power so shortly to reward me. My wife can witness 'for me, I knew your ladyship the moment you came 'into the house: I said it was your honour, before I 'lifted you from your horse, and I shall carry the bruises 'I got in your ladyship's service to the grave; but what 'signified that, as long as I saved your ladyship? To 'be sure some people this morning would have thought 'of getting a reward; but no such thought ever entered 'into my head. I would sooner starve than take any re-'ward for betraying your ladyship.'

'I promise you, Sir,' says Sophia, 'if it be ever in my 'power to reward you, you shall not lose by your 'generosity.'

'Alack-a-day, Madam!' answered the landlord, 'in 'your ladyship's power! heaven put it as much into 'your will. I am only afraid your honour will forget 'such a poor man as an innkeeper; but if your ladyship 'should not, I hope you will remember what reward I 'refused—refused! that is, I would have refused, and 'to be sure it may be called refusing; for I might have 'had it certainly; and to be sure you might have been 'in some houses; but for my part, would not methinks 'for the world have your ladyship wrong me so much, 'as to imagine I ever thought of betraying you, even 'before I heard the good news.'

'What news, pray?' says Sophia, something eagerly.

'Hath not your ladyship heard it, then?' cries the landlord, 'nay, like enough: for I heard it only a few 'minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the

'devil fly away with me this instant, if I would have 'betrayed your honour; no, if I would, may I—' Here he subjoined several dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news.—He was going to answer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, 'Madam, we are all undone, 'all ruined, they are come, they are come!' These words almost froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour, who were come?—'Who?' answered she, 'why the French; several hundred thou-'sands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered 'and ravished.'

As a miser, who hath, in some well-built city, a cottage, value twenty shillings, when, at a distance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loss; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself, and smiles at his own good fortunes: or as (for we dislike something in the former simile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehension that her darling boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with consternation; but when she is told that little master is safe, and the Victory only, with twelve hundred brave men, gone to the bottom, life and sense again return, maternal fondness enjoys the sudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence, which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found such immediate satisfaction from the relief of those terrors she had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French scarce made any impression on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into

which she had thrown her; and said, 'she was glad it 'was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else 'was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the landlord, smiling, 'her ladyship 'knows better things; she knows the French are our 'very best friends, and come over hither only for our 'good. They are the people who are to make Old Eng-'land flourish again. I warrant her honour thought the 'duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into 'a fright. I was going to tell your ladyship the news. '—His honour's majesty, Heaven bless him, hath given 'the duke the slip, and is marching as fast as he can 'to London, and ten thousand French are landed to join 'him on the road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any suspicion of the real truth) she durst not shew any dislike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all easy under the supposition of being known at this house; for she still applied to herself many things which the landlord had addressed to Jenny Cameron; she therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her person, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the horses to be in readiness by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised to bear her company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that lady to continue her story.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

'Most of the officers who were quartered at a town 'in our neighbourhood were of my husband's acquaint- 'ance. Among these was a lieutenant, a very pretty 'sort of man, and who was married to a woman so 'agreeable both in her temper and conversation, that 'from our first knowing each other, which was soon 'after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable com- 'panions; for I had the good fortune to make myself 'equally agreeable to her.

'The lieutenant, who was neither a sot nor a sports- 'man, was frequently of our parties; indeed he was very 'little with my husband, and no more than good-breed- 'ing constrained him to be, as he lived almost constantly 'at our house. My husband often expressed much dis- 'satisfaction at the lieutenant's preferring my company 'to his; he was very angry with me on that account, 'and gave me many a hearty curse for drawing away 'his companions; saying, "I ought to be d—ned for '"having spoiled one of the prettiest fellows in the '"world, by making a milksop of him."

'You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you 'imagine that the anger of my husband arose from 'my depriving him of a companion; for the lieutenant 'was not a person with whose society a fool could be 'pleased; and if I should admit the possibility of this, 'so little right had my husband to place the loss of his

'companion to me, that I am convinced it was my con-
'versation alone which induced him ever to come to the
'house. No, child, it was envy, the worst and most
'rancorous kind of envy, the envy of superiority of
'understanding. The wretch could not bear to see my
'conversation preferred to his, by a man of whom he
'could not entertain the least jealousy. O my dear
'Sophy, you are a woman of sense; if you marry a
'man, as is most probable you will, of less capacity than
'yourself, make frequent trials of his temper before
'marriage, and see whether he can bear to submit to
'such a superiority.—Promise me, Sophy, you will take
'this advice; for you will hereafter find its importance.'
'It is very likely I shall never marry at all,' answered
Sophia; 'I think, at least, I shall never marry a man in
'whose understanding I see any defects before marriage;
'and I promise you I would rather give up my own,
'than see any such afterwards.'—'Give up your under-
'standing!' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'Oh, fie, child, I
'will not believe so meanly of you. Every thing else I
'might myself be brought to give up; but never this.
'Nature would not have allotted this superiority to the
'wife in so many instances, if she had intended we
'should all of us have surrendered it to the husband.
'This, indeed, men of sense never expect of us; of
'which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one
'notable example; for though he had a very good un-
'derstanding, he always acknowledged (as was really
'true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps,
'was one reason of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

'Before he would be so governed by a wife, he said,
'especially such an ugly b— (for indeed she was not
'a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely
'genteel) he would see all the women upon earth at
'the devil, which was a very usual phrase with him.

'He said, he wondered what I could see in her to be 'so charmed with her company; since this woman, says 'he, hath come among us, there is an end of your beloved 'reading, which you pretended to like so much, that you 'could not afford time to return the visits of the ladies in 'this country; and I must confess I had been guilty of a 'little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are at 'least no better than the mere country ladies here; 'and I think I need make no other excuse to you for 'declining any intimacy with them.

'This correspondence however continued a whole year, 'even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that 'town; for which I was contented to pay the tax of 'being constantly abused in the manner above mentioned 'by my husband; I mean when he was at home; for 'he was frequently absent a month at a time at Dublin, 'and once made a journey of two months to London; in 'all which journies I thought it a very singular happiness 'that he never once desired my company; nay, by his 'frequent censures on men who could not travel, as he 'phrased it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he 'sufficiently intimated that, had I been never so desirous 'of accompanying him, my wishes would have been in 'vain: but, heaven knows, such wishes were very far 'from my thoughts.

'At length my friend was removed from me, and I 'was again left to my solitude, to the tormenting con- 'versation with my own reflections, and to apply to 'books for my only comfort. I now read almost all 'day long.—How many books do you think I read 'in three months?' 'I can't guess, indeed, cousin,' answered Sophia.—'Perhaps half a score!' 'Half a 'score! half a thousand, child!' answered the other. 'I read a good deal in Daniel's English History of 'France; a great deal in Plutarch's Lives, the Atalantas,

Pope's Homer, Dryden's Plays, Chillingworth, the Countess D'Anois, and Locke's Human Understanding.

'During this interval I wrote three very supplicating, 'and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt; but as I 'received no answer to any of them, my disdain would 'not suffer me to continue my application.'—Here she stopt, and looking earnestly at Sophia, said, 'Methinks, 'my dear, I read something in your eyes which re- 'proaches me of a neglect in another place, where I 'should have met with a kinder return.' 'Indeed, 'dear Harriet,' answered Sophia, 'your story is an 'apology for any neglect; but indeed I feel that I 'have been guilty of a remissness, without so good an 'excuse.—Yet pray proceed; for I long, though I 'tremble, to hear the end.'

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick resumed her narrative. 'My husband now took a second journey to England, 'where he continued upwards of three months: during 'the greater part of this time, I led a life which nothing 'but having led a worse could make me think tolerable; 'for perfect solitude can never be reconciled to a social 'mind, like mine, but when it relieves you from the 'company of those you hate. What added to my 'wretchedness, was the loss of my little infant: not 'that I pretend to have had for it that extravagant 'tenderness, of which I believe I might have been 'capable under other circumstances; but I resolved, in 'every instance, to discharge the duty of the tenderest 'mother; and this care prevented me from feeling the 'weight of that heaviest of all things, when it can be at 'all said to lie heavy on our hands.

'I had spent full ten weeks almost entirely by myself, 'having seen nobody all that time, except my servants 'and a very few visitors, when a young lady, a relation 'to my husband, came from a distant part of Ireland to

'visit me. She had staid once before a week at my 'house, and then I gave a pressing invitation to return; 'for she was a very agreeable woman, and had improved 'good natural parts by a proper education. Indeed she 'was to me a welcome guest.

'A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in very 'low spirits, without inquiring the cause, which indeed 'she very well knew, the young lady fell to com- 'passionating my case. She said, Though politeness 'had prevented me from complaining to my husband's 'relations of his behaviour; yet they all were very sen- 'sible of it, and felt great concern upon that account; 'but none more than herself: And after some more 'general discourse on this head, which I own I could not 'forbear countenancing; at last, after much previous 'precaution, and enjoined concealment, she communi- 'cated to me, as a profound secret—that my husband 'kept a mistress.

'You will certainly imagine, I heard this news with 'the utmost insensibility—Upon my word, if you do, 'your imagination will mislead you. Contempt had 'not so kept down my anger to my husband, but that 'hatred rose again on this occasion. What can be the 'reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that 'we can be concerned at others having possession even 'of what we despise? or are we not rather abominably 'vain, and is not this the greatest injury done to our 'vanity? What think you, Sophia?'

'I don't know, indeed,' answered Sophia, 'I have 'never troubled myself with any of these deep contem- 'plations; but I think the lady did very ill in communi- 'cating to you such a secret.'

'And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural,' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'and when you have seen and read 'as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so.'

'I am sorry to hear it is natural,' returned Sophia; 'for I want neither reading nor experience to convince 'me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured: 'nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a husband or wife 'of the faults of each other, as to tell them of their 'own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'my husband at 'last returned; and if I am thoroughly acquainted with 'my own thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; 'but I despised him rather less: for certainly nothing 'so much weakens our contempt, as an injury done to 'our pride or our vanity.

'He now assumed a carriage to me so very different 'from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resem- 'bling his behaviour the first week of our marriage, 'that had I now had any spark of love remaining, he 'might, possibly, have rekindled my fondness for him. 'But though hatred may succeed to contempt, and may, 'perhaps, get the better of it, love, I believe, cannot. 'The truth is, the passion of love is too restless to 'remain contented, without the gratification which it 'receives from its object: and one can no more be 'inclined to love without loving, than we can have 'eyes without seeing. When a husband, therefore, 'ceases to be the object of this passion, it is most pro- 'bable some other man—I say, my dear, if your hus- 'band grows indifferent to you—if you once come to 'despise him—I say,—that is,—if you have the passion 'of love in you—Lud! I have bewildered myself so— 'but one is apt, in these abstracted considerations, to 'lose the concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke says.—— 'In short, the truth is—in short, I scarce know what it 'is; but as I was saying, my husband returned, and his 'behaviour, at first, greatly surprised me; but he soon 'acquainted me with the motive, and taught me to

'account for it. In a word, then, he had spent and lost 'all the ready money of my fortune; and as he could 'mortgage his own estate no deeper, he was now desirous 'to supply himself with cash for his extravagance, by 'selling a little estate of mine, which he could not do 'without my assistance; and to obtain this favour was 'the whole and sole motive of all the fondness which 'he now put on.

'With this I peremptorily refused to comply. I told 'him, and I told him truly, that had I been possessed 'of the Indies at our first marriage, he might have 'commanded it all: for it had been a constant maxim 'with me, that where a woman disposes of her heart, 'she should always deposit her fortune; but as he had 'been so kind, long ago, to restore the former into my 'possession, I was resolved likewise to retain what little 'remained of the latter.

'I will not describe to you the passion into which 'these words, and the resolute air in which they were 'spoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the 'whole scene which succeeded between us. Out came, 'you may be well assured, the story of the mistress; 'and out it did come, with all the embellishments which 'anger and disdain could bestow upon it.

'Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed a little thunderstruck with 'this, and more confused than I had seen him; though 'his ideas are always confused enough, heaven knows. 'He did not, however, endeavour to exculpate himself; 'but took a method which almost equally confounded 'me. What was this but recrimination! He affected 'to be jealous:——he may, for aught I know, be in- 'clined enough to jealousy in his natural temper: nay, 'he must have had it from nature, or the devil must 'have put it into his head; for I defy all the world to 'cast a just aspersion on my character: nay, the most

'scandalous tongues have never dared censure my repu-
'tation. My fame, I thank heaven, hath been always
'as spotless as my life; and let falsehood itself accuse
'that, if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however pro-
'voked, however ill-treated, however injured in my love,
'I have firmly resolved never to give the least room for
'censure on this account.—And yet, my dear, there are
'some people so malicious, some tongues so venomous,
'that no innocence can escape them. The most unde-
'signed word, the most accidental look, the least famili-
'arity, the most innocent freedom, will be misconstrued,
'and magnified into I know not what, by some people.
'But I despise, my dear Graveairs, I despise all such
'slander. No such malice, I assure you, ever gave me
'an uneasy moment. No, no, I promise you I am above
'all that.—But where was I? O let me see, I told you
'my husband was jealous—And of whom, pray?—Why
'of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you before!
'He was obliged to resort above a year and more back,
'to find any object for this unaccountable passion, if
'indeed he really felt any such, and was not an arrant
'counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

'But I have tired you already with too many par-
'ticulars. I will now bring my story to a very speedy
'conclusion. In short, then, after many scenes very
'unworthy to be repeated, in which my cousin engaged
'so heartily on my side, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at last
'turned her out of doors; when he found I was neither
'to be soothed nor bullied into compliance, he took a
'very violent method indeed. Perhaps you will con-
'clude he beat me; but this, though he hath approached
'very near to it, he never actually did. He confined me
'to my room, without suffering me to have either pen,
'ink, paper, or book: and a servant every day made my
'bed, and brought me my food.

'When I had remained a week under this imprison-
'ment, he made me a visit, and, with the voice of a
'schoolmaster, or, what is often much the same, of a
'tyrant, asked me, If I would yet comply? I answered
'very stoutly, That I would die first. "Then so you
'" shall, and be d—ned," cries he: "for you shall
'" never go alive out of this room."

'Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to say
'the truth, my constancy was almost subdued, and I
'began to think of submission; when one day, in the
'absence of my husband, who was gone abroad for some
'short time, by the greatest good fortune in the world,
'an accident happened.—I—at the time when I began
'to give way to the utmost despair——every thing would
'be excusable at such a time—at that very time I re-
'ceived——But it would take up an hour to tell you
'all particulars.—In one word, then (for I will not tire
'you with circumstances), gold, the common key to all
'padlocks, opened my door, and set me at liberty.

'I now made haste to Dublin, where I immediately
'procured a passage to England; and was proceeding
'to Bath, in order to throw myself into the protection
'of my aunt, or of your father, or of any relation who
'would afford it me. My husband overtook me last
'night, at the inn where I lay, and which you left a
'few minutes before me; but I had the good luck to
'escape him, and to follow you.

'And thus, my dear, ends my history: a tragical one,
'I am sure, it is to myself; but, perhaps, I ought rather
'to apologize to you for its dulness.'

Sophia heaved a deep sigh, and answered, 'Indeed,
'Harriet, I pity you from my soul!——But what could
'you expect? Why, why, would you marry an Irish-
'man?'

'Upon my word,' replied her cousin, 'your censure

'is unjust. There are, among the Irish, men of as much 'worth and honour as any among the English: nay, 'to speak the truth, generosity of spirit is rather more 'common among them. I have known some examples 'there, too, of good husbands; and I believe these are 'not very plenty in England. Ask me, rather, what 'I could expect when I married a fool; and I will tell 'you a solemn truth; I did not know him to be so.'— 'Can no man,' said Sophia, in a very low and altered voice, 'do you think, make a bad husband, who is not 'a fool?' 'That,' answered the other, 'is too general 'a negative; but none, I believe, is so likely as a fool 'to prove so. Among my acquaintance, the silliest 'fellows are the worst husbands; and I will venture 'to assert, as a fact, that a man of sense rarely behaves 'very ill to a wife, who deserves very well.'

CHAPTER VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the desire of her cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history: for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the

more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady.—But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room, where the two ladies were sitting, a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or to screech owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds, which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils of those fair river nymphs, ycleped of old the Naïades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster-wenches: for when, instead of the ancient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or, perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue with unhallowed license profane, *i.e.* depreciate the delicate fat Milton oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures which those water-deities, who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naïades lift up their immortal voices, and the profane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, till, having ascended by degrees, up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress in a

most outrageous passion, crying out, 'What doth your 'ladyship think? Would you imagine, that this im- 'pudent villain, the master of this house, hath had the 'impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my face, 'that your ladyship is that nasty, stinking wh—re '(Jenny Cameron they call her), that runs about the 'country with the Pretender? Nay, the lying, saucy 'villain had the assurance to tell me, that your lady- 'ship had owned yourself to be so: but I have clawed 'the rascal; I have left the marks of my nails in his 'impudent face. My lady! says I, you saucy scoundrel: 'my lady is meat for no pretenders. She is a young 'lady of as good fashion, and family, and fortune, as 'any in Somersetshire. Did you never hear of the 'great Squire Western, sirrah? She is his only 'daughter; she is——, and heiress to all his great 'estate. My lady to be called a nasty Scotch wh—re 'by such a varlet—To be sure, I wish I had knocked 'his brains out with the punch-bowl.'

The principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion, Honour had herself caused, by having in her passion discovered who she was. However as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged Honour, and she cried, 'Indeed, Madam, I did 'not think your ladyship would have made a laughing 'matter of it. To be called whore by such an impu- 'dent low rascal. Your ladyship may be angry with 'me, for aught I know, for taking your part, since 'proffered service, they say, stinks; but to be sure 'I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called 'whore.—Nor will I bear it. I am sure your ladyship 'is as virtuous a lady as ever set foot on English

'ground, and I will claw any villain's eyes out who 'dares for to offer to presume for to say the least 'word to the contrary. Nobody ever could say the 'least ill of the character of any lady that ever I 'waited upon.'

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her mistress as most servants have, that is to say—But besides this, her pride obliged her to support the character of the lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment, to tell thee a story. 'The famous Nell Gwynn, stepping one 'day, from a house where she had made a short visit, 'into her coach, saw a great mob assembled, and her 'footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow being asked 'by his mistress the reason of his being in that con-'dition, answered, "I have been fighting, Madam, with '"an impudent rascal who called your ladyship a '"wh—re." "You blockhead," replied Mrs. Gwynn, '"at this rate you must fight every day of your life; '"why, you fool, all the world knows it." "Do '"they?" cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after 'he had shut the coach-door, "they shan't call me a '"whore's footman for all that."

Thus the passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cause of her anger; for which we must beg leave to remind our reader of a circumstance mentioned in the above simile. There are indeed certain liquors, which being applied to our passions, or to fire, produce effects the very

reverse of those produced by water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous liquid called punch, is one. It was not therefore without reason, that the learned Dr. Cheney used to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now, Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured so much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the smoke of it began to ascend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reason, which is there supposed to keep her residence, while the fire itself from the stomach easily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble passion of pride. So that, upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at first sight we must confess the cause seems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia and her cousin both did all in their power to extinguish these flames which had roared so loudly all over the house. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one step farther, the fire having consumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at last went out of its own accord.

But though tranquillity was restored above stairs, it was not so below; where my landlady, highly resenting the injury done to the beauty of her husband, by the flesh-spades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and justice. As to the poor man, who had principally suffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he lost might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewise her fist to his nostrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually

silenced his resentment, as the manner in which he now discovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: but he was now assured by a person of great figure, and who was attended by great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of fashion and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this person, the landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this message, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader's curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn, in his way to London. This nobleman having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, upon a short inquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs with compliments rather civiller than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt) had basely taken the advantage

of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged by that historic integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians, indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circumstances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To say truth, it was by his assistance that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to say truth, I have often suspected that those very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the husbands of those days; and matrimony itself was, perhaps, the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner, therefore, did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming

the castle, according to the example of ancient heroes; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprise at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered, That she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need not mention. 'In short,' says she, 'I was overtaken by my husband (for I need 'not affect to conceal what the world knows too well 'already. I had the good fortune to escape in a most 'surprising manner, and am now going to London with 'this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and 'who hath escaped from as great a tyrant as my 'own.'

His lordship, concluding that this tyrant was likewise a husband, made a speech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives against his own sex; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique glances at the matrimonial institution itself, and at the unjust powers given by it to man over the more sensible, and more meritorious part of the species. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and six, which was

instantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at last, upon her persuasions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjusted, his lordship took his leave, and the ladies retired to rest, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her cousin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondness for his wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only person of high rank, who was entirely constant to the marriage bed. 'Indeed,' added she, 'my dear Sophy, that is a very rare virtue 'amongst men of condition. Never expect it when you 'marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be 'deceived.'

A gentle sigh stole from Sophia at these words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleasant kind; but as she never revealed this dream to any one, so the reader cannot expect to see it related here.

CHAPTER IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers.

THOSE members of society, who are born to furnish the blessings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to pursue their daily labours, for the use of those who are born to enjoy these blessings. The sturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, spring from their hard mattress; and now the bonny housemaid begins to

repair the disordered drumroom, while the riotous authors of that disorder, in broken interrupted slumbers, tumble and toss, as if the hardness of down disquieted their repose.

In simple phrase, the clock had no sooner struck seven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and at their desire, his lordship and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of some difficulty arose; and this was how his lordship himself should be conveyed: for though in stage-coaches, where passengers are properly considered as so much luggage, the ingenious coachman stows half a dozen with perfect ease into the place of four: for well he contrives that the fat hostess, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the slim miss, or taper master; it being the nature of guts when well squeezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compass; yet in these vehicles, which are called, for distinction sake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordship would have put a short end to the difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his horse; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails should, by turns, relieve each other on one of his lordship's horses, which was presently equipped with a side-saddle for that purpose.

Every thing being settled at the inn, the ladies discharged their former guides, and Sophia made a present to the landlord, partly to repair the bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on account of what he had suffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia first discovered a loss which gave her some uneasiness; and this was of the hundred

pound bank-bill which her father had given her at the last meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable trifle, was all the treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her things to no purpose, the bill was not to be found: and she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her pocket, when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane as before recorded. A fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief the very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia, therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident, at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern, and, with her wonted serenity and cheerfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at last yielded to the well-bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submitted to be complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horseback.

The coach now having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle

upon a much less worthy occasion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in, than regretted his bruise, or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money; 'For to be sure,' says he, 'one might have 'charged every article double, and she would have made 'no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife however was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries she, 'my dear, the lady knows 'better how to dispose of her money than you imagine. 'She might very well think we should not put up such a 'business without some satisfaction, and the law would 'have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little 'matter, which I wonder you would take.' 'You are 'always so bloodily wise,' quoth the husband: 'It would 'have cost her more, would it? dost fancy I don't know 'that as well as thee? but would any of that more, or so 'much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom 'the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to 'have put such a pretty business into his hands. He 'would have got a good picking out of it; but I have 'no relation now who is a lawyer, and why should I go 'to law for the benefit of strangers?' 'Nay, to be sure,'

nswered she, 'you must know best.' 'I believe I do,' eplied he. 'I fancy when money is to be got, I can smell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I say; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that.' The wife then joined in he applause of her husband's sagacity; and thus ended he short dialogue between them on this occasion.

We will therefore take our leave of these good people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place, to the beauties, elegances, and curiosities which it affords. At Eshur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Estbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wondrous power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applause; but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richest attire, and art, dressed with the modestest simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world; and here human nature presents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the

lawns of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings, with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to shew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to those authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this occasion; for though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine

hat we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

CHAPTER X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion.

Our company being arrived at London, were set down at his lordship's house, where, while they refreshed themselves after the fatigue of their journey, servants were dispatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for, as her ladyship was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to accept a bed in the mansion of the peer.

Some readers will, perhaps, condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make allowances for her situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the malice of censorious tongues, we must allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an excess on the right side, and which every woman who is in the self-same situation will do well to imitate. The most formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may perhaps, in very abstracted considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than virtue itself without this formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular cases, for every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening; but resolved early in the morning to inquire after the lady, into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now as we could by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick: of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts: which, as they are very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I choose to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather, as this superlative degree often forms its own objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quicksighted penetration, whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were, in the first embryo; nay, sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being: so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs, and most grievous heartaches to innocence and virtue. I cannot help, therefore, regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil, as a

vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is, indeed, no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprise his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself; I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the same part again. And, to confess the truth, of this degree of suspicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her cousin was really not better than she should be.

The case, it seems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies; for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man; and whom could she so properly choose to be her guardian as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, besides a gallant disposition which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in distress, had often declared a violent attachment to herself, and had already given her all the instances of it in his power?

But as the law hath foolishly omitted this office of vice-husband, or guardian to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his lordship should perform all such kind offices to the lady in secret, and without publicly assuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other person from seeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady should proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordship should first go to London, and thence should go down to that place by the advice of his physicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly understood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a secret, than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact secrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had observed on this head in her narrative, served not a little to heighten those suspicions which were now risen in the mind of her cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the lady she sought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her

ıouse was not perfectly well known; and as she received, n return of her first message, a most pressing invitation, he immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed lid not desire her cousin to stay with her with more arnestness than civility required. Whether she had dis-erned and resented the suspicion above-mentioned, or rom what other motive it arose, I cannot say; but cer-ain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herself could be of going.

The young lady, when she came to take leave of her cousin, could not avoid giving her a short hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a situation she stood; adding, she hoped some method would be found of recon-ciling her to her husband. 'You must remember, my 'dear,' says she, 'the maxim which my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both; That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvanta-geous peace for herself on any conditions. These are my aunt's very words, and she hath had a great deal of experience in the world.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, with a contemptuous smile, 'Never fear me, child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than I. I will come and visit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice: leave the character of Graveairs in the country; for believe me, it will sit very awkwardly upon you in this town.'

Thus the two cousins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to Lady Bellaston, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her aunt Western. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced her to leave the squire and fly to London,

than she highly applauded her sense and resolution; and, after expressing the highest satisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared she entertained of her ladyship, by choosing her house for an asylum, she promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

CHAPTER I.

Showing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize.

The learned reader must have observed, that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his Preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition and of equal judgment. 'It will be easy,' says he, 'for the reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater regard to him, than to my own reputation: for an author certainly pays him a considerable compliment, when, for

'his sake, he suppresses learned quotations that come in 'his way, and which would have cost him but the bare 'trouble of transcribing.'

To fill up a work with these scraps may, indeed, be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time, in fragments and by retail, what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paltry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation at the expense of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am, indeed, in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that by suppressing the original author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person, who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus, hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich.

By the poor here I mean, that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that, in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal, and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves, which the mob show to one another. To steal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly styled defrauding the poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves), or, to see it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spital.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in an ancient author to my

purpose, without setting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I desire to be allowed me only on condition, that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who having formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope, however, very luckily found them in the said play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore in the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAPTER II.

In which, though the squire doth not find his daughter, something is found which puts an end to his pursuit.

THE history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of Squire Western; for as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that the said squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having informed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise passed that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a crossway. Here he called a short council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a 'dog as myself!' And then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' says he, 'like those 'without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able 'to overtake young Madam, we may account it some 'good fortune that we have hitherto traced her course 'aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with 'her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to 'renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in 'all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos* '*voti*.'

'Pogh! D—n the slut,' answered the squire, 'I am 'lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. 'It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting 'days, in all appearance, which hath been this season, 'and especially after so long a frost.'

Whether fortune, who now and then shews some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the squire, and as she had determined not to let him

overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the squire crying, 'She's gone, she's gone! Damn me 'if she is not gone!' instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master; and now the whole company crossing into a corn field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallooing and whooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports, that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse, than, mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leapt from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleased and purr on certain occasions. The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that, 'if we shut nature out at the door, 'she will come in at the window; and that puss, though 'a madam, will be a mouser still.' In the same manner we are not to arraign the squire of any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal; we are only to consider that he was a squire and a sportsman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the

squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, and which, he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment, in Latin, to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother squire and sportsman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony, nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon therefore as the sport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two squires met, and in all squire-like greeting, saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it nowise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Western.

Our squire was by no means a match either for his host, or for parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whistle-drunk; for, before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that, though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent, and having acquainted the other squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner therefore had the good squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to summons his horses in order to renew his pursuit, than Mr. Supple began his dissuasive, which the host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. That he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportsman, and expressing great joy that the frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home) set forwards, or rather backwards, for Somersetshire; but not before he had first dispatched part of his retinue in quest of

his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAPTER III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what passed between him and Partridge on the road.

At length we are once more come to our hero; and, to say truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that, considering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that situation in which prudent people usually desist from inquiring any farther after their friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones, then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of Squire Western, and pursued the same road on foot, for the hostler told them, that no horses were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their disquiet proceeded from very different reasons, yet displeased they were both; and if Jones sighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as sadly at every step.

When they came to the cross-roads where the squire had stopt to take counsel, Jones stopt likewise, and turning to Partridge, asked his opinion which track they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I wish 'your honour would follow my advice.' 'Why should 'I not?' replied Jones; 'for it is now indifferent to me 'whither I go, or what becomes of me.' 'My advice, 'then,' said Partridge, 'is, that you immediately face 'about and return home; for who that hath such a home 'to return to, as your honour, would travel thus about 'the country like a vagabond? I ask pardon, *sed vox ea* '*sola reperta est.*'

'Alas!' cries Jones, 'I have no home to return to;— 'but if my friend, my father, would receive me, could 'I bear the country from which Sophia is flown—Cruel 'Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself—No, let 'me blame thee. D—nation seize thee, fool, blockhead! 'thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy soul from thy 'body.'——At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and shook him more heartily than an ague fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm—when Jones, after staring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and discharged a rage on himself, that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehension of it had almost effected.

We would bestow some pains here in minutely describing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occasion, could we be well assured that the reader would take the same pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that, after all the labour which we should employ in painting this scene, the said reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourselves

that trouble. To say the truth, we have, from this reason alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earnestly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briskly cried out: 'Since it is absolutely 'impossible for me to pursue any farther the steps of 'my angel—I will pursue those of glory. Come on, 'my brave lad, now for the army:—It is a glorious 'cause, and I would willingly sacrifice my life in it, even 'though it was worth my preserving.' And so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the squire had taken, and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without speaking a syllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge he was profoundly silent; for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath, especially as he now began to entertain a conceit,

which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length, Jones, being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity; for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is slipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' says he, 'that could never be a 'man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange 'manner, and so unlike other folks. Besides, his diet, 'as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which 'is a fitter food for a horse than a Christian: nay, land-'lord at Upton says, that the neighbours thereabouts 'have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely 'in my head, that it must have been some spirit, who, 'perhaps, might be sent to forewarn us: and who knows, 'but all that matter, which he told us, of his going to 'fight, and of his being taken prisoner, and of the 'great danger he was in of being hanged, might be 'intended as a warning to us, considering what we 'were going about: besides, I dreamt of nothing 'all last night, but of fighting; and methought the 'blood ran out of my nose, as liquor out of a 'tap. Indeed, Sir, *infandum, regina, jubes renovare 'dolorem.*'

'Thy story, Partridge,' answered Jones, 'is almost as 'ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more likely

'to happen than death, to men who go into battle. 'Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what then?' 'What then!' replied Partridge; 'Why then there is 'an end of us, is there not? when I am gone, all is 'over with me. What matters the cause to me, or who 'gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy 'any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of 'bells, and bonfires, to one that is six foot under ground? 'there will be an end of poor Partridge.' 'And an end 'of poor Partridge,' cries Jones, 'there must be, one 'time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you 'some fine lines out of Horace, which would inspire 'courage in a coward.

'"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*
'"*Mors et fugacem persequitur virum*
'"*Nec parcit imbellis juventæ*
'"*Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.*"'

'I wish you would construe them,' cries Partridge; 'for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot understand 'as you repeat them.'

'I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather para-'phrase of my own,' said Jones; 'for I am but an 'indifferent poet.

'Who would not die in his dear country's cause?
'Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
'From death he cannot fly:—One common grave
'Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.'

'That's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, sure, '*Mors omnibus communis:* but there is a great difference 'between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, 'like a good Christian, with all our friends crying about 'us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow, like a mad 'dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, 'and that too before we have repented of all our sins.

'O Lord have mercy upon us! to be sure the soldiers 'are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have 'any thing to do with them. I could hardly bring 'myself ever to look upon them as Christians. There 'is nothing but cursing and swearing among them. I 'wish your honour would repent: I heartily wish you 'would repent, before it is too late; and not think of 'going among them.—Evil communication corrupts good 'manners. That is my principal reason. For as for 'that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, 'not I; as to matter of that. I know all human flesh 'must die; but yet a man may live many years for all 'that. Why, I am a middle-aged man now, and yet I 'may live a great number of years. I have read of 'several who have lived to be above a hundred, and 'some a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, 'I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age 'as that, neither.—But if it be only to eighty or ninety; 'heaven be praised, that is a great ways off yet; and I 'am not afraid of dying then, no more than another 'man; but, surely, to tempt death before a man's time 'is come, seems to me downright wickedness and pre-'sumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed; 'but let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter 'of good can two people do? and, for my part, I under-'stand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten 'times in my life; and then it was not charged with 'bullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, 'and know nothing of the matter. And then there are 'those cannons, which certainly it must be thought the 'highest presumption to go in the way of; and nobody 'but a madman—I ask pardon; upon my soul, I meant 'no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into 'another passion.'

'Be under no apprehensions, Partridge,' cries Jones;

'I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that 'thou couldst not provoke me on any account.' 'Your 'honour,' answered he, 'may call me coward, or any 'thing else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole 'skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis 'sumus.* I never read in my grammar, that a man can't 'be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? 'Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.* Not a 'word of fighting; and I am sure the scripture is so 'much against it, that a man shall never persuade me 'he is a good Christian, while he sheds Christian-blood.'

CHAPTER IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the last chapter concluded, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying, 'Every parish ought to 'keep their own poor.' Jones then fell a laughing, and asked Partridge, if he was not ashamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. 'Your religion,' says he, 'serves you only for an excuse 'for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can 'any man who is really a Christian abstain from relieving 'one of his brethren in such a miserable condition?' And at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

'Master,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I have 'a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will be pleased to buy it.

'I should not venture to pull it out to every one; but 'as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the 'poor, you won't suspect a man of being a thief only 'because he is poor.' He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt,) saw in the first page the words Sophia Western, written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he prest it close to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding his company; but, perhaps, these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a book-worm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than 100*l.*

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honesty) had never opened it; but we should not deal honestly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumstance which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and transport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new discovery: for his imagination instantly suggested to him, that the owner of the bill might possibly want it, before he should be able to convey it

. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the o whom the book belonged, and would endeavour l her out as soon as possible, and return it her.
e pocket-book was a late present from Mrs. Western niece; it had cost five-and-twenty shillings, having bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value e silver, which it contained in its clasp, was about en-pence; and that price the said toyman, as it was ther as good as when it first issued from his shop, l now have given for it. A prudent person would, ver, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance s fellow, and would not have offered more than a ıg, or perhaps sixpence for it; nay, some perhaps l have given nothing, and left the fellow to his ı of trover, which some learned serjeants may ; whether he could, under these circumstances, maintained.
ıes, on the contrary, whose character was on the le of generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly been suspected of extravagance, without any hesi-ı, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The man, who had not for a long time before been pos-l of so much treasure, gave Mr. Jones a thousand ıs, and discovered little less of transport in his les, than Jones had before shewn, when he had first the name of Sophia Western.
e fellow very readily agreed to attend our travel-o the place where he had found the pocket-book. ther, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but o fast as Mr. Jones desired; for his guide unfor-ely happened to be lame, and could not possibly l faster than a mile an hour. As this place, there-was at above three miles distance, though the fellow said otherwise, the reader need not be acquainted long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide exprest some signs of astonishment to Partridge; who more than once shook his head, and cry'd, poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

At length they arrived at the very spot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent surprise and joy, which the first receipt of the guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient time to recollect himself, put on a discontented look, and, scratching his head, said, He hoped his worship would give him something more. 'Your worship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it into your consideration, that if I 'had not been honest I might have kept the whole.' And, indeed, this the reader must confess to have been true. 'If the paper there,' said he, 'be worth 100*l.* I 'am sure the finding it deserves more than a guinea. 'Besides, suppose your worship should never see the 'lady, nor give it her—and though your worship looks 'and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only 'your worship's bare word; and, certainly, if the right 'owner been't to be found, it all belongs to the first 'finder. I hope your worship will consider of all these 'matters, I am but a poor man, and therefore don't 'desire to have all; but it is but reasonable I should 'have my share. Your worship looks like a good man, 'and, I hope, will consider my honesty; for I might 'have kept every farthing, and nobody ever the wiser.' 'I promise thee upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I 'know the right owner, and will restore it her.' 'Nay, 'your worship,' answered the fellow, 'may do as you

'please as to that; if you will but give me my share, 'that is, one-half of the money; your honour may keep 'the rest yourself if you please;' and concluded with swearing, by a very vehement oath, that he would never mention a syllable of it to any man living.

'Lookye, friend,' cries Jones, 'the right owner shall 'certainly have again all that she lost; and as for any 'farther gratuity, I really cannot give it you at present; 'but let me know your name, and where you live, and it 'is more than possible, you may hereafter have further 'reason to rejoice at this morning's adventure.'

'I don't know what you mean by venture,' cries the fellow; 'it seems, I must venture whether you will re-'turn the lady her money or no; but I hope your worship 'will consider—' 'Come, come,' said Partridge, 'tell his 'honour your name, and where you may be found; I 'warrant you will never repent having put the money 'into his hands.' The fellow seeing no hopes of recovering the possession of the pocket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then placing the paper in the same page where she had writ her name, he cried out, 'There, friend, you are 'the happiest man alive; I have joined your name to 'that of an angel.' 'I don't know any thing about 'angels,' answered the fellow; 'but I wish you would 'give me a little more money, or else return me the 'pocket-book.' Partridge now waxed wrath: he called the poor cripple by several vile and opprobrious names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing: and now telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infused new spirits, followed his

leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents; 'for 'had they,' says he, 'sent me to charity-school to learn 'to write and read and cast accounts, I should have 'known the value of these matters as well as other 'people.'

CHAPTER V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

Our travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of shewing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles, and he was now upon a wide common, where were several roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these roads he should pursue; when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum, that seemed at no great distance. This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon us all; they are 'certainly a coming!' 'Who is coming?' cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his

nind; and since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. 'Who!' cries Partridge, 'why the rebels: but why should I call them 'rebels? they may be very honest gentlemen, for any 'thing I know to the contrary. The devil take him that 'affronts them, I say; I am sure, if they have nothing 'to say to me, I will have nothing to say to them, but in 'a civil way. For heaven's sake, Sir, don't affront them 'if they should come, and perhaps they may do us no 'harm; but would it not be the wiser way to creep into 'some of yonder bushes, till they are gone by? What 'can two unarmed men do perhaps against fifty thousand? 'Certainly nobody but a madman; I hope your honour is 'not offended; but certainly no man who hath *mens sana* '*in corpore sano*——' Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired, saying, That by the drum he perceived they were near some town. He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger; and adding, it was impossible the rebels should be so near.

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the music of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O Lord, Sir, here they 'are! there is the crown and coffin. Oh Lord! I never 'saw any thing so terrible; and we are within gun-shot 'of them already.'

Jones no sooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken. 'Part-
'ridge,' says he, 'I fancy you will be able to engage this
'whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what
'the drum was which we heard before, and which beats
'up for recruits to a puppet-show.'

'A puppet-show!' answered Partridge, with most eager transport. 'And is it really no more than that?
'I love a puppet-show of all the pastimes upon earth.
'Do, good Sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides, I am
'quite famished to death; for it is now almost dark,
'and I have not eat a morsel since three o'clock in the
'morning.'

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouse, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to inquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions; and indeed his inquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoking dish of eggs and bacon.

In strong and healthy constitutions love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conservation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing else; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an

empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on, and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world ever had produced, and that they had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provoked Husband; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not shew any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciseman both declared, that the characters of Lord and Lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, The present age was not improved in any thing so much as in their puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational entertainment. 'I remember,' said he, 'when I first took to the business, there was a great 'deal of low stuff that did very well to make folks 'laugh; but was never calculated to improve the

'morals of young people, which certainly ought to be 'principally aimed at in every puppet-show: for why 'may not good and instructive lessons be conveyed 'this way, as well as any other? My figures are as 'big as the life, and they represent the life in every 'particular; and I question not but people rise from 'my little Drama as much improved as they do from 'the great.' 'I would by no means degrade the in-'genuity of your profession,' answered Jones, 'but I 'should have been glad to have seen my old acquaint-'ance Master Punch, for all that; and so far from 'improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry 'wife Joan, you have spoiled your puppet-show.'

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words. And with much disdain in his countenance, he replied, 'Very probably, 'Sir, that may be your opinion; but I have the satisfac-'tion to know the best judges differ from you, and it is 'impossible to please every taste. I confess, indeed, some 'of the quality at Bath, two or three years ago, wanted 'mightily to bring Punch again upon the stage. I 'believe I lost some money for not agreeing to it; but 'let others do as they will; a little matter shall never 'bribe me to degrade my own profession, nor will I ever 'willingly consent to the spoiling the decency and regu-'larity of my stage, by introducing any such low stuff 'upon it.'

'Right, friend,' cries the clerk, 'you are very right. 'Always avoid what is low. There are several of my 'acquaintance in London, who are resolved to drive 'every thing which is low from the stage.' 'Nothing 'can be more proper,' cries the exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. 'I remember,' added he, '(for I 'then lived with my lord) I was in the footman's gallery, 'the night when this play of the Provoked Husband was

'acted first. There was a great deal of low stuff in it 'about a country gentleman come up to town to stand 'for parliament-man; and there they brought a parcel of 'his servants upon the stage, his coachman I remember 'particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery could 'not bear any thing so low, and they damned it. I ob- 'serve, friend, you have left all that matter out, and you 'are to be commended for it.'

'Nay, gentlemen,' cries Jones, 'I can never maintain 'my opinion against so many; indeed, if the generality 'of his audience dislike him, the learned gentleman who 'conducts the show may have done very right in dismiss- 'ing Punch from his service.'

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it was in their superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

From which it may be inferred that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A VIOLENT uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and, after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage in company with the Merry-

Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modesty; yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprised; she, therefore, took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. 'Why do you beat me in this manner, 'mistress?' cries the wench. 'If you don't like my 'doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w—e' (for the other lady had liberally bestowed that appellation on her) 'my betters are so as well as I. What was the fine 'lady in the puppet-show just now? I suppose she did 'not lie all night out from her husband for nothing.'

The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover 'Here, husband,' says she, 'you see the consequence o 'harbouring these people in your house. If one dotl 'draw a little drink the more for them, one is hardly 'made amends for the litter they make; and then t 'have one's house made a bawdyhouse of by such lousy 'vermin. In short, I desire you would be gone to-mor 'row morning; for I will tolerate no more such doings 'It is only the way to teach our servants idleness an 'nonsense; for to be sure nothing better can be learne 'by such idle shows as these. I remember when puppet 'shows were made of good scripture stories, as Jepthah' 'Rash Vow, and such good things, and when wicke 'people were carried away by the devil. There wa 'some sense in those matters; but as the parson told u 'last Sunday, nobody believes in the devil now-a-days 'and here you bring about a parcel of puppets drest up 'like lords and ladies, only to turn the heads of poo 'country wenches; and when their heads are once turne 'topsy-turvy, no wonder every thing else is so.'

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob ar

assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased, and the mob, which when collected into one body, may be well compared to an ass, erect their long ears at the grave man's discourse.

On the contrary, when a set of grave men and philosophers are disputing; when wisdom herself may in a manner be considered as present, and administering arguments to the disputants; should a tumult arise among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself equal in noise to a mighty mob, appear among the said philosophers; their disputes cease in a moment, wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold alone.

Thus the uproar aforesaid, and the arrival of the landlady, silenced the master of the puppet-show, and put a speedy and final end to that grave and solemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a sufficient taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this accident; the most wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived such another stratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually stopt, as that of a quack must be, if, in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the stage, as a testimony of his skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my landlady, the puppet-show man ran out to punish his Merry-Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her silver light, as the poets call it (though she looked at that time more like a piece of copper), Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady

had just awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge having lately carried two points, as my reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the house where he then was. He introduced this with an affected surprise at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of purpose whatever: for that unless Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; 'for you find, Sir,' said he, 'by all the people in the house, that she is not 'gone this way. How much better, therefore, would 'it be to stay till the morning, when we may expect to 'meet with somebody to inquire of?'

This last argument had indeed some effect on Jones, and while he was weighing it the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was master into the same scale. 'Sure, Sir,' said he, 'your servant gives you most ex-'cellent advice: for who would travel by night at this 'time of the year?' He then began in the usual style to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion——But not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him Jones was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few hours rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to rest, with his two bed-fellows, the pocket-book, and the muff; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with

several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen: where sat assembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney's clerk, the exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company past the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen.

Though the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant; yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man, in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a splendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part of that respect which is paid to the quality and estates of their masters,

it is clearly otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them. To say the truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no honour on the domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his master. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called virtue in a mistress, the consequence of which we have before seen: for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these reasons we are not to wonder that servants (I mean among the men only) should have so great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that though they would be ashamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead; and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their said masters as far as possible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expense of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension, which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his master was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately

incided. 'I own,' said he, 'the gentleman surprised me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived 'that any man in his senses should be so much mis-'taken; what you say now, accounts very well for all 'his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily 'concerned for him; indeed he hath a strange wildness 'about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I 'did not mention it.'

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it. 'And certainly,' added he, 'it must be so: for no one 'but a madman would have thought of leaving so good 'a house, to ramble about the country at that time of 'night.'

The exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth, said, He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly; and then turning to Partridge, 'if he be a 'madman,' says he, 'he should not be suffered to travel 'thus about the country; for possibly he may do some 'mischief. It is pity he was not secured and sent home 'to his relations.'

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose ierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt, some nstances, had however represented any such scheme s impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him rom applying himself to form any regular plan for he purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments f the exciseman, than he embraced that opportunity of eclaring his own, and expressed a hearty wish that uch a matter could be brought about.

'Could be brought about!' says the exciseman; 'why 'there is nothing easier.'

'Ah! Sir,' answered Partridge; 'you don't know 'what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with 'one hand, and throw me out at a window; and he 'would too; if he did but imagine—'

'Pogh!' says the exciseman, 'I believe I am as good 'a man as he. Besides, here are five of us.'

'I don't know what five,' cries the landlady, 'my 'husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall 'any violent hands be laid upon any body in my house. 'The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman 'as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he is no more 'mad than any of us. What do you tell of his having 'a wild look with his eyes? they are the prettiest eyes 'I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest look with them; 'and a very modest civil young man he is. I am sure 'I have bepitied him heartily ever since the gentleman 'there in the corner told us he was crost in love. 'Certainly that is enough to make any man, especially 'such a sweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little 'otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the 'devil would the lady have better than such a handsome 'man with a great estate? I suppose she is one of 'your quality folks, one of your Townly ladies that we 'saw last night in the puppet-show, who don't know 'what they would be at.'

The attorney's clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business, without the advice of counsel. 'Suppose,' says he, 'an action of false imprisonment 'should be brought against us, what defence could we 'make? Who knows what may be sufficient evidence 'of madness to a jury? But I only speak upon my 'own account; for it don't look well for a lawyer to 'be concerned in these matters, unless it be as a lawyer.

'Juries are always less favourable to us than to other 'people. I don't therefore dissuade you, Mr. Thomson' (to the exciseman), 'nor the gentleman, nor any body 'else.'

The exciseman shook his head at this speech, and the puppet-show man said, 'Madness was sometimes a 'difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I remember,' says he, 'I was once present at a trial of madness, 'where twenty witnesses swore that the person was as 'mad as a March hare; and twenty others, that he was 'as much in his senses as any man in England.—And 'indeed it was the opinion of most people, that it was 'only a trick of his relations to rob the poor man of 'his right.'

'Very likely!' cries the landlady. 'I myself knew 'a poor gentleman who was kept in a madhouse all 'his life by his family, and they enjoyed his estate, 'but it did them no good; for though the law gave it 'them, it was the right of another.'

'Pogh!' cries the clerk, with great contempt, 'who 'hath any right but what the law gives them? If the 'law gave me the best estate in the country, I should 'never trouble myself much who had the right.'

'If it be so,' says Partridge, '*Felix quem faciunt aliena* '*pericula cautum.*'

My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, 'What do 'you think, gentlemen? The rebels have given the duke 'the slip, and are got almost to London.—It is certainly 'true, for a man on horseback just now told me so.'

'I am glad of it with all my heart,' cries Partridge, 'then there will be no fighting in these parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reason; for I 'would always have right take place.'

'Ay, but,' answered the landlord, 'I have heard some 'people say this man hath no right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk; 'if my father dies seized of a right; do you mind 'me, seized of a right, I say; doth not that right descend 'to his son; and doth not one right descend as well as 'another?'

'But how can he have any right to make us papishes?' says the landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the matter 'of right, the gentleman there hath proved it as clear as 'the sun; and as to the matter of religion, it is quite out 'of the case. The papists themselves don't expect any 'such thing. A popish priest, whom I know very well, 'and who is a very honest man, told me upon his word 'and honour they had no such design.'

'And another priest, of my acquaintance,' said the landlady, 'hath told me the same thing.—But my hus-'band is always so afraid of papishes. I know a great 'many papishes that are very honest sort of people, and 'spend their money very freely; and it is always a 'maxim with me, that one man's money is as good as 'another's.'

'Very true, Mistress,' said the puppet-show man, 'I 'don't care what religion comes; provided the Presby-'terians are not uppermost; for they are enemies to 'puppet-shows.'

'And so you would sacrifice your religion to your 'interest,' cries the exciseman; 'and are desirous to see 'popery brought in, are you?'

'Not I, truly,' answered the other; 'I hate popery as 'much as any man; but yet it is a comfort to one, that 'one should be able to live under it, which I could 'not do among Presbyterians. To be sure every man 'values his livelihood first; that must be granted; and

'I warrant, if you would confess the truth, you are 'more afraid of losing your place than any thing else; 'but never fear, friend, there will be an excise under 'another government as well as under this.'

'Why, certainly,' replied the exciseman, 'I should be a 'very ill man, if I did not honour the king, whose bread 'I eat. That is no more than natural, as a man may 'say: for what signifies it to me that there would be an 'excise-office under another government, since my friends 'would be out, and I could expect no better than to 'follow them? No, no, friend, I shall never be bubbled 'out of my religion in hopes only of keeping my place 'under another government; for I should certainly be no 'better, and very probably might be worse.'

'Why, that is what I say,' cries the landlord, 'when-'ever folks say who knows what may happen? Odsooks! 'should not I be a blockhead to lend my money to I know 'not who, because mayhap he may return it again? I 'am sure it is safe in my own bureau, and there I will 'keep it.'

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the sagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great discernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it arose from the sympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my landlord himself, though reluctantly; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within his house again, if he refused. The bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.

As there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger sleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber-door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leapt from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry-Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-show man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence proceeded to some particular accusations—'D—n 'your bl—d, you rascal,' says he, 'I have not only sup- 'ported you (for to me you owe all the money you get), 'but I have saved you from the gallows. Did you not 'want to rob the lady of her fine riding-habit, no longer 'ago than yesterday, in the back-lane here? Can you

'deny that you wished to have her alone in a wood, to 'strip her, to strip one of the prettiest ladies that ever 'was seen in the world? and here you have fallen upon 'me, and have almost murdered me for doing no harm to 'a girl as willing as myself, only because she likes me 'better than you.'

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the master, laying on him at the same time the most violent injunctions of forbearance from any further insult on the Merry-Andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his master with his drum the day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to shew him the exact place, and then having summoned Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haste; nor could the reckoning be presently adjusted; and when both these were settled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the master and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry-Andrew conducted to the spot by which Sophia had past; and then having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great earnestness, began to prophecy, and assured Jones, that he would certainly have good success in the end: for, he said, two such accidents could never have happened to direct him after his mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last. And

this was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent storm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the same time in sight of an ale-house, Partridge, with much earnest entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the storm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the English than of the French disposition; for though you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in time; and so it did with Partridge, who was no sooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to ask the same questions which he had asked the night before. The consequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himself, made a very hearty breakfast, though the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the people of the house could give him no fresh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the violence of the storm still continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at last casting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Master, give me your hand, a single 'mug shan't serve the turn this bout. Why, here's more 'news of Madam Sophia come to town. The boy there 'standing by the fire is the very lad that rode before 'her. I can swear to my own plaster on his face.'— 'Heavens bless you, Sir,' cries the boy, 'it is your own 'plaster sure enough; I shall have always reason to 'remember your goodness; for it hath almost cured me.'

At these words Jones started from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him immediately, departed from the

tchen into a private apartment; for so delicate was he ith regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned er name in the presence of many people; and though he ıad, as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given ophia as a toast among the officers, where he thought it vas impossible she should be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her surname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many sagacious readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present misfortune to the supposed want of that delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which she thought (and not without good reason) he had taken with her name, and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his present circumstances, he had indulged himself with the person of another woman; and to say truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her seeing Jones, had it not been for those two strong instances of a levity in his behaviour, so void of respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any degree of love and tenderness in great and delicate minds.

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; ınd if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, cannot help it. I must remind such persons, that I am ıot writing a system, but a history, and I am not obliged o reconcile every matter to the received notions concern- ng truth and nature. But if this was never so easy to lo, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands, vithout any comment of mine upon it, though it may ıt first sight offend some readers, yet upon more mature consideration, it must please all; for wise and good men

may consider, what happened to Jones at Upton as a ju punishment for his wickedness, with regard to women, which it was indeed the immediate consequence; an silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in the vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characte of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. No perhaps the reflections, which we should be here incline to draw, would alike contradict both these conclusions and would shew that these incidents contribute only t confirm the great, useful, and uncommon doctrine, whic it is the purpose of this whole work to inculcate, an which we must not fill up our pages by frequently re peating, as an ordinary parson fills his sermon by repeat ing his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhap pily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, she ha sufficient reason for her opinion; since, I believe, ever other young lady would, in her situation, have erred i the same manner. Nay, had she followed her lover a this very time, and had entered this very alehouse th moment he was departed from it, she would have foun the landlord as well acquainted with her name and pe son as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. F while Jones was examining his boy in whispers in a inner room, Partridge, who had no such delicacy in h disposition, was in the kitchen very openly catechisin the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; t which means the landlord, whose ears were open on a such occasions, became perfectly well acquainted wi the tumble of Sophia from her horse, &c., with the mi take concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many cons quences of the punch, and, in short, with almost eve thing which had happened at the inn, whence we di patched our ladies in a coach and six, when we last to our leave of them.

CHAPTER IX.

taining little more than a few odd observations.

ad been absent a full half hour, when he returned
kitchen in a hurry, desiring the landlord to let
ow that instant what was to pay. And now the
which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the
imney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was
at compensated by hearing that he was to proceed
ier on foot, for Jones, by golden arguments, had
d with the boy to attend him back to the inn
he had before conducted Sophia; but to this
· the lad consented, upon condition that the other
ould wait for him at the alehouse; because, as the
. at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the
. at Gloucester, it might some time or other come
ars of the latter, that his horses had been let to
an one person; and so the boy might be brought
nt for money which he wisely intended to put in
pocket.

ere obliged to mention this circumstance, trifling
y seem, since it retarded Mr. Jones a considerable
his setting out; for the honesty of this latter boy
newhat high—that is, somewhat high-priced, and
ndeed have cost Jones very dear, had not Par-
who, as we have said, was a very cunning fellow,
thrown in half a crown to be spent at that very
e, while the boy was waiting for his companion.
lf crown the landlord no sooner got scent of, than
ied after it with such vehement and persuasive
that the boy was soon overcome, and consented
half a crown more for his stay. Here we cannot

help observing, that as there is so much of policy in the lowest life, great men often overvalue themselves on those refinements in imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the human species.

The horses being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the side-saddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the use of his; but he chose the side-saddle, probably because it was softer. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer: and now Jones, being mounted on the side-saddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge bestriding the third horse, they set forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already spent so much time. Partridge was in very high spirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future success, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleased with the present pursuit of his companion, than he had been with his pursuit of glory; and from these very omens, which assured the pedagogue of success, he likewise first acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong scent concerning the reasons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other conclusions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildness, of which, he thought, his behaviour on their quitting Gloucester so well justified all the ac-

unts he had formerly received. He was now, however, retty well satisfied with his present expedition, and enceforth began to conceive much worthier sentiments f his friend's understanding.

The clock had just struck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately bespoke post-horses; but unluckily there was not a horse to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he considers the hurry in which the whole nation, and especially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expresses were passing and repassing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to escort him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn yard, a person came up to him, and saluting him by his name, inquired how all the good family did in Somersetshire; and now Jones casting his eyes upon this person, presently discovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Gloucester, and with much courtesy returned his salutation.

Dowling very earnestly pressed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his solicitations with many unanswerable arguments, such as, that it was almost dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by daylight, with many others equally good, some of which Jones had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still; and he continued resolute in his design, even though he should be obliged to set out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this short journey,

and at last concluded with saying, 'Do you think the 'gentlemen won't very well reward you for your 'trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in persuasion or entreaty must have been visible to a curious observer; for he must have often seen, that when a father, a master, a wife, or any other person in authority, have stoutly adhered to a denial against all the reasons which a single man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the same sentiments by a second or third person, who hath undertaken the cause without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence, perhaps, proceeds the phrase of seconding an argument or a motion, and the great consequence this is of in all assemblies of public debate. Hence, likewise, probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a serjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman, who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above-mentioned, who submitted to the persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his side-saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor creatures a good bait, saying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of those who consider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their spurs in the belly of their horse, imagine the spur and the horse to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beasts were eating their corn, or rather were

pposed to eat it (for as the boy was taking care of him-lf in the kitchen, the hostler took great care that his orn should not be consumed in the stable); Mr. Jones, t the earnest desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they sat down together ver a bottle of wine.

CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

Mr. Dowling, pouring out a glass of wine, named the health of the good Squire Allworthy; adding, 'If you 'please, Sir, we will likewise remember his nephew and 'heir, the young squire: Come, Sir, here's Mr. Blifil to 'you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare 'swear, will hereafter make a very considerable figure in 'his country. I have a borough for him myself in my 'eye.'

'Sir,' answered Jones, 'I am convinced you don't 'intend to affront me, so I shall not resent it; but, I 'promise you, you have joined two persons very im-'properly together; for one is the glory of the human 'species, and the other is a rascal who dishonours the 'name of man.'

Dowling stared at this. He said, he thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. 'As for Squire Allworthy himself,' says he, 'I never had the happiness to see him; but all the world talks of his goodness. And, indeed, as to the young gentle-man, I never saw him but once, when I carried him the news of the loss of his mother; and then I was so

'hurried, and drove and tore with the multiplicity of 'business, that I had hardly time to converse with him; 'but he looked so like a very honest gentleman, and 'behaved himself so prettily, that I protest I never 'was more delighted with any gentleman since I was 'born.'

'I don't wonder,' answered Jones, 'that he should 'impose upon you in so short an acquaintance; for he 'hath the cunning of the devil himself, and you may 'live with him many years without discovering him. 'I was bred up with him from my infancy, and we were 'hardly ever asunder; but it is very lately only, that I 'have discovered half the villany which is in him. I 'own I never greatly liked him. I thought he wanted 'that generosity of spirit, which is the sure foundation 'of all that is great and noble in human nature. I saw 'a selfishness in him long ago which I despised; but 'it is lately, very lately, that I have found him capable 'of the basest and blackest designs; for, indeed, I have 'at last found out, that he hath taken an advantage of 'the openness of my own temper, and hath concerted 'the deepest project, by a long train of wicked artifice, 'to work my ruin, which at last he hath effected.'

'Ay! ay!' cries Dowling; 'I protest, then, it is a 'pity such a person should inherit the great estate of 'your uncle Allworthy.'

'Alas, Sir,' cries Jones, 'you do me an honour to 'which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his goodness 'once allowed me the liberty of calling him by a much 'nearer name; but as this was only a voluntary act of 'goodness, I can complain of no injustice when he thinks 'proper to deprive me of this honour; since the loss 'cannot be more unmerited than the gift originally was. 'I assure you, Sir, I am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; 'and if the world, who are incapable of setting a true

on his virtue, should think, in his behaviour to
he hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an
tice to the best of men: for I—but I ask your
on, I shall trouble you with no particulars relating
yself; only as you seemed to think me a relation
Ir. Allworthy, I thought proper to set you right
matter that might draw some censures upon him,
h I promise you I would rather lose my life, than
occasion to.'

protest, Sir,' says Dowling, 'you talk very much
a man of honour; but instead of giving me any
ole, I protest it would give me great pleasure to
r how you came to be thought a relation of Mr.
orthy's, if you are not. Your horses won't be
r this half hour, and as you have sufficient oppor-
y, I wish you would tell me how all that hap-
d; for I protest it seems very surprising that you
ld pass for a relation of a gentleman, without
r so.'

es, who in the compliance of his disposition (though
his prudence) a little resembled his lovely Sophia,
asily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling's curiosity,
ating the history of his birth and education, which
, like Othello,

> ——— Even from his boyish years,
> To th' very moment he was bade to tell:

hich to hear, Dowling, like Desdemona, did seri-
incline;

> He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
> 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful.

Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this
n; for he had not divested himself of humanity

by being an attorney. Indeed, nothing is more unj
than to carry our prejudices against a profession i
private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from
opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, lessens
horror of those actions which the profession ma
necessary, and consequently habitual; but in all ot
instances, nature works in men of all professions ali
nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who g
her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following tl
ordinary business. A butcher, I make no doubt, wo
feel compunction at the slaughter of a fine horse; a
though a surgeon can conceive no pain in cutting o
limb, I have known him compassionate a man in a
of the gout. The common hangman, who hath stretc
the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at
first operation on a head: and the very professors
human blood-shedding, who in their trade of war butc
thousands, not only of their fellow professors, but of
of women and children, without remorse; even th
I say, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets
laid aside, often lay aside all their ferocity, and becc
very gentle members of civil society. In the sa
manner an attorney may feel all the miseries and d
tresses of his fellow creatures, provided he happens
to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted w
the very black colours in which he had been represen
to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters he did
shew them in the most disadvantageous light: for thou
he was unwilling to cast any blame on his former fri
and patron; yet he was not very desirous of heap
too much upon himself. Dowling therefore observ
and not without reason, that very ill offices must h
been done him by somebody: 'For certainly,' cries
'the squire would never have disinherited you only

'a few faults, which any young gentleman might have 'committed. Indeed, I cannot properly say disinherited: 'for to be sure by law you cannot claim as heir. That's 'certain; that no body need go to counsel for. Yet 'when a gentleman had in a manner adopted you thus 'as his own son, you might reasonably have expected 'some very considerable part, if not the whole; nay, if 'you had expected the whole, I should not have blamed 'you: for certainly all men are for getting as much as 'they can, and they are not to be blamed on that 'account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' said Jones, 'I should have 'been contented with very little: I never had any view 'upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, I believe, I may 'truly say, I never once considered what he could or 'might give me. This I solemnly declare, if he had 'done a prejudice to his nephew in my favour, I would 'have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my own 'mind than the fortune of another man. What is the 'poor pride arising from a magnificent house, a numerous 'equipage, a splendid table, and from all the other ad- 'vantages or appearances of fortune, compared to the 'warm, solid content, the swelling satisfaction, the thrill- 'ing transports, and the exulting triumphs, which a 'good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, 'virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil 'in the prospect of his wealth; nor shall I envy him 'in the possession of it. I would not think myself a 'rascal half an hour, to exchange situations. I believe, 'indeed, Mr. Blifil suspected me of the views you men- 'tioned; and I suppose these suspicions, as they arose 'from the baseness of his own heart, so they occasioned 'his baseness to me. But, I thank heaven, I know, I 'feel,——I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would 'not part with that feeling for the world.——For as

'long as I know I have never done, nor even designed 'an injury to any being whatever,

'"*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis*
'"*Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,*
'"*Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque*
'"*Jupiter urget.*

'"*Pone sub curru nimium propinqui*
'"*Solis in terra dominibus negata;*
'"*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,*
'"*Dulce loquentem.*"'*

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage: and filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miss Lalage's health with all my 'heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have heard her toasted often, 'I protest, though I never saw her; but they say she's 'extremely handsome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this speech which Dowling did not perfectly understand; yet there was somewhat in it that made a very strong impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the impression from Jones (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong), it is certain he secretly approved as much of his sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong impulse of compassion for him. But

* Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

Mr. Francis.

e may possibly take some other opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the course of our history. At present we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no sooner informed, by Partridge, that his horses were ready, than he deposited his reckoning, wished his companion a good night, mounted, and set forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

CHAPTER XI.

The disasters which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge.

No road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter.

These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often

what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what h
certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like t
which is so frequently offered to the words infinite a
eternal; by the former of which it is usual to expres
distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration
five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the i
possibility of losing what is already actually lost. T
was, in fact, the case at present: for notwithstanding
the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it
certain they were no more in the right road to Coventr
than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is
the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for the reader, who hath nev
been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror wi
which darkness, rain, and wind, fill persons who ha
lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, ha
not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry clothes, a
other refreshments, to support their minds in struggli
with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperf
idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently
account for the conceits which now filled the head
Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged
open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were
of their road; and the boy himself, at last, acknowledg
he believed they were not in the right road to Coventr
though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossil
they should have missed the way. But Partridge v
of a different opinion. He said, 'When they first
'out he imagined some mischief or other would happ
'—Did not you observe, Sir,' said he to Jones, 'that
'woman who stood at the door just as you was tak
'horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, w
'all my heart; for she said then you might repent
'and at that very instant it began to rain, and the w

ath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people ay think, I am very certain it is in the power of itches to raise the wind whenever they please. I ave seen it happen very often in my time: and if ever saw a witch in all my life, that old woman was cerainly one. I thought so to myself at that very time; nd if I had had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her some; for to be sure it is always good to be charitable to those sort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny.'

Jones, though he was horribly vexed at the delay hich this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, ould not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, hom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. his was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, e received no other injury than what the dirt conferred n his clothes.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs, than he ppealed to his fall, as conclusive evidence of all he had sserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, answered vith a smile: 'This witch of yours, Partridge, is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, distinguish her friends from others in her resentment. If the old lady had been angry with me for neglecting her, I don't see why she should tumble you from your horse, after all the respect you have expressed for her.'

'It is ill jesting,' cries Partridge, 'with people who have power to do these things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who provoked one of hem, by asking her when the time she had bargained with the devil for would be out; and within three nonths from that very day one of his best cows was lrowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little ime afterwards he lost a barrel of his best drink: for

'the old witch pulled out the spigot, and let it run all 'over the cellar, the very first evening he had tapped 'it to make merry with some of his neighbours. In 'short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for 'she worried the poor man so, that he took to drinking; 'and in a year or two his stock was seized, and he and 'his family are now come to the parish.'

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause. He told Mr. Jones, it would certainly be his turn next; and earnestly entreated him to return back, and find out the old woman, and pacify her. 'We shall very soon,' added he, 'reach the inn; 'for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very 'certain we are in the identical place in which we were 'an hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was daylight, we 'might now see the inn we set out from.'

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his clothes very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAPTER XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey, contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion.

They now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack with a Lantern, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light (or lights as they now appeared), they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallooing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of music! indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows. 'Either we 'advance,' says he, 'towards the lights, or the lights have 'advanced towards us; for we are now at a very little 'distance from them; but how can either of you be

'afraid of a set of people who appear only to be merry-
'making?'

'Merry-making, Sir,' cries Partridge; 'who could be
'merry-making at this time of night, and in such a place,
'and such weather? They can be nothing but ghosts or
'witches, or some evil spirits or other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am re-
'solved to go up to them, and inquire the way to Coven-
'try. All witches, Partridge, are not such ill-natured
'hags as that we had the misfortune to meet with last.'

'O Lord, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'there is no knowing
'what humour they will be in; to be sure it is always
'best to be civil to them; but what if we should meet
'with something worse than witches, with evil spirits
'themselves?——Pray, Sir, be advised; pray, Sir, do.
'If you had read so many terrible accounts as I have of
'these matters, you would not be so fool-hardy.——The
'Lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we
'are going; for sure such darkness was never seen upon
'earth, and I question whether it can be darker in the
'other world.'

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow; for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noises had issued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were assembled, and diverting themselves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough voice from within demanded, who was there?—To which Jones gently answered, a friend; and immediately asked the road to Coventry.

'If you are a friend,' cries another of the men in the barn, 'you had better alight till the storm is over:' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever); 'you are very 'welcome to put up your horse; for there is sufficient 'room for him at one end of the barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned Jones; 'and I will 'accept your offer for a few minutes, whilst the rain con-'tinues; and here are two more who will be glad of the 'same favour.' This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have submitted to the utmost inclemency of the weather, than have trusted to the clemency of those whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor post-boy was now infected with the same apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one because he durst not leave his horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspense, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of play-houses, who seem lately to have lain them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever sit.

However, though we do not suspect raising any great terror on this occasion, we have reason to fear some other apprehensions may here arise in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy land, and to introduce a set of beings into our history, which scarce any one was

ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any such suspicions, so prejudicial to the credit of an historian, who professes to draw his materials from nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader who these people were, whose sudden appearance had struck such terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the post-boy, and had a little surprised even Jones himself.

The people then assembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or, as they are vulgarly called, Gypsies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier set of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmost mirth indeed shewed itself in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country assembly is sometimes conducted with: for these people are subject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magistrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewise was no where to be seen than what flourished in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the guests require any. Here was good store of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one present provided better sauce himself, than the best and dearest French cook can prepare.

Æneas is not described under more consternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he saw in this barn. While

he was looking every where round him with astonishment, a venerable person approached him with many friendly salutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypsies himself. He was very little distinguished in dress from his subjects, nor had he any regalia of majesty to support his dignity; and yet there seemed (as Mr. Jones said) to be somewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inspired the beholders with an idea of awe and respect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that such ideas are incident to power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which, being accompanied with much comeliness of person, greatly recommended him at first sight to every beholder. These were perhaps a little heightened in the present instance, by that profound respect which he paid to the king of the Gypsies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the sweeter to his Gypseian majesty, as he was not used to receive such homage from any but his own subjects.

The king ordered a table to be spread with the choicest of their provisions for his accommodation; and having placed himself at his right hand, his majesty began to discourse with our hero in the following manner:

'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often seen some of 'my people, who are what you call de parties detache: 'for dey go about every where; but me fancy you 'imagine not we be so considerable body as we be; and 'may be you will be surprise more, when you hear de 'Gypsy be as orderly and well govern people as any 'upon face of de earth.

'Me have honour, as me say, to be deir king, and no 'monarch can do boast of more dutiful subject, ne no

'more affectionate. How far me deserve deir good-will, 'me no say; but dis me can say, dat me never design 'any ting but to do dem good. Me sall no do boast 'of dat neider: for what can me do oderwise dan con- 'sider of de good of dose poor people who go about all 'day to give me always the best of what dey get. Dey 'love and honour me darefore, because me do love 'and take care of dem; dat is all, me know no oder 'reason.

'About a tousand or two tousand year ago, me cannot 'tell to a year or two, as can neider write nor read, dere 'was a great what you call,—a volution among de 'Gypsy; for dere was de lord Gypsy in dose days; and 'dese lord did quarrel vid one anoder about de place; 'but de king of de Gypsy did demolish dem all, and 'made all his subject equal vid each oder; and since 'dat time dey have agree very well: for dey no tink of 'being king, and may be it be better for dem as dey be; 'for me assure you it be ver troublesome ting to be king, 'and always to do justice; me have often wish to be de 'private Gypsy when me have been forced to punish my 'dear friend and relation; for dough we never put to 'death, our punishments be ver severe. Dey make de 'Gypsy ashamed of demselves, and dat be ver terrible 'punishment; me have scarce ever known de Gypsy so 'punish do harm any more.'

The king then proceeded to express some wonder that there was no such punishment as shame in other governments. Upon which Jones assured him to the contrary; for that there were many crimes for which shame was inflicted by the English laws, and that it was indeed one consequence of all punishment. 'Dat be ver strange,' said the king: 'for me know and hears good deal of your 'people, dough me no live among dem; and me have 'often hear dat sham is the consequence and de cause

too of many of your rewards. Are your rewards and punishments den de same ting?'

While his majesty was thus discoursing with Jones, a sudden uproar arose in the barn, and as it seems upon his occasion: the courtesy of these people had by degrees removed all the apprehensions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their food, but to taste some of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his composition, and in its stead introduced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female Gypsy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pretending to tell his fortune. Now, when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypsy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the husband of the Gypsy, who, from jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His majesty, then turning towards Jones, said, 'Sir, you have hear what dey say; what punishment do you tink your man deserve?'

Jones answered, He was sorry for what had happened, nd that Partridge should make the husband all the mends in his power: he said, he had very little money out him at that time; and putting his hand into his

pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately answered, He hoped his Honour would not think of giving him less than five.

This sum, after some altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones, having stipulated for the full forgiveness of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majesty restraining his hand, turned to the witness and asked him, 'At what time he had discovered 'the criminals?' To which he answered, That he had been desired by the husband to watch the motions of his wife from her first speaking to the stranger, and that he had never lost sight of her afterwards till the crime had been committed. The king then asked, if the husband was with him all that time in his lurking place? To which he answered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majesty then addressed himself to the husband as follows: 'Me be sorry to see any Gypsy dat have no 'more honour dan to sell de honour of his wife for money. 'If you had de love for your wife, you would have pre-'vented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de 'whore dat you might discover her. Me do order dat 'you have no money given you, for you deserve punish-'ment, not reward; me do order derefore, dat you be de 'infamous Gypsy, and do wear a pair of horns upon your 'forehead for one month, and dat your wife be called de 'whore, and pointed at all dat time; for you be de in-'famous Gypsy, but she be no less de infamous whore.'

The Gypsies immediately proceeded to execute the sentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the justice of the sentence: upon which the king turning to him said, 'Me believe 'you be surprise; for me suppose you have ver bad 'opinion of my people; me suppose you tink us all de 'tieves.'

'I must confess, Sir,' said Jones, 'I have not heard 'so favourable an account of them as they seem to 'deserve.'

'Me vil tell you,' said the king, 'how the difference 'is between you and us. My people rob your people, 'and your people rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing forth the happiness of those subjects who live under such a magistrate.

Indeed their happiness appears to have been so complete, that we are aware lest some advocate for arbitrary power should hereafter quote the case of those people, as an instance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a concession, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of rising to the same degree of perfection, or of producing the same benefits to society with this. Mankind have never been so happy, as when the greatest part of the then known world was under the dominion of a single master; and this state of their felicity continued during the reigns of five successive princes.* This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any existence, unless in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulsion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one solid objection to absolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent constitution seems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an absolute monarch: for this indispensably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from history, to be found in princely natures: first, a sufficient quantity of moderation in

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

the prince, to be contented with all the power whic is possible for him to have. 2ndly, Enough of wisdo to know his own happiness. And 3rdly, Goodness suffi cient to support the happiness of others, when not onl compatible with, but instrumental to his own.

Now if an absolute monarch, with all these great an rare qualifications, should be allowed capable of con ferring the greatest good on society: it must be surel granted, on the contrary, that absolute power, vested i the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likel to be attended with no less a degree of evil.

In short, our own religion furnishes us with adequat ideas of the blessing, as well as curse, which may attend absolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes; fo though the prince of the latter can have no power, bu what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereig in the former; yet it plainly appears from scripture tha absolute power in his infernal dominions is granted t their diabolical ruler. This is indeed the only absolut power which can by scripture be derived from heaven If therefore the several tyrannies upon earth can prov any title to a divine authority, it must be derived fro this original grant to the prince of darkness, and thes subordinate deputations must consequently come imme diately from him whose stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages shew us tha mankind in general desire power only to do harm, an when they obtain it, use it for no other purpose; it i not consonant with even the least degree of prudence t hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept i countenance by only two or three exceptions out of thousand instances to alarm our fears. In this case will be much wiser to submit to a few inconvenienc arising from the dispassionate deafness of laws, than

remedy them by applying to the passionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the examples of the Gypsies, though possibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material respect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happiness is entirely owing, namely, that they have no false honours among them; and that they look on shame as the most grievous punishment in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

The honest lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digression into which we were led at the close of the last chapter, to prevent our history from being applied to the use of the most pernicious doctrine which priestcraft had ever the wickedness or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the storm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majesty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and set out for Coventry; to which place (for it was still dark) a Gypsy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reason of his deviation, travelled eleven miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in quest of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the saddle till past two; for post-horses were

now not easy to get; nor were the hostler or post-boy in half so great a hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil disposition of Partridge; who, being denied the nourishment of sleep, took all opportunities to supply its place with every other kind of nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled post; we will follow him therefore, according to our custom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the same manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunstable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a smith, with great deliberation, shoed the post-horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before she should set out from St. Albans; at which place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his lordship would stop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforesaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own house in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horses to meet him at St. Albans. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and six had set out two hours before.

If fresh post-horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will guess, when we inform him

t Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg ce he had left the alehouse where he had first met the ide returning from Sophia; for with the Gypsies he d feasted only his understanding.

The landlord so entirely agreed with the opinion of r. Partridge, that he no sooner heard the latter desire is friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in is word, and retracting his promise before given of rnishing the horses immediately, he assured Mr. Jones e would lose no time in bespeaking a dinner, which, he aid, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to et the horses up from grass, and to prepare them for heir journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter rgument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge being admitted into the same apartment with his friend or master, began to harangue in the following manner.

'Certainly, Sir, if ever man deserved a young lady, 'you deserve young Madam Western; for what a vast 'quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live 'upon it without any other food, as you do? I am 'positive I have eat thirty times as much within these 'last twenty-four hours as your honour, and yet I am 'almost famished; for nothing makes a man so hungry 'as travelling, especially in this cold raw weather. And 'yet I can't tell how it is, but your honour is seem-'ingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your life. It must be certainly love that you live upon.'

'And a very rich diet too, Partridge,' answered Jones. But did not fortune send me an excellent dainty yester-lay? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than wenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book?'

'Undoubtedly,' cries Partridge, 'there is enough in 'that pocket-book to purchase many a good meal. 'Fortune sent it to your honour very opportunely for 'present use, as your honour's money must be almost 'out by this time.'

'What do you mean?' answered Jones; 'I hope you 'don't imagine that I should be dishonest enough, 'even if it belonged to any other person, besides Miss 'Western——'

'Dishonest!' replied Partridge, 'heaven forbid I should 'wrong your honour so much; but where's the dis-'honesty in borrowing a little for present spending, 'since you will be so well able to pay the lady here-'after? No, indeed, I would have your honour pay it 'again, as soon as it is convenient, by all means; but 'where can be the harm in making use of it now you 'want it. Indeed, if it belonged to a poor body, it 'would be another thing; but so great a lady to be sure 'can never want it, especially now as she is along with 'a lord, who, it can't be doubted, will let her have 'whatever she hath need of. Besides, if she should 'want a little, she can't want the whole, therefore I 'would give her a little; but I would be hanged before 'I mentioned the having found it at first, and before I 'got some money of my own; for London, I have heard, 'is the very worst of places to be in without money. 'Indeed, if I had not known to whom it belonged, I 'might have thought it was the devil's money, and 'have been afraid to use it; but as you know otherwise, 'and came honestly by it, it would be an affront to 'fortune to part with it all again, at the very time 'when you want it most; you can hardly expect she 'should ever do you such another good turn; for *for-'tuna nunquam perpetuo est bona.* You will do as you 'please, notwithstanding all I say; but for my part,

I would be hanged before I mentioned a word of the matter.'

'By what I can see, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hanging 'is a matter *non longè alienum à scævolæ studiis.*' 'You 'should say *alienus*,' says Partridge—'I remember the 'passage; it is an example under *communis, alienus, 'immunis, variis casibus serviunt.*' 'If you do remember 'it,' cries Jones, 'I find you don't understand it; but 'I tell thee, friend, in plain English, that he who finds 'another's property, and wilfully detains it from the 'known owner, deserves, *in foro conscientiæ*, to be hanged, 'no less than if he had stolen it. And as for this very 'identical bill, which is the property of my angel, and 'was once in her dear possession, I will not deliver it 'into any hands but her own, upon any consideration 'whatever, no, though I was as hungry as thou art, 'and had no other means to satisfy my craving ap-'petite; this I hope to do before I sleep; but if it 'should happen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou 'would'st not incur my displeasure for ever, not to 'shock me any more by the bare mention of such de-'testable baseness.'

'I should not have mentioned it now,' cries Partridge, 'if it had appeared so to me; for I'm sure I scorn any 'wickedness as much as another; but perhaps you know 'better; and yet I might have imagined that I should 'not have lived so many years, and have taught school 'so long, without being able to distinguish between *fas et 'nefas;* but it seems we are all to live and learn. I re-'member my old schoolmaster, who was a prodigious 'great scholar, used often to say, *Polly matete cry town 'is my daskalon.* The English of which, he told us, was That a child may sometimes teach his grandmother to suck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpose, truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of day. Per-

'haps, young gentleman, you may change your opinion, 'if you live to my years: for I remember I thought my- 'self as wise when I was a stripling of one or two and 'twenty as I am now. I am sure I always taught '*alienus*, and my master read it so before me.'

There were not many instances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himself could have been hurried out of his respect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of these. We have already seen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear some passage or other in the foregoing speech. And now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and disdainful air (a thing not usual with him) he cried, 'Partridge, I see 'thou art a conceited old fool, and I wish thou art not 'likewise an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well con- 'vinced of the latter as I am of the former, thou should'st 'travel no farther in my company.'

The sage Pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said, he was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

As Jones had the vices of a warm disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his friends must have confest his temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his enemies must at the same time have confessed, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the sea, whose swelling is more violent and dangerous after a storm is over, than while the storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the submission of Partridge, shook him by the hand, and with the most benign aspect imaginable, said twenty kind things, and at the same time very severely condemned himself, though

f so severely as he will most probably be con-
by many of our good readers.

idge was now highly comforted, as his fears of offended were at once abolished, and his pride ely satisfied by Jones having owned himself in ng, which submission he instantly applied to ad principally nettled him, and repeated in a ng voice, 'To be sure, Sir, your knowledge may perior to mine in some things; but as to the nar, I think I may challenge any man living. I at least, I have that at my finger's end.'

ything could add to the satisfaction which the an now enjoyed, he received this addition by the of an excellent shoulder of mutton, that at this came smoking to the table. On which, having entifully feasted, they again mounted their horses, forward for London.

CHAPTER XIV.

t happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

vere got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it w the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking ut upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, ed him whether he was going to London? To Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentle-plied, 'I should be obliged to you, Sir, if you will of my company; for it is very late, and I am a er to the road.' Jones readily complied with the ; and on they travelled together, holding that sort urse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; which subject the stranger expressed great appr sions; but Jones declared he had very little to los consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge coul forbear putting in his word. 'Your honour,' sai 'may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hu 'pound bank note in my pocket, as you have, I s 'be very sorry to lose it; but, for my part, I neve 'less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and 'all stand by one another, the best man in England 'rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he car 'but one of us, and a man can die but once—That' 'comfort, a man can die but once.'

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kir valour which hath raised a certain nation among moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was an reason for the extraordinary courage which Part now discovered; for he had at present as much of quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of I gate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank note w Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexp demand; however, he presently recollected himself, told the highwayman, all the money he had in his p was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulle upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; the other answered with an oath, That would no Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, an turned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not de the bank note that moment, he must shoot him; ho his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. J instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which tren so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and t

the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, Sir,' says he, 'I 'could have had no intention to shoot you; for you will 'find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery 'I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to 'this.'

At this instant, at about a hundred and fifty yards distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at the news, and ran back to the place, where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, Sir, run him 'through the body, kill him this instant!'

Luckily however for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children,

and a wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost wa misery. The truth of all which the highwaymar vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his which was not above two miles off; saying, Th desired no favour, but upon condition of proving had alleged.

Jones at first pretended that he would take the at his word, and go with him, declaring that hi should depend entirely on the truth of his story. this the poor fellow immediately expressed so alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied wit veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of passion for him. He returned the fellow his e pistol, advised him to think of honester means of r ing his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas fc immediate support of his wife and his family; ad he wished he had more for his sake, for the hu pound that had been mentioned was not his own.

Our readers will probably be divided in their opi concerning this action; some may applaud it perha an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a saturnine temper will consider it as a want of rega that justice which every man owes his country. Part certainly saw it in that light; for he testified muc satisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb said, He should not wonder if the rogue attacked again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of t fulness and gratitude. He actually dropt tears or tended so to do. He vowed he would immediately r home, and would never afterwards commit such a t gression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps appear hereafter.

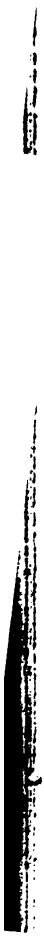
Our travellers having remounted their horses, ar in town without encountering any new mishap. O

A much pleasant discourse passed between Jones and Partridge, on the subject of their last adventure: in which Jones expressed a great compassion for those highwaymen who are, by unavoidable distress, driven, as it were, to such illegal courses, as generally bring them to a shameful death. 'I mean,' said he, 'those only whose highest guilt extends no farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty nor insult to any person, 'which is a circumstance that, I must say to the honour 'of our country, distinguishes the robbers of England 'from those of all other nations; for murder is, amongst 'those, almost inseparably incident to robbery.'

'No doubt,' answered Partridge, 'it is better to take 'away one's money than one's life; and yet it is very 'hard upon honest men, that they can't travel about their 'business without being in danger of these villains. 'And to be sure it would be better that all rogues were 'hanged out of the way, than that one honest man should 'suffer. For my own part, indeed, I should not care to 'have the blood of any of them on my own hands; but 'it is very proper for the law to hang them all. What 'right hath any man to take sixpence from me, unless I 'give it him? Is there any honesty in such a man?'

'No surely,' cries Jones, 'no more than there is in him 'who takes the horses out of another man's stables, or 'who applies to his own use the money which he finds, 'when he knows the right owner.'

These hints stopt the mouth of Partridge; nor did he open it again till Jones, having thrown some sarcastical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the inequality of fire-arms, saying, 'A thousand naked 'men are nothing to one pistol; for though it is true, it 'will kill but one at a single discharge, yet who can tell 'but that one may be himself.'



THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.

Containing the space of twelve days.

CHAPTER I.

An invocation.

IE, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast:
thee I call, who, over swelling tides of blood and
rs, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of
lions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair, gentle
id, whom Mnesis, happy nymph, first on the banks of
brus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated,
om Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which
erlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, sat'st, with thy
lton, sweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my ravished
cy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come.
retel me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is
unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of
hia, she reads the real worth which once existed in
Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast send

forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only t
foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future prais
Comfort me by a solemn assurance, that when the litt
parlour in which I sit at this instant, shall be reduced t
a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour b
those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I sha
neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy form
nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the wel
seasoned beef, and pudding richly stained with plum
delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckschuyte, i
some Dutch canal, the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by
jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grul
street school didst thou suck in the elements of thy er
dition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer age, taugl
poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of th
patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solem
air; while tragedy storms loud, and rends th' affrighte
theatres with its thunder. To soothe thy wearied limb
in slumber, Alderman History tells his tedious tale; an
again, to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs h
surprising tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well-fe
bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice th
heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed c
the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbl
through the nation. Instructed by thee, some books, lik
quacks, impose on the world by promising wonder
while others turn beaus, and trust all their merits to
gilded outside. Come, thou jolly substance with th
shining face, keep back thy inspiration, but hold for
thy tempting rewards; thy shining, clinking heap; th
quickly convertible Bank-bill, big with unseen riche
thy often-varying stock; the warm, the comfortab
house; and, lastly, a fair portion of that bounteo
mother, whose flowing breasts yield redundant su

nce for all her numerous offspring, did not some greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the :. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable asures, warm my heart with the transporting thought conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy unty, the prattling babes whose innocent play hath en been interrupted by my labours, may one time be ıply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean shadow and this t substance, have prompted me to write, whose assist-ıce shall I invoke to direct my pen?

First, genius; thou gift of heaven; without whose aid vain we struggle against the stream of nature. Thou ho dost sow the generous seeds which art nourishes, and ings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the nd, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding byrinths of nature. Initiate me into all those mysteries hich profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to ee is no difficult task, to know mankind better than ey know themselves. Remove that mist which dims e intellects of mortals, and causes them to adore men r their art, or to detest them for their cunning in de-iving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin sguise of wisdom from self-conceit, of plenty from arice, and of glory from ambition. Come, thou that ast inspired thy Aristophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cer-ntes, thy Rabelais, thy Molière, thy Shakespeare, thy wift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till ankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the llies of others, and the humility to grieve at their vn.

And thou, almost the constant attendant on true nius, humanity, bring all thy tender sensations. If ou hast already disposed of them all between thy

Allen and thy Lyttleton, steal them a little while from their bosoms. Not without these the tender scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble disinterested friendship, the melting love, the generous sentiment, the ardent gratitude, the soft compassion, the candid opinion; and all those strong energies of a good mind, which fill the moistened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and swell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O learning! (for without thy assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my blood. Come then, and from thy vast, luxuriant stores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profusion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever else includes thy philosophic, thy poetic, and thy historical treasures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous chests: give me a while that key to all thy treasures, which to thy Warburton thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come experience, long conversant with the wise, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the minister at his levee, to the bailiff in his spunging-house; from the duchess at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluse pedant, however great his parts, or extensive his learning may be, hath ever been a stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the task I have undertaken: and without all your assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if

ı all smile on my labours, I hope still to bring them to ıappy conclusion.

CHAPTER II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

HE learned Dr. Misaubin used to say, that the proper rection to him was, *To Dr.* Misaubin, *in the World;* timating that there were few people in it to whom his eat reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a ry nice examination into the matter, we shall find that is circumstance bears no inconsiderable part among the any blessings of grandeur.

The great happiness of being known to posterity, with e hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the pre- ding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the veral elements which compose our names, as Sydenham presses it, repeated a thousand years hence, is a gift yond the power of title and wealth; and is scarce to e purchased, unless by the sword and the pen. But to void the scandalous imputation, while we yet live, of eing *one whom no body knows* (a scandal, by-the-bye, as d as the days of Homer*), will always be the envied ortion of those, who have a legal title either to honour estate.

From that figure, therefore, which the Irish peer, who ought Sophia to town, hath already made in this his- ry, the reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have en an easy matter to have discovered his house in ndon, without knowing the particular street or square hich he inhabited, since he must have been one *whom*

* See the 2nd Odyssey, ver. 175.

every body knows. To say the truth, so it would have been to any of those tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the regions of the great; for the doors of the great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenor-square, (for he entered through Gray's-Inn-Lane) so he rambled about some time, before he could even find his way to those happy mansions, where fortune segregates from the vulgar those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors being born in better days, by sundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their posterity.

Jones, being at length arrived at those terrestrial Elysian fields, would now soon have discovered his lordship's mansion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former house when he went for Ireland; and as he was just entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood; so that after a successless inquiry till the clock had struck eleven, Jones at last yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose which usually attends persons in his circumstances.

Early in the morning he again set forth in pursuit of Sophia; and many a weary step he took to no better purpose than before. At last, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to disappoint him, he came into the very street which was honoured by his lordship's residence; and

ɛing directed to the house, he gave one gentle rap at ıe door.

The porter, who, from the modesty of the knock, had ɔnceived no high idea of the person approaching, conɛived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, vho was drest in a suit of fustian, and had by his side he weapon formerly purchased of the serjeant; of vhich, though the blade might be composed of well-empered steel, the handle was composed only of brass, ınd that none of the brightest. When Jones, therefore, nquired after the young lady, who had come to town vith his lordship, this fellow answered surlily, that there vere no ladies there. Jones then desired to see the naster of the house; but was informed that his lordhip would see nobody that morning. And upon growng more pressing, the porter said, he had positive orders o let no person in; 'but if you think proper,' said he, to leave your name, I will acquaint his lordship; and if you call another time, you shall know when he will see you.'

Jones now declared, that he had very particular busiıess with the young lady, and could not depart without ɛeing her. Upon which the porter, with no very agreeıble voice or aspect, affirmed, that there was no young ady in that house, and consequently none could he see; ıdding, 'sure you are the strangest man I ever met with; for you will not take an answer.'

I have often thought that by the particular description f Cerberus, the porter of hell, in the 6th Æneid, Virgil ıight possibly intend to satirize the porters of the great ıen in his time; the picture, at least, resembles those vho have the honour to attend at the doors of our reat men. The porter in his lodge, answers exactly) Cerberus in his den, and, like him, must be appeased y a sop, before access can be gained to his master.

Perhaps Jones might have seen him in that light, and have recollected the passage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, presents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with such a sop. Jones, in a like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, instantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. Jones would give him the 'sum proposed, he would conduct him to the lady.' Jones instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill success than the near approach to good. The gamester, who loses his party at piquet by a single point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a prospect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their fellow-sufferers. In short these kind of hairbreadth missings of happiness, look like the insults of fortune, who may be considered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our expense.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicksome disposition of the heathen goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner; for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addressed himself to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the disagreeable news, that the lady was gone; but could not tell him whither; and the same answer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herself. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a person detached from her uncle Western, in pursuit of his daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never seen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he ad heard that a cousin of Sophia was married to a entleman of that name. This, however, in the present umult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory; ut when the footman, who had conducted him from his ordship's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other cousin, he then recollected the story of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same woman, he became more surprised at the answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired leave to wait on the lady herself; but she as positively refused him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never seen a court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the present, saying to the waiting-room, That if this was an improper hour to wait on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the honour of seeing her. The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comeliness of his person, made an impression on the waiting-woman, and she could not help answering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may;' and, indeed, she afterwards said every thing to her mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a visit from the handsome young gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that Sophia herself was now with her cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her resentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, dispatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the street, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no person did he see issue forth, except a

servant of the house, and in the evening he returned t pay his visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady a last condescended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it i neither in the power of dress to give, nor to conceal Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was possessed o this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady somewhat different from what his apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper respects, was desired to sit down.

The reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the particulars of this conversation, which ended very little to the satisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick soon discovered the lover (as all women have the eyes of hawks in those matters), yet she still thought it was such a lover, as a generous friend of the lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the answers which she artfully drew from Jones concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore strictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permission to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her suspicion concerning Mr. Blifil to her maid who answered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a man 'in my opinion, for any woman in the world to run 'away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. Jones.'— 'Mr. Jones,' said the lady, 'what Jones?' For Sophia had not given the least hint of any such person in all their conversation; but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her sister Abigail with the whole history of Jones, which this now again related to her mistress.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no sooner received this information, than she immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which she had overlooked in the slighted squire. 'Betty,' says she, 'you are 'certainly in the right: he is a very pretty fellow, and 'I don't wonder that my cousin's maid should tell you 'so many women are fond of him. I am sorry now 'I did not inform him where my cousin was; and yet, 'if he be so terrible a rake as you tell me, it is a pity 'she should ever see him any more; for what but her 'ruin can happen from marrying a rake and a beggar 'against her father's consent. I protest, if he be such 'a man as the wench described him to you, it is but 'an office of charity to keep her from him; and, I am 'sure, it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwise, 'who have tasted so bitterly of the misfortunes attending 'such marriages.'

Here she was interrupted by the arrival of a visitor which was no other than his lordship; and as nothing passed at this visit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this history, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to Lady Bellaston.

When Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to rest, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her cousin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for

the disingenuity which she now discovered. In which meditation she had not long exercised her imagination, before the following conceit suggested itself: that could she possibly become the means of preserving Sophia from this man, and of restoring her to her father, she should, in all human probability, by so great a service to the family, reconcile to herself both her uncle and her aunt Western.

As this was one of her most favourite wishes, so the hope of success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper methods to accomplish her scheme. To attempt to reason the case with Sophia did not appear to her one of those methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the match was an endeavour of the same kind, as it would be very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will please to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with Lady Bellaston was contracted at the house of Mrs. Western, and must have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant relations.

After much consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to see her, unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For she did not in the least doubt, but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love, and indiscreet marriages, in her conversation, would very readily concur in her sentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmost assistance to prevent it.

This resolution she accordingly executed; and the

next morning before the sun, she huddled on her clothes, and at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisitable hour, went to Lady Bellaston, to whom she got access, without the least knowledge or suspicion of Sophia, who, though not asleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour snoring by her side.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt visit, at an hour when, she said, she should not have thought of disturbing her ladyship, but upon business of the utmost consequence. She then opened the whole affair, told all she had heard from Betty; and did not forget the visit which Jones had paid to herself the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaston answered with a smile, 'Then you 'have seen this terrible man, Madam; pray, is he so 'very fine a figure as he is represented? for Etoff enter-'tained me last night almost two hours with him. The 'wench I believe is in love with him by reputation.' Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is, that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the Lady Bellaston, had received complete information concerning the said Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the same to her lady last night (or rather that morning) while she was undressing; on which accounts she had been detained in her office above the space of an hour and half.

The lady indeed, though generally well enough pleased with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at those seasons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had described him as a very handsome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff in her hurry added so much to the beauty of his person to her report, that Lady Bellaston began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curiosity which her woman had inspired, was

now greatly increased by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who spoke as much in favour of the person of Jones, as she had before spoken in dispraise of his birth, character, and fortune.

When Lady Bellaston had heard the whole, she answered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a matter 'of great consequence. Nothing can certainly be more 'commendable than the part you act; and I shall be 'very glad to have my share in the preservation of a 'young lady of so much merit, and for whom I have so 'much esteem.'

'Doth not your ladyship think,' says Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, 'that it would be the best way to write imme-'diately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my 'cousin is?'

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered,—'Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di Western 'hath described her brother to me to be such a brute, 'that I cannot consent to put any woman under his 'power who hath escaped from it. I have heard he 'behaved like a monster to his own wife, for he is one 'of those wretches who think they have a right to 'tyrannize over us, and from such I shall ever esteem 'it the cause of my sex to rescue any woman who is so 'unfortunate to be under their power.——The business, 'dear cousin, will be only to keep Miss Western from 'seeing this young fellow, till the good company, which 'she will have an opportunity of meeting here, give her 'a properer turn.'

'If he should find her out, Madam,' answered the other, 'your ladyship may be assured he will leave 'nothing unattempted to come at her.'

'But, Madam,' replied the lady, 'it is impossible he 'should come here—though indeed it is possible he 'may get some intelligence where she is, and then

nay lurk about the house—I wish therefore I knew his person.

'Is there no way, Madam, by which I could have a sight of him? for otherwise you know, cousin, she may contrive to see him here without my knowledge.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, that he had threatened her with another visit that afternoon, and that if her ladyship pleased to do her the honour of calling upon her then, she would hardly fail of seeing him between six and seven; and if he came earlier she would, by some means or other, detain him till her ladyship's arrival.—Lady Bellaston replied, she would come the moment she could get from dinner, which she supposed would be by seven at farthest; for that it was absolutely necessary she should be acquainted with his person. 'Upon my word, Madam,' says she, 'it was very good to take this care of Miss 'Western; but common humanity, as well as regard to 'our family, requires it of us both; for it would be a 'dreadful match indeed.'

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which Lady Bellaston had bestowed on her cousin, and after some little immaterial conversation withdrew; and getting as fast as she could into her chair, unseen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAPTER IV.

Which consists of visiting.

Mr. Jones had walked within sight of a certain door during the whole day, which, though one of the shortest, appeared to him to be one of the longest in the whole

year. At length the clock having struck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of visiting, received him very civilly; but still persisted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in asking for his angel, had dropped the word cousin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, 'Then, Sir, 'you know we are related; and as we are, you will 'permit me the right of inquiring into the particulars 'of your business with my cousin.' Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answered, He had a considerable sum of money of hers in his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had scarce finished his story, when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said,

——————*Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little surprised at the sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that as some company were coming, she could not make him any answer now; but, if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after pushing in her hoop sideways before her, entered Lady

ellaston, who having first made a very low curtesy to Irs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was shered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some ountry Ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary o the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well settled, before the rrival of the peer lately mentioned caused a fresh dis-urbance, and a repetition of ceremonials.

These being over, the conversation began to be (as the phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this history, or, indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into books, or repeated on the stage. Indeed, this mental repast is a dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several dainties of French cookery, which are served only at the tables of the great. To say the truth, as neither of these are adapted to every taste, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a spectator of this elegant scene, than an actor in it; for though, in the short interval before the peer's arrival, Lady Bellaston first, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addressed some of their discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble lord entered, than he engrossed the whole attention of the two ladies to himself; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no such person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now staid so long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all designed to stay out

each other. She therefore resolved to rid hers Jones, he being the visitant to whom she thougl least ceremony was due. Taking therefore an o tunity of a cessation of chat, she addressed herself gr to him, and said, 'Sir, I shall not possibly be al 'give you an answer to-night, as to that business 'if you please to leave word where I may send t 'to-morrow——'

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-bre Instead therefore of communicating the secret o lodgings to a servant, he acquainted the lady h with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoni withdrew.

He was no sooner gone than the great personages had taken no notice of him present, began to take notice of him in his absence; but if the reader already excused us from relating the more brilliant of this conversation, he will surely be very reac excuse the repetition of what may be called v abuse; though, perhaps, it may be material to ou tory to mention an observation of Lady Bellaston, took her leave in a few minutes after him, and then to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, 'I am satisfie 'the account of my cousin; she can be in no danger 'this fellow.'

Our history shall follow the example of Lady Bell and take leave of the present company, which was reduced to two persons; between whom, as no passed, which in the least concerns us or our re we shall not suffer ourselves to be diverted by it matters which must seem of more consequence t those who are at all interested in the affairs of hero.

CHAPTER V.

venture which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, some account of a young gentleman who lodged , and of the mistress of the house, and her two ghters.

next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones d at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was ed, that the lady was not at home; an answer surprised him the more, as he had walked back- and forwards in the street from break of day; she had gone out, he must have seen her. This , however, he was obliged to receive, and not w, but to five several visits which he made her y.

e plain with the reader, the noble peer had from eason or other, perhaps from a regard for the honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. whom he looked on as a scrub, any more; and y had complied in making that promise to which r see her so strictly adhere.

as our gentle reader may possibly have a better of the young gentleman than her ladyship, and en have some concern, should it be apprehended, ring this unhappy separation from Sophia, he took residence either at an inn, or in the street; we ow give an account of his lodging, which was in a very reputable house, and in a very good the town.

Jones, then, had often heard Mr. Allworthy the gentlewoman at whose house he used to when he was in town. This person, who, as

Jones likewise knew, lived in Bond-street, was t widow of a clergyman, and was left by him, at h decease, in possession of two daughters, and of a com plete set of manuscript sermons.

Of these two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was no arrived at the age of seventeen, and Betty, the younge at that of ten.

Hither Jones had dispatched Partridge, and in thi house he was provided with a room for himself in th second floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The first floor was inhabited by one of those youn gentlemen, who, in the last age, were called men of w and pleasure about town, and properly enough; for t men are usually denominated from their business o profession, so pleasure may be said to have been th only business or profession of those gentlemen to who fortune had made all useful occupations unnecessar Play-houses, coffee-houses, and taverns, were the scen of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the ente tainment of their looser hours, and love was the busine of their more serious moments. Wine and the muse conspire to kindle the brightest flames in their breast nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebra the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the me of such compositions.

Such, therefore, were properly called the men of w and pleasure; but I question whether the same appe lation may, with the same propriety, be given to tho young gentlemen of our times, who have the sam ambition to be distinguished for parts. Wit certain they have nothing to do with. To give them their du they soar a step higher than their predecessors, and m be called men of wisdom and vertù (take heed you n not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlem above-mentioned employ their time in toasting t

harms of a woman, or in making sonnets in her praise; a giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; these gentlemen are considering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating speeches for the house of commons, or rather for the magazines. But the science of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. These are the studies of their graver hours, while for their amusements they have the vast circle of connoisseurship, painting, music, statuary, and natural philosophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monsters and imperfections.

When Jones had spent the whole day in vain inquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at last disconsolate to his apartment. Here, while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below stairs; and soon after a female voice begged him for heaven's sake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occasion to help the distressed, immediately ran down stairs; when stepping into the dining room, whence all the noise issued, he beheld the young gentleman of wisdom and vertù just before-mentioned, pinned close to the wall by his footman, and a young woman standing by, wringing her hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered!' and indeed the poor gentleman seemed in some danger of being choked, when Jones flew hastily to his assistance, and rescued him just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received several kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more spirit than strength, he had made it a kind of scruple of conscience to strike his master, and would have contented himself with only choking him; but towards Jones he

bore no such respect: he no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new antagonist, than he gave him one of those punches in the guts, which though the spectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have such exquisite delight in seeing them, convey but very little pleasure in the feeling.

The lusty youth had no sooner received this blow, than he meditated a most grateful return; and now ensued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his master had before been to contend with him.

And now, fortune, according to her usual custom, reversed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathless on the ground, and the vanquished gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his seasonable assistance; he received likewise the hearty thanks of the young woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss Nancy, the eldest daughter of the house.

The footman having now recovered his legs, shook his head at Jones, and with a sagacious look, cry'd,—'O d—n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you; 'you have been upon the stage, or I am d—nably mis'taken:' And indeed we may forgive this his suspicion; for such was the agility and strength of our hero, that he was, perhaps, a match for one of the first-rate boxers, and could, with great ease, have beaten all the muffled* graduates of Mr. Broughton's school.

* Lest posterity should be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertisement which was published Feb. 1, 1747.

N.B. Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Hay-Market, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops

The master foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to strip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was presently complied with, and the fellow was discharged.

And now the young gentleman, whose name was Nightingale, very strenuously insisted, that his deliverer should take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, consented, though more out of complaisance than inclination; for the uneasiness of his mind fitted him very little for conversation at this time. Miss Nancy likewise, who was the only female then in the house, her mamma and sister being both gone to the play, condescended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glasses were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occasion of the preceding disturbance.

'I hope, Sir,' said he to Jones, 'you will not from this 'accident conclude, that I make a custom of striking my 'servants, for I assure you this is the first time I have 'been guilty of it in my remembrance, and I have passed 'by many provoking faults in this very fellow, before he 'could provoke me to it; but when you hear what hath 'happened this evening, you will, I believe, think me 'excusable. I happened to come home several hours 'before my usual time, when I found four gentlemen of 'the cloth at whist by my fire;—and my Hoyle, Sir—my 'best Hoyle, which cost me a guinea, lying open on the

blows, cross-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that persons of quality and distinction may not be deterred from entering into *A course of those lectures*, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffles are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.

'table, with a quantity of porter spilt on one of the most 'material leaves of the whole book. This, you will 'allow, was provoking; but I said nothing till the rest 'of the honest company were gone, and then gave the 'fellow a gentle rebuke, who, instead of expressing any 'concern, made me a pert answer, "That servants must '"have their diversions as well as other people; that he '"was sorry for the accident which had happened to the '"book; but that several of his acquaintance had bought '"the same for a shilling: and that I might stop as '"much in his wages, if I pleased:" I now gave him a 'severer reprimand than before, when the rascal had the 'insolence to—In short, he imputed my early coming 'home to——In short, he cast a reflection——He men-'tioned the name of a young lady, in a manner—in such 'a manner that incensed me beyond all patience, and in 'my passion I struck him.'

Jones answered, That he believed no person living would blame him; 'for my part,' said he, 'I confess I 'should, on the last-mentioned provocation, have done 'the same thing.'

Our company had not sat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all spent a very cheerful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much constrained mirth as possible. Indeed, half his natural flow of animal spirits, joined to the sweetness of his temper, was sufficient to make a most amiable companion; and notwithstanding the heaviness of his heart, so agreeable did he make himself on the present occasion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earnestly desired his further acquaintance. Miss Nancy was well pleased with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him with the other, next morning to breakfast.

Jones on his part was no less satisfied. As for Miss Nancy, though a very little creature, she was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As she was one of the most innocent creatures in the world, so she was one of the most cheerful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished any ill, and had constantly that desire of pleasing, which may be called the happiest of all desires in this, that it scarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not disgraced by affectation. In short, though her power was very small, she was in her heart one of the warmest friends. She had been a most affectionate wife, and was a most fond and tender mother.

As our history doth not, like a newspaper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of some importance in our history.

Nor was Jones a little pleased with the young gentleman himself, whose wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good sense, though a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him most to Jones were some sentiments of great generosity and humanity, which occasionally dropt from him; and particularly many expressions of the highest disinterestedness in the affair of love. On which subject the young gentleman delivered himself in a language which might have very well become an Arcadian shepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAPTER VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfast, with some hints concerning the government of daughters.

Our company brought together in the morning the same good inclinations towards each other, with which they had separated the evening before; but poor Jones was extremely disconsolate; for he had just received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest indications of a disordered mind.

The discourse turned at present, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested sentiments upon this subject, which wise and sober men call romantic, but which wise and sober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for so the mistress of the house was called) greatly approved these sentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miss Nancy, she answered only, That she believed the gentleman who had spoke the least, was capable of feeling the most.

This compliment was so apparently directed to Jones, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite answer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own silence subjected her to a suspicion of the same kind: for indeed she had scarce opened her lips either now or the last evening.

'I am glad, Nanny,' says Mrs. Miller, 'the gentleman 'hath made the observation; I protest I am almost of

'his opinion. What can be the matter with you, child? 'I never saw such an alteration. What is become of all 'your gaiety? Would you think, Sir, I used to call her 'my little prattler? She hath not spoken twenty words 'this week.'

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-servant, who brought a bundle in her hand, which, she said, was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones. She added, That the man immediately went away, saying, it required no answer.

Jones expressed some surprise on this occasion, and declared it must be some mistake; but the maid persisting that she was certain of the name, all the women were desirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betsey, with the consent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be a domino, a mask, and a masquerade ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever, in asserting, that these things must have been delivered by mistake; and Mrs. Miller herself expressed some doubt, and said, She knew not what to think. But when Mr. Nightingale was asked, he delivered a very different opinion. 'All I 'can conclude from it, Sir,' said he, 'is, that you are 'a very happy man; for I make no doubt but these were 'sent you by some lady whom you will have the happi-'ness of meeting at the masquerade.'

Jones had not a sufficient degree of vanity to entertain any such flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herself give much assent to what Mr. Nightingale had said, till Miss Nancy having lifted up the domino, a card dropt from the sleeve, in which was written as follows:

TO MR. JONES.

The queen of the fairies sends you this;
Use her favours not amiss.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himself was almost persuaded to be of the same opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodging, he began to flatter himself with some hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his Sophia. These hopes had surely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not seeing him according to her promise, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical character) might possibly intend to do him that service, in a strange manner which she declined doing by more ordinary methods. To say the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary conclusions from it he pleased. As his temper therefore was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this occasion, and his imagination worked up a thousand conceits, to favour and support his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good wishes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine disposition of mind; since, after having read much, and considered long on that subject of happiness which hath employed so many great pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the possession of this temper; which puts us, in a manner, out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her assistance. Indeed, the sensations of pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than those which that blind lady bestows; nature having wisely contrived, that some satiety and languor should be annexed to all our real enjoyments, lest we should be so taken up by them, as to be stopt from further pursuits. I make no manner

of doubt but that, in this light, we may see the imaginary future chancellor just called to the bar, the archbishop in crape, and the prime minister at the tail of an opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the power and profit of those respective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the masquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the same time, offered tickets to Miss Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She said, She did not conceive the harm which some people imagined in a masquerade; but that such extravagant diversions were proper only for persons of quality and fortune, and not for young women who were to get their living, and could, at best, hope to be married to a good tradesman. ——'A tradesman!' cries Nightingale, 'you shan't 'undervalue my Nancy. There is not a nobleman 'upon earth above her merit.' 'O fie! Mr. Nightingale,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'you must not fill the girl's head 'with such fancies: but if it was her good luck,' (says the mother with a simper) 'to find a gentleman of your 'generous way of thinking, I hope she would make a 'better return to his generosity than to give her mind 'up to extravagant pleasures. Indeed, where young 'ladies bring great fortunes themselves, they have some 'right to insist on spending what is their own; and on 'that account I have heard the gentlemen say, a man 'has sometimes a better bargain with a poor wife, than 'with a rich one.——But let my daughters marry whom 'they will, I shall endeavour to make them blessings to 'their husbands:——I beg, therefore, I may hear of no 'more masquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too good 'a girl to desire to go; for she must remember when you 'carried her thither last year, it almost turned her head;

'and she did not return to herself, or to her needle, in a 'month afterwards.'

Though a gentle sigh, which stole from the bosom of Nancy, seemed to argue some secret disapprobation of these sentiments, she did not dare openly oppose them. For as this good woman had all the tenderness, so she had preserved all the authority of a parent: and as her indulgence to the desires of her children was restrained only by her fears for their safety and future welfare, so she never suffered those commands, which proceeded from such fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young gentleman, who had lodged two years in the house, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the refusal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very desirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excused, as his clothes, he said, were not yet come to town.

To confess the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a situation, which sometimes happens to be the case of young gentlemen of much better figure than himself. In short, he had not one penny in his pocket; a situation in much greater credit among the ancient philosophers, than among the modern wise men who live in Lombard-street, or those who frequent White's chocolate-house. And, perhaps, the great honours which those philosophers have ascribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reasons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid street and chocolate-house.

Now if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wise men just above-mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious error; no less false is, I apprehend, that position

me writers of romance, that a man can live alto-
r on love: for however delicious repasts this may
l to some of our senses or appetites, it is most
n it can afford none to others. Those, therefore,
ıave placed too great a confidence in such writers,
experienced their error when it was too late; and
found that love was no more capable of allaying
ır, than a rose is capable of delighting the ear, or a
of gratifying the smell.

twithstanding, therefore, all the delicacies which
had set before him, namely the hopes of seeing
a at the masquerade; on which, however ill-
ed his imagination might be, he had voluptuously
d during the whole day, the evening no sooner
than Mr. Jones began to languish for some food
rosser kind. Partridge discovered this by intuition,
ook the occasion to give some oblique hints concern-
ıe bank-bill; and when these were rejected with
n, he collected courage enough once more to men-
return to Mr. Allworthy.

urtridge,' cries Jones, 'you cannot see my fortune
more desperate light than I see it myself; and I
n heartily to repent that I suffered you to leave
ace, where you was settled, and to follow me.
'ever, I insist now on your returning home; and
ihe expense and trouble which you have so kindly
yourself to on my account, all the clothes I left
nd in your care, I desire you would take as your
. I am sorry I can make you no other acknow-
ment.'

spoke these words with so pathetic an accent, that
dge, among whose vices ill-nature or hardness of
were not numbered, burst into tears; and after
ng he would not quit him in his distress, he began
he most earnest entreaties to urge his return home.

'For heaven's sake, Sir,' says he, 'do but consider; 'what can your honour do? How is it possible you can 'live in this town without money? Do what you will, 'Sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to 'desert you.—But, pray, Sir, consider,——do pray, Sir, 'for your own sake, take it into your consideration: and 'I'm sure,' says he, 'that your own good sense will bid 'you return home.'

'How often shall I tell thee,' answered Jones, 'that 'I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that 'Mr. Allworthy's doors would be open to receive me, 'I want no distress to urge me:—nay, there is no other 'cause upon earth, which could detain me a moment 'from flying to his presence; but, alas! that I am for 'ever banished from. His last words were,—O Par-'tridge, they still ring in my ears—His last words were, 'when he gave me a sum of money, what it was I 'know not, but considerable I'm sure it was—His last 'words were—"I am resolved from this day forward, on '"no account, to converse with you any more."'

Here passion stopt the mouth of Jones, as surprise, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he soon recovered the use of speech, and after a short preface, in which he declared he had no inquisitiveness in his temper, inquired, what Jones meant by a considerable sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the money.

In both these points he now received full satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a message from Mr. Nightingale, who desired his master's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the masquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be sent for, a circumstance of distress occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a shilling; but if

uch readers will reflect a little on what they have themelves felt from the want of a thousand pounds, or, perıaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite scheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occasion. For this sum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor fellow should advance in his service. To say the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was that he desired to see the bank-bill broke in upon, or that distress should prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing the whole humours of a masquerade.

Our cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great Arbiter Deliciarum, the great high-priest of pleasure, presides; and, like other heathen priests, imposes on his votaries by the pretended presence of the deity, when in reality no such deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a turn or two with his companion, soon left him, and walked off with a female, saying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you must beat about 'for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain strong hopes that his Sophia was present; and these hopes gave him more spirits than he lights, the music, and the company; though these are ›retty strong antidotes against the spleen. He now accosted every woman he saw, whose stature, shape, or air,

bore any resemblance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an answer, by which he might discover that voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by a question, in a squeaking voice, 'Do 'you know me?' Much the greater number said, 'I 'don't know you, Sir,' and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; some made him no answer at all; some said, 'Indeed, I don't know your voice, and 'I shall have nothing to say to you;' and many gave him as kind answers as he could wish, but not in the voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last (who was in the habit of a shepherdess) a lady in a Domino came up to him, and slapping him on the shoulder, whispered him, at the same time, in the ear, 'If you talk any longer 'with that trollop, I will acquaint Miss Western.'

Jones no sooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreating her to shew him the lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the room.

The Mask walked hastily to the upper end of the innermost apartment before she spoke; and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. Jones sat down by her, and still persisted in his entreaties; at last the lady coldly answered, 'I imagined Mr. Jones 'had been a more discerning lover, than to suffer any 'disguise to conceal his mistress from him.' 'Is she here, 'then, Madam?' replied Jones, with some vehemence. Upon which the lady cried,—'Hush, Sir, you will be 'observed.—I promise you, upon my honour, Miss 'Western is not here.'

Jones now taking the Mask by the hand, fell to entreating her in the most earnest manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia: and when he could

obtain no direct answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the day before; and concluded, saying, 'Indeed, my good Fairy Queen, I know 'your Majesty very well, notwithstanding the affected 'disguise of your voice. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is 'a little cruel to divert yourself at the expense of my 'torments.'

The Mask answered, 'Though you have so ingeniously 'discovered me, I must still speak in the same voice, lest 'I should be known by others. And do you think, good 'Sir, that I have no greater regard for my cousin, than 'to assist in carrying on an affair between you two, 'which must end in her ruin, as well as your own? Be-'sides, I promise you, my cousin is not mad enough to 'consent to her own destruction, if you are so much her 'enemy as to tempt her to it.'

'Alas, Madam!' said Jones, 'you little know my heart, 'when you call me an enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you will 'allow, is the act of an enemy; and when by the same 'act you must knowingly and certainly bring ruin on 'yourself, is it not folly or madness, as well as guilt? 'Now, Sir, my cousin hath very little more than her 'father will please to give her; very little for one of her 'fashion,—you know him, and you know your own 'situation.'

Jones vowed he had no such design on Sophia, that he would rather suffer the most violent of deaths than sacrifice her interest to his desires. He said, he knew how unworthy he was of her, every way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such aspiring thoughts, but that some strange accidents had made him desirous to see her once more, when he promised he would take leave of her for ever. 'No, Madam,' concluded he, 'my love 'is not of that base kind which seeks its own satisfaction,

'at the expense of what is most dear to its object. 'would sacrifice every thing to the possession of m 'Sophia, but Sophia herself.'

Though the reader may have already conceived no ver sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; an though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserv one of the first characters of her sex; yet, it is certai these generous sentiments made a strong impression upo her, and greatly added to the affection she had befor conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after silence of a few moments, said She did not see his pretensions to Sophia so much in th light of presumption, as of imprudence. 'Young fellows, says she, 'can never have too aspiring thoughts. I lov 'ambition in a young man, and I would have you culti 'vate it as much as possible. Perhaps you may succee 'with those who are infinitely superior in fortune; nay, 'am convinced there are women,——but don't you thin 'me a strange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus givin 'advice to a man, with whom I am so little acquainted 'and one with whose behaviour to me I have so litt 'reason to be pleased?'

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had no offended in any thing he had said of her cousin.—T which the Mask answered, 'And are you so little verse 'in the sex, to imagine you can well affront a lady mor 'than by entertaining her with your passion for anoth 'woman? If the Fairy Queen had conceived no bett 'opinion of your gallantry, she would scarce have a 'pointed you to meet her at a masquerade.'

Jones had never less inclination to an amour than present; but gallantry to the ladies was among h principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbe on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia ma

t necessary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm answer to her last speech, when a Mask, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This mask was one of those ladies who go to a masquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phrase is, to spoil as much sport as they are able. This good lady therefore, having observed Jones, and his friend, whom she well knew, in close consultation together in a corner of the room, concluded she could no where satisfy her spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them, therefore, and soon drove them from their retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale, seeing the distress of his friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another pursuit.

While Jones and his Mask were walking together about the room, to rid themselves of the teazer, he observed his lady speak to several Masks, with the same freedom of acquaintance as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expressing his surprise at this; saying, 'Sure, Madam, you must have infinite discernment, to 'know people in all disguises.' To which the lady answered, 'You cannot conceive any thing more insipid 'and childish than a masquerade to the people of fashion, 'who in general know one another as well here, as 'when they meet in an assembly or a drawing-room; 'nor will any woman of condition converse with a 'person with whom she is not acquainted. In short, 'the generality of persons whom you see here, may 'more properly be said to kill time in this place, than in 'any other; and generally retire from hence more tired

'than from the longest sermon. To say the truth, I 'begin to be in that situation myself; and if I have any 'faculty at guessing, you are not much better pleased. 'I protest it would be almost charity in me to go home 'for your sake.' 'I know but one charity equal to it,' cries Jones, 'and that is to suffer me to wait on you 'home.' 'Sure,' answered the lady, 'you have a strange 'opinion of me, to imagine, that upon such an acquaint-'ance, I would let you into my doors at this time o'night. 'I fancy you impute the friendship I have shewn my 'cousin to some other motive. Confess honestly; don't 'you consider this contrived interview as little better 'than a downright assignation? Are you used, Mr. 'Jones, to make these sudden conquests?' 'I am not 'used, Madam,' said Jones, 'to submit to such sudden 'conquests; but as you have taken my heart by surprise, 'the rest of my body hath a right to follow; so you must 'pardon me if I resolve to attend you wherever you go.' He accompanied these words with some proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and saying their familiarity would be observed, told him, She was going to sup with an acquaintance, whither she hoped he would not follow her; 'for if you should,' said she, 'I 'shall be thought an unaccountable creature, though my 'friend indeed is not censorious: yet I hope you won't 'follow me; I protest I shall not know what to say, if 'you do.'

The lady presently after quitted the masquerade, and Jones, notwithstanding the severe prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady rode, pursued by a grand huzza, from all the chairmen present, who wisely take the best

re they can to discountenance all walking afoot by eir betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend the Opera-house were too busy to quit their stations, id as the lateness of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the street, he proceeded ithout molestation, in a dress, which, at another season, ould have certainly raised a mob at his heels.

The lady was set down in a street not far from Hanover-square, where the door being presently opened, he was carried in, and the gentleman, without any eremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very ell furnished and well warmed room; when the female, peaking in her masquerade voice, said, she was surprised t her friend, who must absolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much resentment, she uddenly expressed some apprehension from Jones, and sked him what the world would think of their having een alone together in a house at that time of night? ut instead of a direct answer to so important a question, ones began to be very importunate with the lady to unask; and at length having prevailed, there appeared ot Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the Lady Bellaston herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular conversation, hich consisted of very common and ordinary occurences, and which lasted from two till six o'clock in the orning. It is sufficient to mention all of it that is anyise material to this history. And this was a promise at the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When is was thoroughly settled, and a second meeting in the ening appointed at the same place, they separated; the dy returning to her house, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing a scene of distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our readers.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few hours sleep, summoned Partridge to his presence; and delivering him a bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with sparkling eyes, though, when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some suspicions not very advantageous to the honour of his master; to these the dreadful idea he had of the masquerade, the disguise in which his master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could possibly find to account for the possession of this note, was by robbery; and, to confess the truth, the reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the generosity of Lady Bellaston, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear, therefore, the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do justice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this present from her, who, though she did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, such as building hospitals, &c., was not, however, entirely void of that Christian virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a shilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour, therefore, the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almost five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to visit a relation, of whom, at her return, she gave the following account.

'I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am sure if you knew the occasion—I have been to see a cousin of mine, about six miles off, who now lies in.—It should be a warning to all persons' (says he, looking at her daughters) 'how they marry indiscreetly. There is no happiness in this world without a competency. O Nancy! how shall I describe the wretched condition in which I found your poor cousin; she hath scarce lain in a week, and there was she, this dreadful weather, in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not a bushel of coals in her house to supply her with fire: her second son, that sweet little fellow, lies ill of a quinsy in the same bed with his mother; for there is no other bed in the house. Poor little Tommy! I believe, Nancy, you will never see your favourite any more: for he is really very ill. The rest of the children are in pretty good health; but Molly, I am afraid, will do herself an injury: she is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet, in my life, I never saw a better nurse: she tends both her mother and her brother; and, what is wonderful in a creature so young, she shews all the cheerfulness in the world to her mother; and yet I saw her—I saw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, turn about, and privately wipe the tears from her eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a person present who did not accompany her in them; at length she a little recovered herself, and proceeded thus: 'In all this distress the mother supports her spirits in a surprising manner. The danger of her son sits heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours as much as possible to conceal even this concern, on her husband's account. Her grief, however, sometimes gets the better of all her endeavours; for she was always extravagantly fond of this

'boy, and a most sensible, sweet-tempered creature it is. 'I protest I was never more affected in my life, than 'when I heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet seven 'years old, while his mother was wetting him with her 'tears, beg her to be comforted.——"Indeed, mamma," 'cried the child, "I shan't die; God Almighty, I'm sure, '"won't take Tommy away; let heaven be ever so fine '"a place, I had rather stay here and starve with you '"and my papa, than go to it."—Pardon me, gentlemen, 'I can't help it,' (says she, wiping her eyes) 'such sensi- 'bility and affection in a child—And yet, perhaps, he is 'least the object of pity: for a day or two will, most 'probably, place him beyond the reach of all human 'evils. The father is indeed most worthy of compassion. 'Poor man, his countenance is the very picture of horror, 'and he looks like one rather dead than alive. Oh 'heavens! what a scene did I behold at my first coming 'into the room! The good creature was lying behind 'the bolster, supporting at once both his child and his 'wife. He had nothing on but a thin waistcoat; for his 'coat was spread over the bed, to supply the want of 'blankets. When he rose up at my entrance, I scarce 'knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within this 'fortnight, as you ever beheld; Mr. Nightingale hath 'seen him. His eyes sunk, his face pale, with a long 'beard. His body shivering with cold, and worn with 'hunger too; for my cousin says, she can hardly prevail 'upon him to eat.—He told me himself in a whisper—he 'told me—I can't repeat it—he said, he could not bear 'to eat the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you 'believe it, gentlemen? in all this misery, his wife has as 'good caudle as if she lay in the midst of the greatest 'affluence; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted better. '—The means of procuring her this,' he said, 'he be- 'lieved was sent him by an angel from heaven; I know

not what he meant; for I had not spirits enough to ask a single question.

'This was a love-match, as they call it, on both sides; that is, a match between two beggars. I must indeed say I never saw a fonder couple; but what is their fondness good for, but to torment each other?'—'Indeed, mamma,' cries Nancy, 'I have always looked on my cousin Anderson' (for that was her name) 'as one of the happiest of women.'—'I am sure,' says Mrs. Miller, 'the case at present is much otherwise; for any one might have discerned that the tender consideration of each other's sufferings, makes the most intolerable part of their calamity, both to the husband and the wife. Compared to which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own persons only, are scarce evils. Nay, the very children, the youngest, which is not two years old, excepted, feel in the same manner; for they are a most loving family; and if they had but a bare competency, would be the happiest people in the world.'—'I never saw the least sign of misery at her house,' replied Nancy; 'I am sure my heart bleeds for what you 'now tell me.'—'O child,' answered the mother, 'she 'hath always endeavoured to make the best of every 'thing. They have always been in great distress; but, 'indeed, this absolute ruin hath been brought upon them 'by others. The poor man was bail for the villain his 'brother; and about a week ago, the very day before 'her lying-in, their goods were all carried away, and 'sold by an execution. He sent a letter to me of it by 'one of the bailiffs, which the villain never delivered.—'What must he think of my suffering a week to pass 'before he heard of me?'

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended he took Mrs. Miller apart with him into another room, and delivering her his purse, in

which was the sum of 50*l.* desired her to send as r
of it as she thought proper to these poor people.
look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occasi
not easy to be described. She burst into a kind of a
of transport, and cried out—'Good heavens! is
'such a man in the world?'—But, recollecting he
she said, 'Indeed I know one such; but can ther
'another?' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Jones, 'there
'many who have common humanity: for to relieve
'distresses in our fellow-creatures can hardly be c
'more.' Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which
the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and
She would find some means of conveying them earl
next morning; adding, that she had herself done
little matter for the poor people, and had not left the
quite so much misery as she found them.

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightin
expressed much concern at the dreadful situation of
wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had seen
more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed ag
the folly of making one's self liable for the deb
others; vented many bitter execrations against
brother; and concluded with wishing something
be done for the unfortunate family. 'Suppose, Ma
said he, 'you should recommend them to Mr. Allwo
'Or what think you of a collection? I will give th
'guinea with all my heart.'

Mrs. Miller made no answer; and Nancy, to w
her mother had whispered the generosity of J
turned pale upon the occasion; though if eith
them was angry with Nightingale, it was surely
out reason. For the liberality of Jones, if he
known it, was not an example which he had any
gation to follow; and there are thousands who w
not have contributed a single halfpenny, as indee

did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore, as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth observed, and shall never have a better opportunity than at present to communicate my observation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be esteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wishes) you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing. —Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a positive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the distresses of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in some sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile these different opinions is not in my power. I shall only add, that the givers are generally of the former sentiment, and the receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

CHAPTER IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from those in the preceding chapter.

In the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long conversation again ensued between them; but as it consisted only of the same ordinary occurrences as before, we shall avoid mentioning particulars, which we despair of

rendering agreeable to the reader; unless he is one whose devotion to the fair sex, like that of the papists to their saints, wants to be raised by the help of pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such pictures to the public, that I would wish to draw a curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been presented us here, under the name of translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see Sophia; and finding, after repeated interviews with Lady Bellaston, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with resentment); he resolved to try some other method. He made no doubt but that Lady Bellaston knew where his angel was, so he thought it most likely, that some of her servants should be acquainted with the same secret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with those servants, in order to fish this secret out of them.

Few situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor master was at present reduced; for besides the difficulties he met with in discovering Sophia, besides the fears he had of having disobliged her, and the assurance he had received from Lady Bellaston of the resolution which Sophia had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient reason to believe might be true; he had still a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his mistress to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her father's estate, the almost inevitable consequence of their coming together without a consent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these the many obligations which Lady

Bellaston, whose violent fondness we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; so that by her means he was now become one of the best dressed men about town; and was not only relieved from those ridiculous distresses we have before mentioned, but was actually raised to a state of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their consciences to possess themselves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind, the proprietor of which doth not deserve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more irksome than to support love with gratitude only; especially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy case of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the question, he could never have been able to have made any adequate return to the generous passion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of desire; but was now entered at least into the autumn of life; though she wore all the gaiety of youth, both in her dress and manner; nay, she contrived still to maintain the roses in her cheeks; but these, like flowers forced out of season by art, had none of that lively blooming freshness with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, besides, a certain imperfection, which renders some flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderness of sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones saw all these discouragements on the one side, he felt his obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent passion whence those obligations proceeded, the extreme violence

of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit consideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his necessity obliged him to accept them, so his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great principle of justice, by which the laws of some countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwise capable of discharging his debt, to become the slave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on these matters, he received the following note from the lady:

'A VERY foolish, but a very perverse accident hath 'happened since our last meeting, which makes it im- 'proper I should see you any more at the usual place. 'I will, if possible, contrive some other place by to- 'morrow. In the mean time, adieu.'

This disappointment, perhaps, the reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in less than an hour afterwards another note was brought him from the same hand, which contained as follows:

'I HAVE altered my mind since I wrote; a change, 'which if you are no stranger to the tenderest of all 'passions, you will not wonder at. I am now resolved 'to see you this evening at my own house, whatever 'may be the consequence. Come to me exactly at 'seven; I dine abroad, but will be at home by that 'time. A day, I find, to those that sincerely love, 'seems longer than I imagined.

'If you should accidentally be a few moments before me, bid them shew you into the drawing-room.'

To confess the truth, Jones was less pleased with this ast epistle, than he had been with the former, as he vas prevented by it from complying with the earnest ntreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now ontracted much intimacy and friendship. These en-reaties were to go with that young gentleman and his ompany to a new play, which was to be acted that vening, and which a very large party had agreed to lamn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, vho was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaint-nce. And this sort of fun, our hero, we are ashamed o confess, would willingly have preferred to the above ind appointment; but his honour got the better of his nclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with he lady, we think proper to account for both the pre-eding notes, as the reader may possibly be not a little urprised at the imprudence of Lady Bellaston, in bring-ng her lover to the very house where her rival was odged.

First then, the mistress of the house where these overs had hitherto met, and who had been for some ears a pensioner to that lady, was now become a ethodist, and had that very morning waited upon her adyship, and after rebuking her very severely for her ast life, had positively declared, that she would, on o account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her ffairs for the future.

The hurry of spirits into which this accident threw the ady, made her despair of possibly finding any other con-enience to meet Jones that evening; but as she began a ttle to recover from her uneasiness at the disappointment,

she set her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propose to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewise dispatched with Mrs. Etoff on the same errand of pleasure, and thus her own house was left free for the safe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom she promised herself two or three hours of uninterrupted conversation, after her return from the place where she dined, which was at a friend's house in a pretty distant part of the town, near her old place of assignation, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprised of the revolution that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAPTER X.

A chapter which, though short, may draw tears from some eyes.

Mr. Jones was just dressed to wait on Lady Bellaston, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and being admitted, very earnestly desired his company below stairs, to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, she presently introduced a person to him, saying, 'This, Sir, is my cousin, 'who hath been so greatly beholden to your goodness, 'for which he begs to return you his sincerest thanks.'

The man had scarce entered upon that speech which Mrs. Miller had so kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he, looking steadfastly at each other, showed at once the utmost tokens of surprise. The voice of the latter began instantly to falter; and, instead of finishing his speech, he

ınk down into a chair, crying, 'It is so, I am convinced it is so!'

'Bless me, what's the meaning of this,' cries Mrs. [iller, 'you are not ill, I hope, cousin? Some water, a dram this instant.'

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries Jones, 'I have almost as much need of a dram as your cousin. We are equally surprised at this unexpected meeting. Your cousin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller.'

'An acquaintance!' cries the man.——'Oh, heaven!'

'Ay, an acquaintance,' repeated Jones, 'and an honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love and honour the man who dares venture every thing to preserve his wife and children from instant destruction, may I have a friend capable of disowning me in adversity.'

'O you are an excellent young man,' cries Mrs. Miller: -'Yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ventured every thing—If he had not had one of the best of constitutions, it must have killed him.'

'Cousin,' cries the man, who had now pretty well :covered himself; 'this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom, before I saw you, I owed the preservation of my Peggy. He it was to whose generosity every comfort, every support, which I have procured for her was owing. He is indeed the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human beings. O :ousin, I have obligations to this gentleman of such a nature!'

'Mention nothing of obligations,' cries Jones, eagerly, ıot a word, I insist upon it, not a word,' (meaning, I ppose, that he would not have him betray the affair of e robbery to any person)—'If by the trifle you have eceived from me, I have preserved a whole family, ıre pleasure was never bought so cheap.'

'O Sir!' cries the man, 'I wish you could this instant 'see my house. If any person had ever a right to the 'pleasure you mention, I am convinced it is yourself. 'My cousin tells me, she acquainted you with the distress 'in which she found us. That, Sir, is all greatly 'removed, and chiefly by your goodness.———My chil-'dren have now a bed to lie on,——— and they have '———they have———eternal blessings reward you for 'it———they have bread to eat. My little boy is re-'covered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. 'All, all owing to you, Sir, and to my cousin here, one 'of the best of women. Indeed, Sir, I must see you at 'my house.—Indeed my wife must see you, and thank 'you.—My children too must express their gratitude.— 'Indeed, Sir, they are not without a sense of their obliga-'tion; but what is my feeling when I reflect to whom I 'owe that they are now capable of expressing their grati-'tude.———O, Sir! the little hearts which you have 'warmed had now been cold as ice without your assist-'ance.'

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own heart would of itself have stopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewise began to pour forth thanksgivings, as well in her own name, as in that of her cousin, and concluded with saying, She doubted not but such goodness would meet a glorious reward.

Jones answered, He had been sufficiently rewarded already. 'Your cousin's account, Madam,' said he, 'hath 'given me a sensation more pleasing than I have ever 'known. He must be a wretch who is unmoved at 'hearing such a story; how transporting then must be 'the thought of having happily acted a part in this scene! 'If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving 'happiness to others, I sincerely pity them, as they are

'incapable of tasting what is, in my opinion, a greater 'honour, a higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure, than 'the ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous man can 'ever obtain.'

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a hasty leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his friend by the hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible; promising, that he would himself take the first opportunity of visiting him at his own house. He then stept into his chair, and proceeded to Lady Bellaston's, greatly exulting in the happiness which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting, without horror, on the dreadful consequences which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the voice of strict justice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller sung forth the praises of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderson, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumstances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself and avoided an indiscretion which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely strict and nice in her principles. He was likewise well apprised of the loquacity of this lady; and yet such was his gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of discretion and shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumstances which might do the fullest honour to his benefactor.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the reader will be surprised.

Mr. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady; whose arrival was hindered, not only by the distance of the place where she dined, but by some other cross accidents, very vexatious to one in her situation of mind. He was accordingly shewn into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came——no other than Sophia herself, who had left the play before the end of the first act; for this, as we have already said, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties, had so terrified our heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the protection of a young gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her chair.

As Lady Bellaston had acquainted her that she should not be at home till late, Sophia, expecting to find no one in the room, came hastily in, and went directly to a glass which almost fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the statue of Jones now stood motionless.—In this glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that she first discovered the said statue; when instantly turning about, she perceived the reality of the vision: upon which she gave a violent scream, and scarce preserved herself from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her, and support her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of these lovers is beyond my power. As their sensations, from their

mutual silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be supposed that I should be able to express them: and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what past at this time in theirs.

After a short pause, Jones, with faltering accents, said——'I see, Madam, you are surprised'——'Sur-'prised!' answered she; 'Oh heavens! Indeed, I am 'surprised. I almost doubt whether you are the person 'you seem.' 'Indeed,' cries he, 'my Sophia, pardon me, 'Madam, for this once calling you so, I am that very 'wretched Jones, whom fortune, after so many disap-'pointments, hath, at last, kindly conducted to you. 'Oh! my Sophia, did you know the thousand torments 'I have suffered in this long, fruitless pursuit.'—'Pursuit 'of whom?' said Sophia, a little recollecting herself, and assuming a reserved air.—'Can you be so cruel to ask 'that question?' cries Jones. 'Need I say, of you?' 'Of me!' answered Sophia: 'Hath Mr. Jones then any 'such important business with me?' 'To some, Madam,' cries Jones, 'this might seem an important business,' (giving her the pocket-book). 'I hope, Madam, you will 'find it of the same value, as when it was lost.' Sophia took the pocket-book, and was going to speak, when he interrupted her, thus:—'Let us not, I beseech you, lose 'one of these precious moments which fortune hath so 'kindly sent us.—O my Sophia! I have business of a 'much superior kind.—Thus, on my knees, let me ask 'your pardon.'—'My pardon,' cries she;—'Sure, Sir, 'after what is past, you cannot expect, after what I have 'heard.'—'I scarce know what I say,' answered Jones. 'By heavens! I scarce wish you should pardon me. O 'my Sophia! henceforth never cast away a thought 'on such a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me 'should ever intrude to give a moment's uneasiness to

'that tender bosom, think of my unworthiness; and let 'the remembrance of what past at Upton blot me for 'ever from your mind.'——

Sophia stood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than snow, and her heart was throbbing through her stays. But at the mention of Upton, a blush arose in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of disdain. He understood this silent reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my Sophia! my only love! you cannot 'hate or despise me more for what happened there, than 'I do myself: but yet do me the justice to think, that 'my heart was never unfaithful to you. That had no 'share in the folly I was guilty of; it was even then 'unalterably yours. Though I despaired of possessing 'you, nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I doated 'still on your charming idea, and could seriously love 'no other woman. But if my heart had not been 'engaged, she, into whose company I accidentally fell 'at that cursed place, was not an object of serious love. 'Believe me, my angel, I have never seen her from that 'day to this; and never intend, or desire, to see her 'again.' Sophia in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldness than she had yet assumed; 'Why,' said she, 'Mr. 'Jones, do you take the trouble to make a defence 'where you are not accused? If I thought it worth 'while to accuse you, I have a charge of unpardonable 'nature indeed.' 'What is it, for heaven's sake?' answered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with Lady Bellaston. 'Oh,' said she, 'how is it possible! can every thing noble, and every 'thing base, be lodged together in the same bosom?' Lady Bellaston, and the ignominious circumstance of having been kept, rose again in his mind, and stopt his

nouth from any reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded Sophia, 'such treatment from you? Nay, from 'any gentleman, from any man of honour? To have 'my name traduced in public; in inns, among the 'meanest vulgar! to have any little favours that my 'unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me 'to grant, boasted of there! nay, even to hear that you 'had been forced to fly from my love!'

Nothing could equal Jones's surprise at these words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much less embarrassed how to defend himself, than if she had touched that tender string, at which his conscience had been alarmed. By some examination he presently found, that her supposing him guilty of so shocking an outrage against his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and servants? for Sophia confessed to him, it was from them that she received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence so foreign to his character: but she had a great deal to hinder him from going instantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once swore he would do. This point being cleared up, they soon found themselves so well pleased with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the conversation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and she was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature: for before they were aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage. To which she replied, That, did not her duty to her father forbid her to follow her own inclinations, ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the most affluent fortune with another man. At the mention of the word ruin he started, let drop her hand,

which he held for some time, and striking his breast with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia! can I then ruin 'thee? No; by heavens, no! I never will act so base 'a part. Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me, I will 'renounce you; I will give you up; I will tear all 'such hopes from my heart as are inconsistent with 'your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it 'shall be in silence; it shall be at a distance from you; 'it shall be in some foreign land; from whence no 'voice, no sigh of my despair, shall ever reach and 'disturb your ears. And when I am dead'—He would have gone on, but was stopt by a flood of tears which Sophia let fall in his bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one word. He kissed them off, which, for some moments, she allowed him to do without any resistance; but then recollecting herself, gently withdrew out of his arms: and, to turn the discourse from a subject too tender, and which she found she could not support, bethought herself to ask him a question she never had time to put to him before, 'How 'he came into that room?' He began to stammer, and would, in all probability, have raised her suspicions by the answer he was going to give, when, at once, the door opened, and in came Lady Bellaston.

Having advanced a few steps, and seeing Jones and Sophia together, she suddenly stopt; when, after a pause of a few moments, recollecting herself with admirable presence of mind, she said,—though with sufficient indications of surprise both in voice and countenance—'I thought, Miss Western, you had been at the play?'

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had discovered her, yet as she had not the least suspicion of the real truth, or that Jones and Lady Bellaston were acquainted, so she was very little confounded: and the less, as the lady

had, in all their conversations on the subject, entirely taken her side against her father. With very little hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole story of what had happened at the playhouse, and the cause of her hasty return.

The length of this narrative gave Lady Bellaston an opportunity of rallying her spirits, and of considering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, she put on an air of good humour, and said, 'I should not 'have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss Western, if 'I had known you had company.'

Lady Bellaston fixed her eyes on Sophia whilst she spoke these words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overspread with blushes and confusion, answered, in a stammering voice, 'I am sure, Madam, I 'shall always think the honour of your ladyship's com-'pany——' 'I hope, at least,' cries Lady Bellaston, 'I 'interrupt no business.'—'No, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'our business was at an end. Your ladyship may be 'pleased to remember, I have often mentioned the loss 'of my pocket-book, which this gentleman having very 'luckily found, was so kind to return it to me with the 'bill in it.'

Jones, ever since the arrival of Lady Bellaston, had been ready to sink with fear. He sat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be possible, than a young booby squire, when he is first introduced into a polite assembly. He began, however, now to recover himself; and taking a hint from the behaviour of Lady Bellaston, who, he saw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he resolved as entirely to affect the stranger on his part. He said, Ever since he had the pocket-book in his possession, he had used great diligence in inquiring out the lady whose

name was writ in it; but never till that day could be so fortunate to discover her.

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loss of her pocket-book to Lady Bellaston; but as Jones, for some reason or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his possession, she believed not one syllable of what Sophia now said, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickness of the young lady, in inventing such an excuse. The reason of Sophia's leaving the playhouse met with no better credit; and though she could not account for the meeting between these two lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected smile, therefore, she said, 'Indeed, 'Miss Western, you have had very good luck in re-'covering your money. Not only as it fell into the 'hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened 'to discover to whom it belonged. I think you would 'not consent to have it advertised.——It was great good 'fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom the note 'belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries Jones, 'it was enclosed in a pocket-'book, in which the young lady's name was written.'

'That was very fortunate, indeed,' cries the lady;— 'And it was no less so, that you heard Miss Western was 'at my house; for she is very little known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his spirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of satisfying Sophia, as to the question she had asked him just before Lady Bellaston came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, 'Madam,' answered he, 'it was by the luckiest chance 'imaginable I made this discovery. I was mentioning 'what I had found, and the name of the owner, the 'other night, to a lady at the masquerade, who told me, 'she believed she knew where I might see Miss Western; 'and if I would come to her house the next morning,

'she would inform me. I went according to her ap-
'pointment, but she was not at home; nor could I ever
'meet with her till this morning, when she directed me
'to your ladyship's house. I came accordingly, and did
'myself the honour to ask for your ladyship; and upon
'my saying that I had very particular business, a servant
'shewed me into this room; where I had not been long
'before the young lady returned from the play.'

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he looked very slily at Lady Bellaston, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia; for she was visibly too much confounded to make any observations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and she was silent; when Jones, who saw the agitations of Sophia's mind, resolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring: but before he did this, he said, 'I believe, Madam, it is
'customary to give some reward on these occasions;—I
'must insist on a very high one for my honesty;—it is,
'Madam, no less than the honour of being permitted to
'pay another visit here.'

'Sir,' replied the lady, 'I make no doubt that you are
'a gentleman, and my doors are never shut to people of
'fashion.'

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own satisfaction, and no less to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed lest Lady Bellaston should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the stairs Jones met his old acquaintance, Mrs. Honour, who, notwithstanding all she had said against him, was now so well-bred to behave with great civility. This meeting proved indeed a lucky circumstance, as he communicated to her the house where he lodged, with which Sophia was unacquainted.

CHAPTER XII.

In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded.

THE elegant Lord Shaftsbury somewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some cases, to lie is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no persons who may so properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the sanction, nay, I may say the necessity of custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest impulses of nature (for that would be a foolish prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, ashamed to say, that our heroine now pursued the dictates of the above-mentioned right honourable philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied, then, that Lady Bellaston was ignorant of the person of Jones, so she determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expense of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before Lady Bellaston cried, 'Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow; I 'wonder who he is; for I don't remember ever to have 'seen his face before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia. 'I must say he 'behaved very handsomely in relation to my note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handsome fellow,' said the lady: 'don't you think so?'

'I did not take much notice of him,' answered Sophia, 'but I thought he seemed rather awkward, and ungenteel 'than otherwise.'

'You are extremely right,' cries Lady Bellaston: 'you may see, by his manner, that he hath not kept good company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your note, and refusing the reward, I almost question whether he is a gentleman.——I have always observed there is a something in persons well-born, which others can never acquire.——I think I will 'give orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay, sure, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'one can't 'suspect after what he hath done;—besides, if your 'ladyship observed him, there was an elegance in his 'discourse, a delicacy, a prettiness of expression that, 'that ——'

'I confess,' said Lady Bellaston, 'the fellow hath 'words——And indeed, Sophia, you must forgive me, 'indeed you must.'

'I forgive your ladyship!' said Sophia.

'Yes, indeed you must,' answered she, laughing; 'for 'I had a horrible suspicion when I first came into the 'room——I vow you must forgive it; but I suspected it 'was Mr. Jones himself.'

'Did your ladyship indeed?' cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' answered she. 'I can't imagine 'what put it into my head: for, give the fellow his due, 'he was genteelly drest; which, I think, dear Sophy, is 'not commonly the case with your friend.'

'This raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a little cruel, Lady 'Bellaston, after my promise to your ladyship.'

'Not at all, child,' said the lady;——'It would have 'been cruel before; but after you promised me never 'to marry without your father's consent, in which you 'know is implied your giving up Jones, sure you can 'bear a little raillery on a passion which was pardonable 'enough in a young girl in the country, and of which

'you tell me you have so entirely got the better. What 'must I think, my dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little 'ridicule even on his dress? I shall begin to fear you 'are very far gone indeed; and almost question whether 'you have dealt ingenuously with me.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyship mis-'takes me, if you imagine I had any concern on his 'account.'

'On his account!' answered the lady: 'You must 'have mistaken me; I went no farther than his dress; '——for I would not injure your taste by any other 'comparison—I don't imagine, my dear Sophy, if your 'Mr. Jones had been such a fellow as this—'

'I thought,' says Sophia, 'your ladyship had allowed 'him to be handsome.'——

'Whom, pray?' cried the lady, hastily.

'Mr. Jones,' answered Sophia;—and immediately re-collecting herself, 'Mr. Jones!——no, no; I ask your 'pardon;—I mean the gentleman who was just now 'here.'

'O Sophy! Sophy!' cries the lady; 'this Mr. Jones, 'I am afraid, still runs in your head.'

'Then upon my honour, Madam,' said Sophia, 'Mr. 'Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the gentle-'man who just now left us.'

'Upon my honour,' said Lady Bellaston, 'I believe 'it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent raillery; 'but I promise you I will never mention his name 'any more.'

And now the two ladies separated, infinitely more to the delight of Sophia than of Lady Bellaston, who would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not business of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly easy under this first practice of deceit: upon which, when she retired

o her chamber, she reflected with the highest uneasiness nd conscious shame. Nor could the peculiar hardship of her situation, and the necessity of the case, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falsehood, however qualified by circumstances. Nor did this thought once suffer her to close her eyes during the whole succeeding night.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAPTER I.

An essay to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes.

As several gentlemen in these times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the least assistance of learning, perhaps without being well able to read, have made a considerable figure in the republic of letters; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all kind of learning is entirely useless to a writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural sprightliness and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far; for why should writing differ so much from all other arts? The nimbleness of a dancing-master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exercise his tools the worse by having learnt to use them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if instead of being masters of all the learning of their times, they had been as ignorant as most of the authors of the present age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt, could have produced those orations that have made the senate of England, in these our times, a rival in eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole spirit into his speeches, and with their spirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero persuades us is necessary to the composition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, necessary to the poet, less to the critic, and the least of all to the politician. For the first, perhaps, Byshe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate heap of plays; and, for the last, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To say the truth, I require no more than that a man should have some little knowledge of the subject on which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quisque nôrit artem in eâ se exerceat.* With this alone a writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other learning in the world will stand him in little stead.

For instance, let us suppose that Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have

met all together, and have clubbed their several talents to have composed a treatise on the art of dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatise which Mr. Essex hath given us on that subject, entitled, The Rudiments of Genteel Education. And, indeed, should the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to set fist to paper, and to complete the abovesaid rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of Athletics, I question whether the world will have any cause to lament, that none of the great writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in so plain a case, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reason why many English writers have totally failed in describing the manners of upper life, may possibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the stage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from these models better supported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature: but they who copy them draw as unlike the present age, as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dresses of Titian and of Vandyke. In short, imitation here will not do the business. The picture must be after nature herself. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by conversation, and the manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the human species, for nothing, in the streets, shops, and coffee-houses: nor are

they shewn like the upper rank of animals, for so much a-piece. In short, this is a sight to which no persons are admitted, without one or other of these qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune, or, what is equivalent to both, the honourable profession of a gamester. And, very unluckily for the world, persons so qualified very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer sort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of stock to set up with.

Hence those strange monsters in lace and embroidery, in silks and brocades, with vast wigs and hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, strut the stage, to the great delight of attornies and their clerks in the pit, and of the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But, to let my reader into a secret, this knowledge of upper life, though very necessary for preventing mistakes, is no very great resource to a writer whose province is comedy, or that kind of novels which, like this I am writing, is of the comic class.

What Mr. Pope says of women is very applicable to most in this station, who are indeed so entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest life is much the dullest, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower spheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the pursuit of ambition, and the fewer still who have a relish for pleasure, all is vanity and servile imitation. Dressing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and courtesying, make up the business of their lives.

Some there are however of this rank, upon whom passion exercises its tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum prescribes; of these, the ladies are as much distinguished by their noble intrepidity, and a certain superior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is by the elegance and delicacy of her sentiments from the honest wife of a yeoman and shopkeeper. Lady Bellaston was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of fashion, or that we mean to represent them as such. They might as well suppose, that every clergyman was represented by Thwackum, or every soldier by Ensign Northerton.

There is not indeed a greater error than that which universally prevails among the vulgar, who, borrowing their opinion from some ignorant satirist, have affixed the character of lewdness to these times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of love intrigue carried on among persons of condition than now. Our present women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to despise the pleasures of love as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards, by the care of such mothers, married without having husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the justness of those sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull remainder of life, with the pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish amusements, the bare mention of which would ill suit with the dignity of this history. In my humble opinion, the true characteristic of the present Beau Monde, is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deserves is that of frivolous.

CHAPTER II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend a

JONES had not been long at home, before he recei following letter:

'I WAS never more surprised than when I fou 'was gone. When you left the room, I little in 'you intended to have left the house without see 'again. Your behaviour is all of a piece, an 'vinces me how much I ought to despise a hear 'can doat upon an idiot; though I know not 'I should not admire her cunning more than h 'plicity: wonderful both! For though she und 'not a word of what passed between us, yet she 'skill, the assurance, the —— what shall I call 'deny to my face, that she knows you, or ever s 'before.——Was this a scheme laid between y 'have you been base enough to betray me?—— 'I despise her, you, and all the world, but chie 'self! for——I dare not write what I should aft 'run mad to read; but remember, I can detest 'lently as I have loved.'

Jones had but little time given him to reflect letter, before a second was brought him from th hand; and this, likewise, we shall set down in the words.

'WHEN you consider the hurry of spirits in w 'must have writ, you cannot be surprised at s 'pressions in my former note.——Yet, perhaps, on 'tion, they were rather too warm. At least I w 'possible, think all owing to the odious playho

'to the impertinence of a fool, which detained me beyond 'my appointment.——How easy is it to think well of 'those we love?——Perhaps you desire I should think 'so. I have resolved to see you to-night; so come to me 'immediately.

'*P.S.* I have ordered to be at home to none but 'yourself.

'*P.S.* Mr. Jones will imagine I shall assist him in 'his defence; for I believe he cannot desire to 'impose on me more than I desire to impose on 'myself.

'*P.S.* Come immediately.'

To the men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave the greatest uneasiness to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more visits that evening, unless to one single person. However, he thought his honour engaged, and had not this been motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of Lady Bellaston into that flame of which he had reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the consequence might be a discovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After some discontented walks therefore about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own presence. She entered the room very disordered in her dress, and very discomposed in her looks, and threw herself into a chair, where, having recovered her breath, she said——'You see, Sir, when women have gone one length too far, they will stop at none. If any person would have sworn this to me a week ago, I would not have believed it of myself.' 'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'my charming

'Lady Bellaston will be as difficult to believe any 'thing against one who is so sensible of the many 'obligations she hath conferred upon him.' 'Indeed!' says she, 'sensible of obligations! Did I expect to 'hear such cold language from Mr. Jones?' 'Pardon 'me, my dear angel,' said he, 'if after the letters I 'have received, the terrors of your anger, though I 'know not how I have deserved it.'——'And have 'I then,' says she with a smile, 'so angry a counten- 'ance?—Have I really brought a chiding face with 'me?'—'If there be honour in man,' said he, 'I have 'done nothing to merit your anger.—You remember 'the appointment you sent me, I went in pursuance.' —'I beseech you,' cried she, 'do not run through the 'odious recital.——Answer me but one question, and 'I shall be easy.—Have you not betrayed my honour 'to her?'—Jones fell upon his knees, and began to utter the most violent protestations, when Partridge came dancing and capering into the room, like one drunk with joy, crying out, 'She's found! She's found! '—Here, Sir, here, she's here,—Mrs. Honour is upon 'the stairs.' 'Stop her a moment,' cries Jones,—'Here, 'Madam, step behind the bed, I have no other room nor 'closet, nor place on earth to hide you in; sure never 'was so damn'd an accident.'—'D—n'd indeed!' said the lady, as she went to her place of concealment; and presently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. 'Heyday!' says she, 'Mr. Jones, what's the matter?—That im- 'pudent rascal your servant, would scarce let me come 'up stairs. I hope he hath not the same reason to 'keep me from you as he had at Upton.—I suppose 'you hardly expected to see me; but you have cer- 'tainly bewitched my lady. Poor dear young lady! 'To be sure, I loves her as tenderly as if she was my 'own sister. Lord have mercy upon you, if you don't

make her a good husband; and to be sure if you do not, nothing can be bad enough for you.' Jones begged her only to whisper, for that there was a lady dying in the next room. 'A lady!' cries she; 'ay, I suppose one of your ladies.—O Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in the world; I believe we are got into the house of one, for my Lady Bellaston I darst to say is no better than she should be.'—'Hush! hush!' cries Jones, 'every word is overheard in the next room.' 'I don't care a farthing,' cries Honour, 'I speaks no scandal of any one; but to be sure the servants make no scruple of saying as how her ladyship meets men at another place—where the house goes under the name of a poor gentlewoman, but her ladyship pays the rent, and many's the good thing besides, they say, she hath of her.'—Here Jones, after expressing the utmost uneasiness, offered to stop her mouth:—'Hey-day! why sure, Mr. Jones, you will let me speak, I speaks no scandal, for I only says what I heard from others,—and thinks I to myself, much good may it do the gentlewoman with her riches, if she comes by it in such a wicked manner. To be sure it is better to be poor and honest.' 'The servants are villains,' cries Jones, 'and abuse their lady unjustly.'—'Ay, to be sure, servants are always villains, and so my lady says, and won't hear a word of it.'——'No, I am convinced,' says Jones, 'my Sophia is above listening to such base scandal.' 'Nay, I believe it is no scandal, neither,' cries Honour, 'for why should she meet men at another house?—It can never be for any good: for if she had a lawful design of being courted, as to be sure any lady may lawfully give her company to men upon that account; why, where can be the sense?'——'I protest,' cries Jones, 'I can't hear all this of a lady of such honour, and a relation of Sophia; besides, you

'will distract the poor lady in the next room.—Let me 'intreat you to walk with me down stairs.'——'Nay, 'Sir, if you won't let me speak, I have done.—Here, 'Sir, is a letter from my young lady,—what would 'some men give to have this? But Mr. Jones, I think 'you are not over and above generous, and yet I have 'heard some servants say——but I am sure you will 'do me the justice to own I never saw the colour of 'your money.' Here Jones hastily took the letter, and presently after slipped five pieces into her hand. He then returned a thousand thanks to his dear Sophia in a whisper, and begged her to leave him to read her letter: she presently departed, not without expressing much grateful sense of his generosity.

Lady Bellaston now came from behind the curtain. How shall I describe her rage? Her tongue was at first incapable of utterance; but streams of fire darted from her eyes, and well indeed they might, for her heart was all in a flame. And now as soon as her voice found way, instead of expressing any indignation against Honour or her own servants, she began to attack poor Jones. 'You see,' said she, 'what I have sacrificed to 'you, my reputation, my honour,—gone for ever! And 'what return have I found? Neglected, slighted for a 'country girl, for an idiot.'—'What neglect, Madam, 'or what slight,' cries Jones, 'have I been guilty of?' —'Mr. Jones,' said she, 'it is in vain to dissemble, if 'you will make me easy, you must entirely give her up; 'and as a proof of your intention, shew me the letter.' ——'What letter, Madam?' said Jones. 'Nay, surely,' said she, 'you cannot have the confidence to deny your 'having received a letter by the hands of that trollop.' 'And can your ladyship,' cries he, 'ask of me what I 'must part with my honour before I grant? Have I 'acted in such a manner by your ladyship? Could I

'be guilty of betraying this poor innocent girl to you, 'what security could you have that I should not act the 'same part by yourself? A moment's reflection will, I am sure, convince you, that a man with whom the secrets of a lady are not safe must be the most contemptible of wretches.'—'Very well,' said she,—'I need not insist on your becoming this contemptible wretch in your opinion; for the inside of the letter could inform me of nothing more than I know already. I see the footing you are upon.'——Here ensued a long conversation, which the reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inserting at length. It shall suffice, therefore, to inform him, that Lady Bellaston grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his protestations, that his meeting with Sophia that evening was merely accidental, and every other matter which the reader already knows, and which, as Jones set before her in the strongest light, it is plain that she had in reality no reason to be angry with him.

She was not, however, in her heart, perfectly satisfied with his refusal to shew her the letter; so deaf are we to the clearest reason when it argues against our prevailing passions. She was, indeed, well convinced that Sophia possessed the first place in Jones's affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this lady was, she submitted at last to bear the second place; or, to express it more properly in a legal phrase, was contented with the possession of that of which another woman had the reversion.

It was at length agreed, that Jones should for the future visit at the house: for that Sophia, her maid, and all the servants would place these visits to the account of Sophia; and that she herself would be considered as the person imposed upon.

This scheme was contrived by the lady, and highly

relished by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a prospect of seeing his Sophia at any rate; and the lady herself was not a little pleased with the imposition on Sophia, which Jones, she thought, could not possibly discover to her for his own sake.

The next day was appointed for the first visit, and then, after proper ceremonials, the Lady Bellaston returned home.

CHAPTER III.

Containing various matters.

Jones was no sooner alone than he eagerly broke open his letter, and read as follows:

'Sir, it is impossible to express what I have suffered 'since you left this house; and as I have reason to think 'you intend coming here again, I have sent Honour, 'though so late at night, as she tells me she knows your 'lodgings, to prevent you. I charge you, by all the 'regard you have for me, not to think of visiting here; 'for it will certainly be discovered; nay, I almost doubt 'from some things which have dropt from her ladyship, 'that she is not already without some suspicion. Some-'thing favourable perhaps may happen; we must wait 'with patience; but I once more entreat you, if you have 'any concern for my ease, do not think of returning 'hither.'

This letter administered the same kind of consolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Besides disappointing all the hopes which he

romised to himself from seeing Sophia, he was reduced o an unhappy dilemma, with regard to Lady Bellaston; or there are some certain engagements, which, as he well new, do very difficultly admit of any excuse for the ailure; and to go, after the strict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length, after much deliberation, which during that ight supplied the place of sleep, he determined to feign imself sick: for this suggested itself, as the only means of failing the appointed visit, without incensing Lady Bellaston, which he had more than one reason of desiring o avoid.

The first thing, however, which he did in the morning, was, to write an answer to Sophia, which he inclosed in one to Honour. He then dispatched another to Lady Bellaston, containing the above-mentioned excuse; and to this he soon received the following answer:

'I AM vexed that I cannot see you here this afternoon, 'but more concerned for the occasion; take great care of 'yourself, and have the best advice, and I hope there 'will be no danger.—I am so tormented all this morning with fools, that I have scarce a moment's time to write to you. Adieu.

'*P.S.* I will endeavour to call on you this evening 'at nine.—Be sure to be alone.'

Mr. Jones now received a visit from Mrs. Miller, who, after some formal introduction, began the following peech: 'I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon you on such an occasion; but I hope you will consider the ill consequence which it must be to the reputation of my poor girls, if my house should once be talked of as a house of ill-fame. I hope you won't think me therefore guilty of impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more

'ladies in at that time of night. The clock had struck 'two before one of them went away.'—'I do assure you, 'Madam,' said Jones, 'the lady who was here last night, 'and who staid the latest (for the other only brought me 'a letter) is a woman of very great fashion, and my near 'relation.'—'I don't know what fashion she is of,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'but I am sure no woman of virtue, 'unless a very near relation indeed, would visit a young 'gentleman at ten at night, and stay four hours in his 'room with him alone; besides, Sir, the behaviour of her 'chairmen shews what she was; for they did nothing 'but make jests all the evening in the entry, and asked 'Mr. Partridge, in the hearing of my own maid, if Madam 'intended to stay with his master all night; with a great 'deal of stuff not proper to be repeated. I have really 'a great respect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your own 'account, nay, I have a very high obligation to you for 'your generosity to my cousin. Indeed, I did not know 'how very good you had been till lately. Little did I 'imagine to what dreadful courses the poor man's distress had driven him. Little did I think when you 'gave me the ten guineas, that you had given them to 'a highwayman! O heavens! What goodness have you 'shewn? How have you preserved this family.——The 'character which Mr. Allworthy hath formerly given me 'of you, was, I find, strictly true.—And indeed, if I had 'no obligation to you, my obligations to him are such, 'that, on his account, I should shew you the utmost 'respect in my power.—Nay, believe me, dear Mr. 'Jones, if my daughters and my own reputation were 'out of the case, I should, for your own sake, be sorry 'that so pretty a young gentleman should converse with 'these women; but if you are resolved to do it, I must 'beg you to take another lodging; for I do not myself 'like to have such things carried on under my roof; but

'more especially upon the account of my girls, who have 'little, heaven knows, besides their characters, to recom- 'mend them.' Jones started and changed colour at the name of Allworthy. 'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' answered he a little warmly, 'I do not take this at all kind. I 'will never bring any slander on your house; but I must 'insist on seeing what company I please in my own 'room; and if that gives you any offence, I shall, as 'soon as I am able, look for another lodging.' 'I am 'sorry we must part then, Sir,' said she; 'but I am con- 'vinced Mr. Allworthy himself would never come within 'my doors, if he had the least suspicion of my keeping 'an ill house.'——'Very well, Madam,' said Jones.—— 'I hope, Sir,' said she, 'you are not angry; for I would 'not for the world offend any of Mr. Allworthy's family. 'I have not slept a wink all night about this matter.' ——'I am sorry I have disturbed your rest, Madam,' said Jones, 'but I beg you will send Partridge up to me 'immediately;' which she promised to do, and then with a very low courtesy retired.

As soon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the most outrageous manner.—'How often,' said he, 'am 'I to suffer for your folly, or rather for my own in keep- 'ing you? Is that tongue of yours resolved upon my 'destruction?'——'What have I done, Sir,' answered affrighted Partridge. 'Who was it gave you authority 'to mention the story of the robbery, or that the man 'you saw here was the person?'——'I, Sir?' cries Partridge. 'Now don't be guilty of a falsehood in 'denying it,' said Jones.——'If I did mention such a 'matter,' answers Partridge, 'I am sure, I thought no 'harm: for I should not have opened my lips, if it 'had not been to his own friends and relations, who, I 'imagined, would have let it go no farther.' 'But I 'have a much heavier charge against you,' cries Jones,

'than this. How durst you, after all the precautions I 'gave you, mention the name of Mr. Allworthy in this 'house?' Partridge denied that he ever had, with many oaths. 'How else,' said Jones, 'should Mrs. 'Miller be acquainted that there was any connection 'between him and me? And it is but this moment she 'told me, she respected me on his account.'—'O Lord, 'Sir,' said Partridge, 'I desire only to be heard out; and 'to be sure, never was any thing so unfortunate; hear 'me but out, and you will own how wrongfully you 'have accused me. When Mrs. Honour came down 'stairs last night, she met me in the entry, and asked 'me when my master had heard from Mr. Allworthy; 'and to be sure Mrs. Miller heard the very words; and 'the moment Madam Honour was gone, she called me 'into the parlour to her.' 'Mr. Partridge,' says she, 'what Mr. Allworthy is that the gentlewoman men-'tioned? Is it the great Mr. Allworthy of Somerset-'shire?' 'Upon my word, Madam,' says I, 'I know 'nothing of the matter.'——'Sure,' says she, 'your mas-'ter is not the Mr. Jones I have heard Mr. Allworthy 'talk of?' 'Upon my word, Madam,' says I, 'I know 'nothing of the matter.'——'Then,' says she, turning to her daughter Nancy, says she, 'as sure as ten-pence 'this is the very young gentleman, and he agrees exactly 'with the squire's description.' 'The Lord above knows 'who it was told her: for I am the arrantest villain that 'ever walked upon two legs, if ever it came out of my 'mouth.—I promise you, Sir, I can keep a secret when I 'am desired.——Nay, Sir, so far was I from telling her 'any thing about Mr. Allworthy, that I told her the very 'direct contrary; for though I did not contradict it at 'that moment, yet, as second thoughts, they say, are 'best; so when I came to consider that somebody must 'have informed her, thinks I to myself, I will put an end

'to the story; and so I went back again into the parlour 'some time afterwards, and says I, upon my word, says 'I, whoever, says I, told you that this gentleman was 'Mr. Jones; that is, says I, that this Mr. Jones was that 'Mr. Jones, told you a confounded lie: and I beg, says 'I, you will never mention any such matter, says I; for 'my master, says I, will think I must have told you 'so; and I defy any body in the house ever to say I 'mentioned any such word. To be certain, Sir, it is a 'wonderful thing, and I have been thinking with myself 'ever since, how it was she came to know it; not but I 'saw an old woman here t'other day a begging at the 'door, who looked as like her we saw in Warwickshire, 'that caused all that mischief to us. To be sure it is 'never good to pass by an old woman without giving 'her something, especially if she looks at you; for all 'the world shall never persuade me but that they have 'a great power to do mischief, and to be sure I shall 'never see an old woman again, but I shall think to 'myself, *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*'

The simplicity of Partridge set Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed seldom any long duration in his mind; and instead of commenting on his defence, he told him he intended presently to leave those lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAPTER IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young people of both sexes.

PARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and after a short salutation said, 'So,

'Tom, I hear you had company very late last night. 'Upon my soul, you are a happy fellow, who have not 'been in town above a fortnight, and can keep chairs 'waiting at your door till two in the morning.' He then ran on with much common-place raillery of the same kind, till Jones at last interrupted him, saying, 'I suppose 'you have received all this information from Mrs. Miller, 'who hath been up here a little while ago to give me 'warning. The good woman is afraid, it seems, of the 'reputation of her daughters.' 'O! she is wonderfully 'nice,' says Nightingale, 'upon that account; if you 'remember, she would not let Nancy go with us to the 'masquerade.' 'Nay, upon my honour, I think she's in 'the right of it,' says Jones: 'however, I have taken her 'at her word, and have sent Partridge to look for another 'lodging.' 'If you will,' says Nightingale, 'we may, I 'believe, be again together; for, to tell you a secret, 'which I desire you won't mention in the family, I in- 'tend to quit the house to-day.'——'What, hath Mrs. 'Miller given you warning too, my friend?' cries Jones. 'No,' answered the other; 'but the rooms are not con- 'venient enough.——Besides, I am grown weary of this 'part of the town. I want to be nearer the places of 'diversion: so I am going to Pall-mall.'—'And do you 'intend to make a secret of your going away?' said Jones. 'I promise you,' answered Nightingale, 'I don't 'intend to bilk my lodgings; but I have a private reason 'for not taking a formal leave.' 'Not so private,' answered Jones; 'I promise you, I have seen it ever since 'the second day of my coming to the house.—Here will 'be some wet eyes on your departure.—Poor Nancy, I 'pity her, faith!—Indeed, Jack, you have played the fool 'with that girl.—You have given her a longing, which I 'am afraid nothing will ever cure her of.'—Nightingale answered, 'What the devil would you have me do?

ɔuld you have me marry her to cure her?'—'No,' an-
ed Jones, 'I would not have had you make love to
', as you have often done in my presence. I have
:n astonished at the blindness of her mother in never
ing it.' 'Pugh, see it!' cries Nightingale. 'What
: devil should she see?' 'Why see,' said Jones,
.t you have made her daughter distractedly in love
:h you. The poor girl cannot conceal it a moment,
· eyes are never off from you, and she always colours
:ry time you come into the room. Indeed, I pity her
ɜrtily; for she seems to be one of the best natured
l honestest of human creatures.' 'And so,' answered
ɪtingale, 'according to your doctrine, one must not
use one's self by any common gallantries with women,
fear they should fall in love with us.' 'Indeed,
:k,' said Jones, 'you wilfully misunderstand me; I
not fancy women are so apt to fall in love; but you
ve gone far beyond common gallantries.'—'What, do
ɪ suppose,' says Nightingale, 'that we have been
ed together?' 'No, upon my honour,' answered
:s, very seriously, 'I do not suppose so ill of you;
r, I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a
ɹular premeditated scheme for the destruction of the
iet of a poor little creature, or have even foreseen the
ɪsequence: for I am sure thou art a very good-natured
low; and such a one can never be guilty of a cruelty
that kind; but at the same time you have pleased
ɪr own vanity, without considering that this poor girl
s made a sacrifice to it; and while you have had no
ɪign but of amusing an idle hour, you have actually
·en her reason to flatter herself, that you had the most
ious designs in her favour. Prithee, Jack, answer me
nestly; to what have tended all those elegant and
cious descriptions of happiness arising from violent
d mutual fondness? all those warm professions of

'tenderness, and generous disinterested love? Did you 'imagine she would not apply them? Or, speak ingenu- 'ously, did you not intend she should?' 'Upon my 'soul, Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'I did not think this was 'in thee. Thou wilt make an admirable parson.—So, I 'suppose, you would not go to bed to Nancy now, if she 'would let you?'—'No,' cries Jones, 'may I be d—n'd 'if I would.' 'Tom, Tom,' answered Nightingale, 'last 'night; remember last night—

'—When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon,
'And silent stars shone conscious of the theft.'

'Lookye, Mr. Nightingale,' said Jones, 'I am no cant- 'ing hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the gift of chastity 'more than my neighbours. I have been guilty with 'women, I own it; but am not conscious that I have ever 'injured any.—Nor would I, to procure pleasure to my- 'self, be knowingly the cause of misery to any human 'being.'

'Well, well,' said Nightingale, 'I believe you, and I 'am convinced you acquit me of any such thing.'

'I do, from my heart,' answered Jones, 'of having 'debauched the girl, but not from having gained her 'affections.'

'If I have,' said Nightingale, 'I am sorry for it; but 'time and absence will soon wear off such impressions. 'It is a receipt I must take myself; for to confess the 'truth to you,—I never liked any girl half so much in 'my whole life; but I must let you into the whole 'secret, Tom. My father hath provided a match for me, 'with a woman I never saw; and she is now coming to 'town, in order for me to make my addresses to her.'

At these words Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; when Nightingale cried,—'Nay, prithee don't turn me 'into ridicule. The devil take me if I am not half mad

about this matter! my poor Nancy! Oh! Jones, Jones, I wish I had a fortune in my own possession.'

'I heartily wish you had,' cries Jones; 'for if this be the case, I sincerely pity you both; but surely you don't intend to go away without taking your leave of her?'

'I would not,' answered Nightingale, 'undergo the pain of taking leave, for ten thousand pounds; besides, I am convinced, instead of answering any good purpose, it would only serve to inflame my poor Nancy the more. I beg, therefore, you would not mention a word of it to-day, and in the evening, or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart.'

Jones promised he would not; and said, upon reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged o leave her, he took the most prudent method. He then old Nightingale, he should be very glad to lodge in the ame house with him; and it was accordingly agreed etween them, that Nightingale should procure him ither the ground floor, or the two pair of stairs; for he young gentleman himself was to occupy that which as between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we shall be presently bliged to say a little more, was in the ordinary transctions of life a man of strict honour, and what is more are among young gentlemen of the town, one of strict onesty too; yet in affairs of love he was somewhat ose in his morals; not that he was even here as void f principle as gentlemen sometimes are, and oftener ffect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of ome indefensible treachery to women, and had, in a ertain mystery, called Making Love, practised many eceits, which, if he had used in trade, he would have een counted the greatest villain upon earth.

But as the world, I know not well for what reason,

agree to see this treachery in a better light, he was so far from being ashamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his skill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts, for which he had before this time received some rebukes from Jones, who always expressed great bitterness against any misbehaviour to the fair part of the species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the light of the dearest friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caressed with the utmost love and tenderness; but, if regarded as enemies, were a conquest of which a man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it.

CHAPTER V.

A short account of the history of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this day eat a pretty good dinner for a sick man, that is to say, the larger half of a shoulder of mutton. In the afternoon he received an invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea; for that good woman having learnt, either by means of Partridge, or by some other means natural or supernatural, that he had a connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no sooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls sent out of the room, than the widow, without much preface, began as follows: 'Well, there are very surprising things happen in this 'world; but certainly it is a wonderful business, that I 'should have a relation of Mr. Allworthy in my house, 'and never know any thing of the matter. Alas! Sir,

you little imagine what a friend that best of gentlemen hath been to me and mine. Yes, Sir, I am not ashamed to own it; it is owing to his goodness that I did not long since perish for want, and leave my poor little wretches, two destitute, helpless, friendless orphans, to the care, or rather to the cruelty of the world.

'You must know, Sir, though I am now reduced to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born and bred a gentlewoman. My father was an officer in the army, and died in a considerable rank: but he lived up to his pay; and as that expired with him, his family, at his death, became beggars. We were three sisters. One of us had the good luck to die soon after of the small-pox; a lady was so kind as to take the second out of charity, as she said, to wait upon her. The mother of this lady had been a servant to my grandmother; and having inherited a vast fortune from her father, which he had got by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of great estate and fashion. She used my sister so barbarously, often upbraiding her with her birth and poverty, calling her in derision a gentlewoman, that I believe she at length broke the heart of the poor girl. In short, she likewise died within a twelvemonth after my father. Fortune thought proper to provide better for me, and within a month from his decease I was married to a clergyman, who had been my lover a long time before, and who had been very ill used by my father on that account: for though my poor father could not give any of us a shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately, considered us, and would have had us consider ourselves as highly, as if we had been the richest heiresses. But my dear husband forgot all this usage, and the moment we became fatherless, he immediately renewed his addresses to me so warmly, that I, who always liked,

'and now more than ever esteemed him, soon complied. 'Five years did I live in a state of perfect happiness 'with that best of men, till at last—Oh! cruel! cruel 'fortune, that ever separated us, that deprived me of 'the kindest of husbands, and my poor girls of the 'tenderest parent.—O my poor girls! you never knew 'the blessing which ye lost.—I am ashamed, Mr. Jones, 'of this womanish weakness; but I shall never mention 'him without tears.'—'I ought rather, Madam,' said Jones, 'to be ashamed that I do not accompany you.'— 'Well, Sir,' continued she, 'I was now left a second 'time in a much worse condition than before; besides 'the terrible affliction I was to encounter, I had two 'children to provide for; and was, if possible, more 'pennyless than ever, when that great, that good, that 'glorious man, Mr. Allworthy, who had some little 'acquaintance with my husband, accidentally heard of 'my distress, and immediately writ this letter to me. 'Here, Sir,—here it is; I put it into my pocket to 'shew it to you. This is the letter, Sir; I must and 'will read it to you.

'"MADAM,

'"I HEARTILY condole with you on your late grievous '"loss, which your own good sense, and the excellent '"lessons you must have learnt from the worthiest of '"men, will better enable you to bear, than any advice '"which I am capable of giving. Nor have I any '"doubt that you, whom I have heard to be the '"tenderest of mothers, will suffer any immoderate '"indulgence of grief to prevent you from discharging '"your duty to those poor infants, who now alone '"stand in need of your tenderness.

'"However, as you must be supposed at present

'to be incapable of much worldly consideration, you 'will pardon my having ordered a person to wait on 'you, and to pay you twenty guineas, which I beg 'you will accept till I have the pleasure of seeing 'you, and believe me to be, Madam, &c."

'This letter, Sir, I received within a fortnight after the irreparable loss I have mentioned; and within a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allworthy,—the blessed Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a visit, when he placed me in the house where you now see me, gave me a large sum of money to furnish it, and settled an annuity of 50*l.* a year upon me, which I have constantly received ever since. Judge, then, Mr. Jones, in what regard I must hold a benefactor, to whom I owe the preservation of my life, and of those dear children, for whose sake alone my life is valuable.—Do not, therefore, think me impertinent, Mr. Jones (since I must esteem one for whom I know Mr. Allworthy hath so much value), if I beg you not to converse with these wicked women. You are a young gentleman, and do not know half their artful wiles. Do not be angry with me, Sir, for what I said upon account of my house; you must be sensible it would be the ruin of my poor dear girls. Besides, Sir, you cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. Allworthy himself would never forgive my conniving at such matters, and particularly with you.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' said Jones, 'you need make no farther apology; nor do I in the least take any thing ill you have said; but give me leave as no one can have more value than myself for Mr. Allworthy, to deliver you from one mistake, which, perhaps, would not be altogether for his honour; I do assure you, I am no relation of his.'

'Alas! Sir,' answered she, 'I know you are not. I 'know very well who you are; for Mr. Allworthy hath 'told me all: but I do assure you, had you been twenty 'times his son, he could not have expressed more regard 'for you, than he hath often expressed in my presence. 'You need not be ashamed, Sir, of what you are; I 'promise you no good person will esteem you the less 'on that account. No, Mr. Jones, the words "dis- '"honourable birth," are nonsense, as my dear, dear 'husband used to say, unless the word "dishonourable" 'be applied to the parents; for the children can derive 'no real dishonour from an act of which they are 'entirely innocent.'

Here Jones heaved a deep sigh, and then said, 'Since 'I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, and Mr. 'Allworthy hath thought proper to mention my name 'to you; and since you have been so explicit with me 'as to your own affairs, I will acquaint you with some 'more circumstances concerning myself.' And these Mrs. Miller having expressed great desire and curiosity to hear, he began and related to her his whole history, without once mentioning the name of Sophia.

There is a kind of sympathy in honest minds, by means of which they give an easy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and exprest much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the story, but Jones interrupted her; for as the hour of assignation now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second interview with the lady that evening, which he promised should be the last at her house; swearing, at the same time, that she was one of great distinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones

departed to his chamber, where he sat alone till twelve o'clock, but no Lady Bellaston appeared.

As we have said that this lady had a great affection for Jones, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the reader may perhaps wonder at the first failure of her appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by sickness, a season when friendship seems most to require such visits. This behaviour, therefore, in the lady, may, by some, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our fault; for our business is only to record truth.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing a scene which we doubt not will affect all our readers.

Mr. Jones closed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing it to any uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by Lady Bellaston; nor was Sophia herself, though most of his waking hours were justly to be charged to her account, the present cause of dispelling his slumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the best-natured fellows alive, and had all that weakness which is called compassion, and which distinguishes this imperfect character from that noble firmness of mind, which rolls a man, as it were, within himself, and, like a polished bowl, enables him to run through the world without being once stopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the situation of poor Nancy, whose love for Mr. Nightingale seemed to him so apparent, that he was astonished at the blindness of her

mother, who had more than once, the preceding evening remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter, 'who from being,' she said, 'one of the live'liest, merriest girls in the world, was, on a sudden 'become all gloom and melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all resistance; and now, as if he had already been a deity, as the ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought conquest.—To speak simply, and without any metaphor, Mr. Jones slept till eleven the next morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the same quiet situation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the matter, answered, 'That there was a dreadful 'hurricane below stairs; that Miss Nancy was in fits; 'and that the other sister, and the mother, were both 'crying and lamenting over her.' Jones expressed much concern at this news; which Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a smile, 'he fancied the young 'lady was in no danger of death; for that Susan' (which was the name of the maid) 'had given him to under'stand, it was nothing more than a common affair. In 'short,' said he, 'Miss Nancy hath had a mind to be as 'wise as her mother; that's all, she was a little hungry 'it seems, and so sat down to dinner before grace was 'said; and so there is a child coming for the Foundling 'Hospital.'——'Prithee, leave thy stupid jesting,' cried Jones. 'Is the misery of these poor wretches a subject 'of mirth? Go immediately to Mrs. Miller, and tell her 'I beg leave—Stay, you will make some blunder; I will 'go myself; for she desired me to breakfast with her.' He then rose, and dressed himself as fast as he could; and while he was dressing, Partridge, notwithstanding many severe rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth

certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jests, on this occasion. Jones was no sooner dressed than he walked down stairs, and knocking at the door, was presently admitted by the maid, into the outward parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid presently brought a message to Mr. Jones, That her mistress hoped he would excuse the disappointment, but an accident had happened, which made it impossible for her to have the pleasure of his company at breakfast that day; and begged his pardon for not sending him up notice sooner. Jones desired she would give herself no trouble about any thing so trifling as his disappointment; that he was heartily sorry for the occasion; and that if he could be of any service to her, she might command him.

He had scarce spoke these words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the door, and coming out to him, in a flood of tears, said, 'O Mr. 'Jones! you are certainly one of the best young men 'alive.' I give you a thousand thanks for your kind 'offer of your service; but, alas! Sir, it is out of your 'power to preserve my poor girl.—O my child! my 'child! she is undone, she is ruined for ever!' 'I hope, 'Madam,' said Jones, 'no villain'——'O Mr. Jones!' said she, 'that villain who yesterday left my lodgings, 'hath betrayed my poor girl; hath destroyed her.—I 'know you are a man of honour. You have a good—a 'noble heart, Mr. Jones. The actions to which I have 'been myself a witness could proceed from no other. I 'will tell you all: nay, indeed, it is impossible, after 'what hath happened, to keep it a secret. That Night-'ingale, that barbarous villain, hath undone my daughter. 'She is—she is—oh! Mr. Jones, my girl is with child by 'him; and in that condition he hath deserted her. Here!

'here, Sir, is his cruel letter: read it, Mr. Jones, and tell 'me if such another monster lives.'

The letter was as follows:

'DEAR NANCY,

'As I found it impossible to mention to you what, I 'am afraid, will be no less shocking to you, than it is 'to me, I have taken this method to inform you, that my 'father insists upon my immediately paying my addresses 'to a young lady of fortune, whom he hath provided for 'my—I need not write the detested word. Your own 'good understanding will make you sensible, how en- 'tirely I am obliged to an obedience, by which I shall 'be for ever excluded from your dear arms. The fond- 'ness of your mother may encourage you to trust her 'with the unhappy consequence of our love, which may 'be easily kept a secret from the world, and for which 'I will take care to provide, as I will for you. I wish 'you may feel less on this account than I have suffered; 'but summon all your fortitude to your assistance, and 'forgive and forget the man, whom nothing but the pros- 'pect of certain ruin could have forced to write this 'letter. I bid you forget me, I mean only as a lover; 'but the best of friends you shall ever find in

'Your faithful, though unhappy,

'J. N.'

When Jones had read this letter, they both stood silent during a minute, looking at each other; at last he began thus: 'I cannot express, Madam, how much I am shocked 'at what I have read; yet let me beg you, in one par- 'ticular, to take the writer's advice. Consider the repu- 'tation of your daughter.'——'It is gone, it is lost, Mr.

Jones,' cried she, 'as well as her innocence. She received the letter in a room full of company, and immediately swooning away upon opening it, the contents were known to every one present. But the loss of her reputation, bad as it is, is not the worst; I shall lose my child; she hath attempted twice to destroy herself already: and though she hath been hitherto prevented, vows she will not outlive it; nor could I myself outlive any accident of that nature.—What then will become of my little Betsy, a helpless infant orphan; and the poor little wretch will, I believe, break her heart at the miseries with which she sees her sister and myself distracted, while she is ignorant of the cause.—O 'tis the most sensible, and best-natured little thing! The barbarous, cruel——hath destroyed us all. O my poor children! Is this the reward of all my cares? Is this the fruit of all my prospects? Have I so cheerfully undergone all the labours and duties of a mother? Have I been so tender of their infancy, so careful of their education? Have I been toiling so many years, denying myself even the conveniences of life, to provide some little sustenance for them, to lose one or both in such a manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' said Jones, with tears in is eyes, 'I pity you from my soul.'——'O! Mr. Jones,' nswered she, 'even you, though I know the goodness of your heart, can have no idea of what I feel. The best, the kindest, the most dutiful of children! O my poor Nancy, the darling of my soul! the delight of my eyes! the pride of my heart! too much, indeed, my pride; for to those foolish, ambitious hopes, arising from her beauty, I own her ruin. Alas! I saw with pleasure the liking which this young man had for her. I thought it an honourable affection; and flattered my foolish vanity with the thoughts of seeing her married to one so much her superior. And a thousand times

'in my presence, nay, often in yours, he hath endea-
'voured to soothe and encourage these hopes by the
'most generous expressions of disinterested love, which
'he hath always directed to my poor girl, and which I,
'as well as she, believed to be real. Could I have
'believed that these were only snares laid to betray the
'innocence of my child, and for the ruin of us all?'—
At these words little Betsy came running into the room, crying, 'Dear mamma, for heaven's sake come to my
'sister; for she is in another fit, and my cousin can't
'hold her.' Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the summons; but first ordered Betsy to stay with Mr. Jones, and begged him to entertain her a few minutes, saying, in the most pathetic voice, 'Good heaven! let me pre-
'serve one of my children at least.'

Jones, in compliance with this request, did all he could to comfort the little girl, though he was, in reality, himself very highly affected with Mrs. Miller's story. He told her, Her sister would be soon very well again; that by taking on in that manner, she would not only make her sister worse, but make her mother ill too. 'Indeed,'
'Sir,' says she, 'I would not do any thing to hurt them,
'for the world. I would burst my heart rather than
'they should see me cry.—But my poor sister can't see
'me cry.—I am afraid she will never be able to see me
'cry any more. Indeed, I can't part with her; indeed
'I can't.—And then poor mamma too, what will become
'of her?—She says, she will die too, and leave me:
'but I am resolved I won't be left behind.' 'And are
'you not afraid to die, my little Betsy?' said Jones.
'Yes,' answered she, 'I was always afraid to die;
'because I must have left my mamma, and my sister;
'but I am not afraid of going any where with those
'I love.'

Jones was so pleased with this answer, that he eagerly

kissed the child; and soon after Mrs. Miller returned, saying, She thanked heaven, Nancy was now come to herself. 'And now Betsy,' says she, 'you may go in; 'for your sister is better, and longs to see you.' She then turned to Jones, and began to renew her apologies for having disappointed him of his breakfast.

'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'I shall have a more 'exquisite repast than any you could have provided for 'me. This, I assure you, will be the case, if I can do 'any service to this little family of love. But whatever 'success may attend my endeavours, I am resolved to 'attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr. Nightin-'gale, if, notwithstanding what hath happened, he hath 'not much goodness of heart at the bottom, as well as a 'very violent affection for your daughter. If this be the 'case, I think the picture which I shall lay before him 'will affect him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort your-'self, and Miss Nancy, as well as you can. I will go 'instantly in quest of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to 'bring you good news.'

Mrs. Miller fell upon her knees, and invoked all the blessings of heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which she afterwards added the most passionate expressions of gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale, and the good woman returned to comfort her daughter, who was somewhat cheered at what her mother told her; and both joined in resounding the praises of Mr. Jones.

CHAPTER VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE good or evil we confer on others very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as men of a benign

disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries, without paying themselves some pangs, for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at least, was not such a person. On the contrary, Jones found him in his new lodgings, sitting melancholy by the fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy situation in which he had placed poor Nancy. He no sooner saw his friend appear than he arose hastily to meet him; and after much congratulation said, 'Nothing could be more opportune than this 'kind visit; for I was never more in the spleen in my 'life.'

'I am sorry,' answered Jones, 'that I bring news very 'unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am convinced must, 'of all other, shock you the most. However, it is neces- 'sary you should know it. Without further preface, 'then, I come to you, Mr. Nightingale, from a worthy 'family, which you have involved in misery and ruin.' Mr. Nightingale changed colour at these words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded, in the liveliest manner, to paint the tragical story with which the reader was acquainted in the last chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the narration, though he discovered violent emotions at many parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep sigh, he said, 'What you tell me, my friend, affects me 'in the tenderest manner. Sure there never was so 'cursed an accident as the poor girl's betraying my 'letter. Her reputation might otherwise have been safe, 'and the affair might have remained a profound secret; 'and then the girl might have gone off never the worse; 'for many such things happen in this town: and if the 'husband should suspect a little, when it is too late, it

vill be his wiser conduct to conceal his suspicion both rom his wife and the world.'

'Indeed, my friend,' answered Jones, 'this could not ıave been the case with your poor Nancy. You have o entirely gained her affections, that it is the loss of 'ou, and not of her reputation, which afflicts her, and vill end in the destruction of her and her family.' 'Nay, or that matter, I promise you,' cries Nightingale, 'she ıath my affections so absolutely, that my wife, whoever he is to be, will have very little share in them.' 'And ı it possible then,' said Jones, 'you can think of desert- ng her?' 'Why what can I do?' answered the other. Ask Miss Nancy,' replied Jones warmly. 'In the con- lition to which you have reduced her, I sincerely think he ought to determine what reparation you shall make ıer. Her interest alone, and not yours, ought to be 'our sole consideration. But if you ask me what you hall do? What can you do less,' cries Jones, 'than ulfil the expectations of her family, and her own? Nay, I sincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever ince I first saw you together. You will pardon me, if presume on the friendship you have favoured me vith, moved as I am with compassion for those poor reatures. But your own heart will best suggest to 'ou, whether you have never intended, by your con- luct, to persuade the mother, as well as the daughter, nto an opinion, that you designed honourably: and if o, though there may have been no direct promise of narriage in the case, I will leave to your own good nderstanding how far you are bound to proceed.'

'Nay, I must not only confess what you have hinted,' d Nightingale; 'but, I am afraid, even that very pro- ıise you mention I have given.' 'And can you, after wning that,' said Jones, 'hesitate a moment?' 'Con- ider, my friend,' answered the other; 'I know you are

'a man of honour, and would advise no one to act contrary to its rules; if there were no other objection, can 'I, after this publication of her disgrace, think of such an 'alliance with honour?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied Jones, 'and the very best and truest honour, which is goodness, 'requires it of you. As you mention a scruple of this 'kind, you will give me leave to examine it. Can you, 'with honour, be guilty of having, under false pretences, 'deceived a young woman and her family, and of having, 'by these means, treacherously robbed her of her innocence? Can you, with honour, be the knowing, the 'wilful occasion, nay, the artful contriver of the ruin of 'a human being? Can you, with honour, destroy the 'fame, the peace, nay, probably, both the life and soul 'too of this creature? Can honour bear the thought, 'that this creature is a tender, helpless, defenceless, 'young woman? A young woman who loves, who 'doats on you, who dies for you; who hath placed the 'utmost confidence in your promises; and to that confidence hath sacrificed every thing which is dear to her? 'Can honour support such contemplations as these a 'moment?'

'Common sense, indeed,' said Nightingale, 'warrants 'all you say; but yet you well know the opinion of the 'world is so contrary to it, that was I to marry a whore, 'though my own, I should be ashamed of ever showing 'my face again.'

'Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale,' said Jones, 'do not 'call her by so ungenerous a name: when you promised 'to marry her, she became your wife; and she hath 'sinned more against prudence than virtue. And what 'is this world, which you would be ashamed to face, but 'the vile, the foolish, and the profligate? Forgive me, 'if I say, such a shame must proceed from false modesty, 'which always attends false honour as its shadow.—But

'I am well assured there is not a man of real sense and 'goodness in the world, who would not honour and 'applaud the action. But admit no other would, would 'not your own heart, my friend, applaud it? And do not 'the warm, rapturous sensations, which we feel from the 'consciousness of an honest, noble, generous, benevolent 'action, convey more delight to the mind, than the unde-'served praise of millions? Set the alternative fairly 'before your eyes. On the one side, see this poor, un-'happy, tender, believing girl, in the arms of her 'wretched mother, breathing her last. Hear her break-'ing her heart in agonies, sighing out your name; and 'lamenting, rather than accusing, the cruelty which 'weighs her down to destruction. Paint to your ima-'gination the circumstances of her fond despairing 'parent, driven to madness, or, perhaps, to death, by 'the loss of her lovely daughter. View the poor, help-'less, orphan infant; and when your mind hath dwelt 'a moment only on such ideas, consider yourself as the 'cause of all the ruin of this poor, little, worthy, de-'fenceless family. On the other side, consider your-'self as relieving them from their temporary sufferings. 'Think with what joy, with what transports, that lovely 'creature will fly to your arms. See her blood return-'ing to her pale cheeks, her fire to her languid eyes, 'and raptures to her tortured breast. Consider the 'exultations of her mother, the happiness of all. 'Think of this little family made, by one act of yours, 'completely happy. Think of this alternative, and 'sure I am mistaken in my friend, if it requires any 'long deliberation, whether he will sink these wretches 'down for ever, or, by one generous, noble resolution, 'raise them all from the brink of misery and despair, to the highest pitch of human happiness. Add to this but one consideration more; the consideration

'that it is your duty so to do—That the misery from 'which you will relieve these poor people, is the 'misery which you yourself have wilfully brought upon 'them.'

'O my dear friend!' cries Nightingale, 'I wanted not 'your eloquence to rouse me. I pity poor Nancy from 'my soul, and would willingly give any thing in my 'power, that no familiarities had ever passed between 'us. Nay, believe me, I had many struggles with my 'passion before I could prevail with myself to write that 'cruel letter, which hath caused all the misery in that 'unhappy family. If I had no inclinations to consult 'but my own, I would marry her to-morrow-morning: 'I would, by heaven! but you will easily imagine how 'impossible it would be to prevail on my father to con-'sent to such a match; besides, he hath provided another 'for me; and to-morrow, by his express command, I am 'to wait on the lady.'

'I have not the honour to know your father,' said Jones; 'but suppose he could be persuaded, would you 'yourself consent to the only means of preserving these 'poor people?' 'As eagerly as I would pursue my hap-'piness,' answered Nightingale: 'for I never shall find 'it in any other woman.—O my dear friend! could you 'imagine what I have felt within these twelve hours for 'my poor girl, I am convinced she would not engross all 'your pity. Passion leads me only to her; and if I had 'any foolish scruples of honour, you have fully satisfied 'them: could my father be induced to comply with my 'desires, nothing would be wanting to complete my own 'happiness, or that of my Nancy.'

'Then I am resolved to undertake it,' said Jones. 'You must not be angry with me, in whatever light it 'may be necessary to set this affair, which you may 'depend on it, could not otherwise be long hid from

him: for things of this nature make a quick progress, when once they get abroad, as this unhappily hath already. Besides, should any fatal accident follow, as upon my soul I am afraid will, unless immediately prevented, the public would ring of your name in a manner which, if your father hath common humanity, must offend him. If you will therefore tell me where I may find the old gentleman, I will not lose a moment in the business; which while I pursue, you cannot do a more generous action than by paying a visit to the poor girl. You will find I have not exaggerated in the account I have given of the wretchedness of the family.'

Nightingale immediately consented to the proposal; and now having acquainted Jones with his father's lodging, and the coffee house where he would most probably find him, he hesitated a moment, and then said, 'My dear Tom, you are going to undertake an impossibility. If you knew my father, you would never think of obtaining his consent.——Stay, there is one way—suppose you told him I was already married, it might be easier to reconcile him to the fact after it was done; and, upon my honour, I am so affected with what you have said, and I love my Nancy so passionately, I almost wish it was done, whatever might be the consequence.'

Jones greatly approved the hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated, Nightingale to visit his Nancy, and Jones in quest of the old gentleman.

CHAPTER VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a person not yet mentioned in this history.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sentiment of the Roman satirist, which denies the divinity of fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose; Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiser man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some incidents in life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human skill and foresight in producing them.

Of this kind was what now happened to Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the elder in so critical a minute, that Fortune, if she was really worthy all the worship she received at Rome, could not have contrived such another. In short, the old gentleman, and the father of the young lady whom he intended for his son, had been hard at it for many hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the thoughts that he had succeeded in a long contention, which had been between the two fathers of the future bride and bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to overreach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in such cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the victory.

This gentleman, whom Mr. Jones now visited, was what they call a man of the world; that is to say, a man who directs his conduct in this world, as one who, being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early years he had been

red to trade; but having acquired a very good fortune, he had lately declined his business; or, to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in goods, to dealing only in money, of which he had always a plentiful fund at command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful advantage, sometimes of the necessities of private men, and sometimes of those of the public. He had indeed conversed so entirely with money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really existing in the world; this at least may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing else to have any real value.

The reader will, I fancy, allow, that fortune could not have culled out a more improper person for Mr. Jones to attack with any probability of success; nor could the whimsical lady have directed this attack at a more unseasonable time.

As money then was always uppermost in this gentleman's thoughts; so the moment he saw a stranger within his doors, it immediately occurred to his imagination, that such stranger was either come to bring him money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of these thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable idea of the person who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of these was the ascendant at present; for as a young gentleman had visited him the day before with a bill from his son for a play debt, he apprehended, at the first sight of Jones, that he was come on such another errand. Jones therefore had no sooner told him, that he was come on his son's account, than the old gentleman, being confirmed in his suspicion, burst forth into an exclamation, that he would lose his labour. 'Is it then possible, Sir,' answered Jones, 'that you can guess my business?' 'If I

'do guess it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to you, 'you will lose your labour. What, I suppose, you are 'one of those sparks who lead my son into all those 'scenes of riot and debauchery, which will be his de-'struction; but I shall pay no more of his bills, I pro-'mise you. I expect he will quit all such company for 'the future. If I had imagined otherwise, I should not 'have provided a wife for him; for I would be instru-'mental in the ruin of nobody.' 'How, Sir,' said Jones, 'and was this lady of your providing?' 'Pray, Sir,' answered the old gentleman, 'how comes it to be any 'concern of yours!'—'Nay, dear Sir,' replied Jones, 'be not offended that I interest myself in what regards 'your son's happiness, for whom I have so great an 'honour and value.—It was upon that very account I 'came to wait upon you. I can't express the satisfac-'tion you have given me by what you say; for I do 'assure you your son is a person for whom I have the 'highest honour.—Nay, Sir, it is not easy to express the 'esteem I have for you, who could be so generous, so 'good, so kind, so indulgent to provide such a match 'for your son; a woman, who, I dare swear, will make 'him one of the happiest men upon earth.'

There is scarce any thing which so happily introduces men to our good-liking, as having conceived some alarm at their first appearance; when once those apprehensions begin to vanish, we soon forget the fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as indebted for our present ease to those very persons who at first raised our fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale, who no sooner found that Jones had no demand on him, as he suspected, than he began to be pleased with his presence. 'Pray, good 'Sir,' said he, 'be pleased to sit down. I do not remem-'ber to have ever had the pleasure of seeing you before;

if you are a friend of my son, and have any thing
ay concerning this young lady, I shall be glad to
· you. As to her making him happy, it will be his
fault if she doth not. I have discharged my duty,
ıking care of the main article. She will bring him
ɔrtune capable of making any reasonable, prudent,
ɛr man, happy.' 'Undoubtedly,' cries Jones, 'for
is in herself a fortune; so beautiful, so genteel, so
et-tempered, and so well educated; she is indeed a
t accomplished young lady; sings admirably well,
hath a most delicate hand at the harpsichord.' 'I
not know any of these matters,' answered the old
eman, 'for I never saw the lady: but I do not like
the worse for what you tell me; and I am the
er pleased with her father for not laying any stress
these qualifications in our bargain. I shall always
ık it a proof of his understanding. A silly fellow
ıld have brought in these articles as an addition to
fortune; but to give him his due, he never men-
ıed any such matter; though to be sure they are
disparagements to a woman.' 'I do assure you,
' cries Jones, 'she hath them all in the most eminent
ree: for my part, I own I was afraid you might
e been a little backward, a little less inclined to
match: for your son told me, you had never seen
lady; therefore I came, Sir, in that case, to entreat
, to conjure you, as you value the happiness of your
, not to be averse to his match with a woman who
h not only all the good qualities I have mentioned,
many more.'—'If that was your business, Sir,' said
ɔld gentleman, 'we are both obliged to you; and
may be perfectly easy; for I give you my word
ʋas very well satisfied with her fortune.' 'Sir,'
ered Jones, 'I honour you every moment more
. more. To be so easily satisfied, so very moderate

'on that account, is a proof of the soundness of your 'understanding, as well as the nobleness of your mind.' ——'Not so very moderate,' answered the father.—'Still 'more and more noble,' replied Jones; 'and give me 'leave to add, sensible: for sure it is little less than 'madness to consider money as the sole foundation of 'happiness. Such a woman as this with her little, her 'nothing of a fortune.'—'I find,' cries the old gentleman, 'you have a pretty just opinion of money, my friend, or 'else you are better acquainted with the person of the 'lady, than with her circumstances. Why, pray, what 'fortune do you imagine this lady to have?'—'What 'fortune,' cries Jones, 'why too contemptible a one to be 'named for your son.'—'Well, well, well,' said the other, 'perhaps he might have done better.'—'That I deny, said Jones, 'for she is one of the best of women.' 'Ay, 'ay, but in point of fortune I mean,'—answered the other. —'And yet as to that now, how much do you imagine 'your friend is to have?'—'How much,' cries Jones, 'how much!—Why, at the utmost, perhaps 200*l.*' 'Do 'you mean to banter me, young gentleman?' said the father, a little angry.—'No, upon my soul,' answered Jones, 'I am in earnest; nay, I believe I have gone to 'the utmost farthing. If I do the lady an injury, I ask 'her pardon.' 'Indeed, you do,' cries the father. 'I am 'certain she hath fifty times that sum, and she shall pro- 'duce fifty to that, before I consent that she shall marry 'my son.' 'Nay,' said Jones, 'it is too late to talk of 'consent now—If she had not fifty farthings your son 'is married.'——'My son married!' answered the old gentleman with surprise. 'Nay,' said Jones, 'I thought 'you was unacquainted with it.'—'My son married to 'Miss Harris!' answered he again.—'To Miss Harris,' said Jones; 'No, Sir, to Miss Nancy Miller, the daughter 'of Mrs. Miller, at whose house he lodged; a young

', who, though her mother is reduced to let lodg-
—' 'Are you bantering, or are you in earnest?'
the father with a most solemn voice. 'Indeed, Sir,'
ered Jones, 'I scorn the character of a banterer. I
.e to you in most serious earnest, imagining, as I find
', that your son had never dared acquaint you with
natch so much inferior to him in point of fortune,
igh the reputation of the lady will suffer it no
ger to remain a secret.'
hile the father stood like one struck suddenly dumb
is news, a gentleman came into the room, and
ed him by the name of brother.
.t though these two were in consanguinity so nearly
ed, they were in their dispositions almost the oppo-
to each other. The brother who now arrived had
ise been bred to trade, in which he no sooner saw
elf worth 6,000*l.* than he purchased a small estate
the greatest part of it, and retired into the country;
e he married the daughter of an unbeneficed clergy-
; a young lady, who, though she had neither beauty
ortune, had recommended herself to his choice, en-
r by her good humour, of which she possessed a
large share.
ith this woman he had, during twenty-five years,
a life more resembling the model which certain
ascribe to the golden age, than any of those
rns which are furnished by the present times. By
he had four children, but none of them arrived at
rity, except only one daughter, whom in vulgar
nage he and his wife had spoiled; that is, had edu-
l with the utmost tenderness and fondness, which
returned to such a degree, that she had actually
ed a very extraordinary match with a gentleman a
turned of forty, because she could not bring her-
to part with her parents.

The young lady whom Mr. Nightingale had intended for his son, was a near neighbour of his brother, and an acquaintance of his niece; and in reality it was upon the account of his projected match, that he was now come to town; not indeed to forward, but to dissuade his brother from a purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his nephew; for he foresaw no other event from a union with Miss Harris, notwithstanding the largeness of her fortune, as neither her person nor mind seemed to him to promise any kind of matrimonial felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His brother, therefore, no sooner mentioned the marriage of his nephew with Miss Miller, than he expressed the utmost satisfaction; and when the father had very bitterly reviled his son, and pronounced sentence of beggary upon him, the uncle began in the following manner:

'If you was a little cooler, brother, I would ask you 'whether you love your son for his sake, or for your 'own? You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose 'you think, for his sake; and doubtless it is his happi- 'ness which you intended in the marriage you proposed 'for him.

'Now, brother, to prescribe rules of happiness to 'others, hath always appeared to me very absurd, and 'to insist on doing this, very tyrannical. It is a vulgar 'error I know; but it is nevertheless an error. And if 'this be absurd in other things, it is mostly so in the 'affair of marriage, the happiness of which depends 'entirely on the affection which subsists between the 'parties.

'I have therefore always thought it unreasonable in 'parents to desire to choose for their children on this 'occasion; since to force affection is an impossible

attempt; nay, so much doth love abhor force, that I know not whether, through an unfortunate but incurable perverseness in our natures, it may not be even impatient of persuasion.

'It is, however, true, that though a parent will not, I think, wisely prescribe, he ought to be consulted on this occasion; and in strictness, perhaps, should at least have a negative voice. My nephew, therefore, I own, in marrying, without asking your advice, hath been guilty of a fault. But, honestly speaking, brother, have you not a little promoted this fault? Have not your frequent declarations on this subject, given him a moral certainty of your refusal, where there was any deficiency in point of fortune? Nay, doth not your present anger arise solely from that deficiency? And if he hath failed in his duty here, did you not as much exceed that authority, when you absolutely bargained with him for a woman without his knowledge, whom you yourself never saw, and whom, if you had seen and known as well as I, it must have been madness in you to have ever thought of bringing her into your family.

'Still I own my nephew in a fault; but surely it is not an unpardonable fault. He hath acted indeed without your consent, in a matter in which he ought to have asked it; but it is in a matter in which his interest is principally concerned; you yourself must and will acknowledge that you consulted his interest only, and, if he unfortunately differed from you, and hath been mistaken in his notion of happiness, will you, brother, if you love your son, carry him still wider from the point? Will you increase the ill consequences of his simple choice? Will you endeavour to make an event certain misery to him, which may accidentally prove so? In a word, brother, because

'he hath put it out of your power to make his circum-
'stances as affluent as you would, will you distress
'them as much as you can?'

By the force of the true catholic faith St. Anthony won upon the fishes. Orpheus and Amphion went a little farther, and by the charms of music enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful, both! but neither history nor fable have ever yet ventured to record an instance of any one, who, by force of argument and reason, hath triumphed over habitual avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the father, instead of attempting to answer his brother, contented himself with only observing, that they had always differed in their sentiments concerning the education of their children. 'I
'wish,' said he, 'brother, you would have confined
'your care to your own daughter, and never have
'troubled yourself with my son, who hath, I believe,
'as little profited by your precepts, as by your ex-
'ample:' For young Nightingale was his uncle's godson, and had lived more with him than with his father. So that the uncle had often declared he loved his nephew almost equally with his own child.

Jones fell into raptures with this good gentleman; and when, after much persuasion, they found the father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, Jones conducted the uncle to his nephew at the house of Mrs. Miller.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing strange matters.

his return to his lodgings Jones found the situation ffairs greatly altered from what they had been in is departure. The mother, the two daughters, and ıg Mr. Nightingale, were now sat down to supper ther, when the uncle was, at his own desire, intro-ɔd without any ceremony into the company, to all ʼhom he was well known; for he had several times ed his nephew at that house.

he old gentleman immediately walked up to Miss cy, saluted and wished her joy, as he did afterwards nephew and the other sister; and lastly, he paid proper compliments to his nephew, with the same l humour and courtesy, as if his nephew had married equal or superior in fortune, with all the previous .isites first performed.

.iss Nancy and her supposed husband both turned , and looked rather foolish than otherwise upon the sion; but Mrs. Miller took the first opportunity of ıdrawing; and having sent for Jones into the dining-ɑ, she threw herself at his feet, and in a most pas-ate flood of tears, called him her good angel, the erver of her poor little family, with many other ectful and endearing appellations, and made him y acknowledgment which the highest benefit can act from the most grateful heart.

fter the first gust of her passion was a little over, ːh she declared, if she had not vented, would have t her, she proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all ers were settled between Mr. Nightingale and her

daughter, and that they were to be married the next morning; at which Mr. Jones having expressed much pleasure, the poor woman fell again into a fit of joy and thanksgiving, which he at length with difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the company, who they found in the same good humour in which they had left them.

This little society now passed two or three very agreeable hours together, in which the uncle, who was a very great lover of his bottle, had so well plied his nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. Nightingale, taking the old gentleman with him up stairs into the apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows:

'As you have been always the best and kindest of 'uncles to me, and as you have shewn such unparalleled 'goodness in forgiving this match, which to be sure 'may be thought a little improvident; I should never 'forgive myself if I attempted to deceive you in any 'thing.' He then confessed the truth, and opened the whole affair.

'How, Jack!' said the old gentleman, 'and are you 'really then not married to this young woman?' 'No, 'upon my honour,' answered Nightingale, 'I have told 'you the simple truth.' 'My dear boy,' cries the uncle, kissing him, 'I am heartily glad to hear it. I was never 'better pleased in my life. If you had been married 'I should have assisted you as much as was in my 'power to have made the best of a bad matter; but 'there is a great difference between considering a thing 'which is already done and irrecoverable, and that which 'is yet to do. Let your reason have fair play, Jack, and 'you will see this match in so foolish and preposterous 'a light, that there will be no need of any dissuasive arguments.' 'How, Sir!' replies young Nightingale,

there this difference between having already done
. act, and being in honour engaged to do it?' 'Pugh,'
l the uncle, 'honour is a creature of the world's
aking, and the world hath the power of a creator
'er it, and may govern and direct it as they please.
ow you well know how trivial these breaches of con-
act are thought; even the grossest make but the
onder and conversation of a day. Is there a man
ho afterwards will be more backward in giving you
s sister, or daughter? or is there any sister or
aughter who would be more backward to receive
ou? Honour is not concerned in these engagements.'
ardon me, dear Sir,' cries Nightingale, 'I can never
ink so; and not only honour, but conscience and
umanity are concerned. I am well satisfied, that,
as I now to disappoint the young creature, her death
ould be the consequence, and I should look upon
yself as her murderer; nay, as her murderer by the
uellest of all methods, by breaking her heart.' 'Break
er heart, indeed! no, no, Jack,' cries the uncle,
ie hearts of women are not so soon broke; they are
ugh, boy, they are tough.' 'But, Sir,' answered
ghtingale, 'my own affections are engaged, and I
ever could be happy with any other woman. How
ten have I heard you say, that children should be
ways suffered to choose for themselves, and that you
ould let my cousin Harriet do so!' 'Why, ah,' re-
ed the old gentleman, 'so I would have them; but
ien I would have them choose wisely.—Indeed, Jack,
ou must and shall leave this girl.'——'Indeed, uncle,'
es the other, 'I must and will have her.' 'You will,
oung gentleman?' said the uncle; 'I did not expect
ich a word from you. I should not wonder if you
ad used such language to your father, who hath
ways treated you like a dog, and kept you at the

'distance which a tyrant preserves over his subjects; 'but I, who have lived with you upon an equal footing, 'might surely expect better usage: but I know how to 'account for it all! it is all owing to your preposterous 'education, in which I have had too little share. There 'is my daughter, now, whom I have brought up as 'my friend, never doth any thing without my advice, 'nor ever refuses to take it when I give it her.' 'You 'have never yet given her advice in an affair of this 'kind,' said Nightingale; 'for I am greatly mistaken 'in my cousin, if she would be very ready to obey 'even your most positive commands in abandoning her 'inclinations.' 'Don't abuse my girl,' answered the old gentleman with some emotion; 'don't abuse my 'Harriet. I have brought her up to have no inclinations 'contrary to my own. By suffering her to do whatever 'she pleases, I have enured her to a habit of being 'pleased to do whatever I like.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' said Nightingale, 'I have not the least design to reflect on 'my cousin, for whom I have the greatest esteem; and 'indeed I am convinced you will never put her to so 'severe a trial, or lay such hard commands on her as 'you would do on me.—But, dear Sir, let us return to 'the company; for they will begin to be uneasy at our 'long absence. I must beg one favour of my dear uncle, 'which is, that he would not say any thing to shock the 'poor girl or her mother.' 'Oh! you need not fear me,' answered he, 'I understand myself too well to affront 'women; so I will readily grant you that favour; and 'in return I must expect another of you.' 'There are 'but few of your commands, Sir,' said Nightingale, 'which I shall not very cheerfully obey.' 'Nay, Sir, I 'ask nothing,' said the uncle, 'but the honour of your 'company home to my lodging, that I may reason the 'case a little more fully with you: for I would, if pos-

'sible, have the satisfaction of preserving my family, 'notwithstanding the headstrong folly of my brother, 'who, in his own opinion, is the wisest man in the 'world.'

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headstrong as his father, submitted to attend him home, and then they both returned back into the room, where the old gentleman promised to carry himself with the same decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAPTER X.

A short chapter, which concludes the Book.

THE long absence of the uncle and nephew had occasioned some disquiet in the minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as, during the preceding dialogue, the uncle had more than once elevated his voice, so as to be heard down stairs; which, though they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil forboding in Nancy and her mother, and indeed even in Jones himself.

When the good company therefore again assembled, there was a visible alteration in all their faces; and the good humour which, at their last meeting, universally shone forth in every countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable aspect. It was a change indeed common enough to the weather in this climate, from sunshine to clouds, from June to December.

This alteration was not however greatly remarked by any present; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own thoughts, and to act a part, they

became all too busily engaged in the scene to be spectators of it. Thus neither the uncle nor nephew saw any symptoms of suspicion in the mother or daughter; nor did the mother or daughter remark the overacted complaisance of the old man, nor the counterfeit satisfaction which grinned in the features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole attention of two friends being engaged in the part which each is to act, in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the arts practised against himself; and thus the thrust of both (to borrow no improper metaphor on the occasion) alike takes place.

From the same reason it is no unusual thing for both parties to be over-reached in a bargain, though the one must be always the greater loser; as was he who sold a blind horse, and received a bad note in payment.

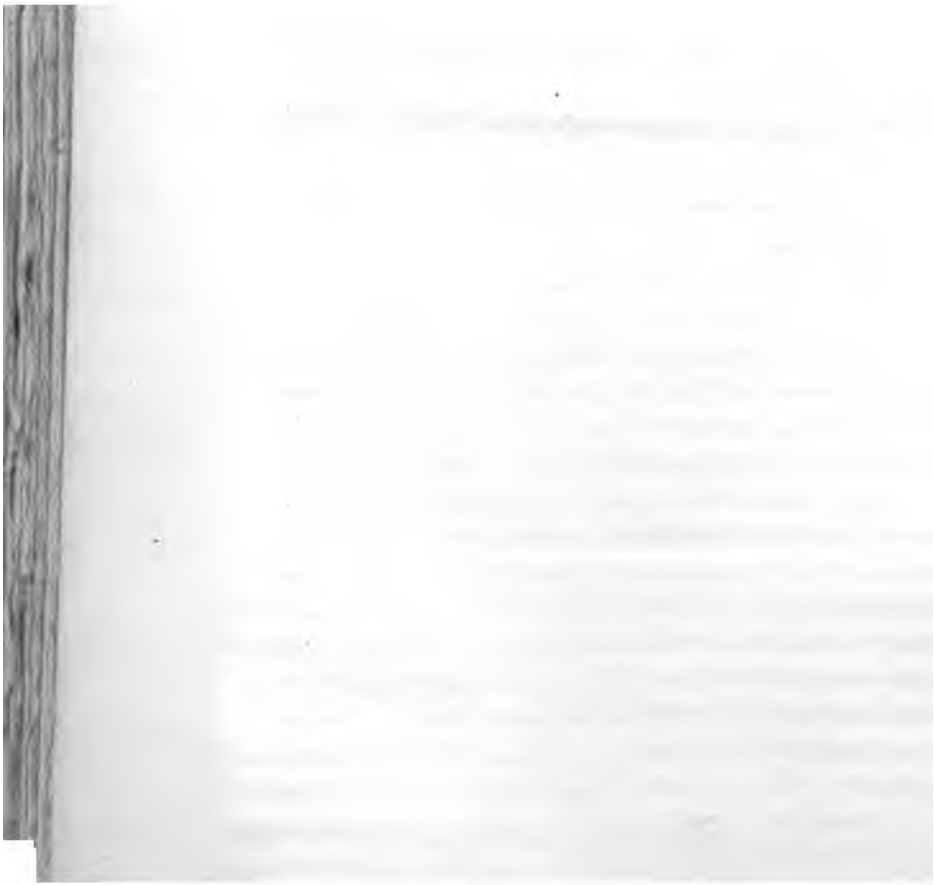
Our company in about half an hour broke up, and the uncle carried off his nephew; but not before the latter had assured Miss Nancy, in a whisper, that he would attend her early in the morning, and fulfil all his engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very fact; for, besides observing the great alteration in the behaviour of the uncle, the distance he assumed, and his overstrained civility to Miss Nancy; the carrying of a bridegroom from his bride at that time of night, was so extraordinary a proceeding, that it could be accounted for, only by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole truth, which the apparent openness of his temper, and his being flustered with liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor people with his suspicion

the maid of the house informed him, that a gentlewoman desired to speak with him.——He went immediately out, and taking the candle from the maid, ushered his visitant up stairs, who, in the person of Mrs. Honour, acquainted him with such dreadful news concerning his Sophia, that he immediately lost all consideration for every other person; and his whole stock of compassion was entirely swallowed up in reflections on his own misery, and on that of his unfortunate angel.

What this dreadful matter was, the reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding steps which produced it, and those will be the subject of the following book.



THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

In which the history advances about two days.

CHAPTER I.

Too short to need a Preface.

THERE are a set of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness, and vice to misery, in this world. A very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue these writers mean the exercise of those cardinal virtues, which like good housewives stay at home, and mind only the business of their own family, I shall very readily concede the point; for so surely do all these contribute and lead to happiness, that I could almost wish, in violation of all the ancient and modern sages, to call them rather by the name of wisdom, than by that of virtue; for with regard to this

life, no system, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the ancient Epicureans, who held this wisdom to constitute the chief good; nor foolisher than that of their opposites, those modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every sensual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always busying itself without doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human happiness; because I am afraid we must then include poverty and contempt, with all the mischiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said happiness to a jail; since many by the above virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now leisure to enter upon so large a field of speculation as here seems opening upon me; my design was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; since, while Mr. Jones was acting the most virtuous part imaginable in labouring to preserve his fellow-creatures from destruction, the devil, or some other evil spirit, one perhaps clothed in human flesh, was hard at work to make him completely miserable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This therefore would seem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life seen so many other exceptions to it, we choose to dispute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest arguments that reason alone can furnish for the belief of immortality.

But as the reader's curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

CHAPTER II.

In which is opened a very black design against Sophia.

REMEMBER a wise old gentleman who used to say, When children are doing nothing, they are doing mischief.' I will not enlarge this quaint saying to the ost beautiful part of the creation in general; but so r I may be allowed, that when the effects of female alousy do not appear openly in their proper colours of ge and fury, we may suspect that mischievous passion be at work privately, and attempting to undermine hat it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of Lady Bellaston, ho, under all the smiles which she wore in her countenace, concealed much indignation against Sophia; and s she plainly saw that this young lady stood between er and the full indulgence of her desires, she resolved get rid of her by some means or other; nor was it ng before a very favourable opportunity of accomplishg this presented itself to her.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that, when phia was thrown into that consternation at the playuse by the wit and humour of a set of young gentlen who call themselves the town, we informed him, at she had put herself under the protection of a young bleman, who had very safely conducted her to her air.

This nobleman, who frequently visited Lady Bellaston, d more than once seen Sophia there, since her arrival town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; uch liking, as beauty never looks more amiable than

in distress, Sophia had in this fright so increased, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an occasion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object, as now offered itself, to elapse, when even good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a visit.

The next morning therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia, with the usual compliments, and hopes that she had received no harm from her last night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a flame; Sophia in a very short time completed her conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a visit. Though this circumstance alone would have alarmed Sophia, who was somewhat more a mistress of computation at present; she had indeed much more pregnant evidence from the eyes of her lover of what passed within his bosom; nay, though he did not make any open declaration of his passion, yet many of his expressions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to complaisance, even in the age when such complaisance was in fashion; the very reverse of which is well known to be the reigning mode at present.

Lady Bellaston had been apprised of his lordship's visit at his first arrival; and the length of it very well satisfied her, that things went as she wished, and as indeed she had suspected the second time she saw this young couple together. This business she rightly, I think, concluded, that she should by no means forward by mixing in the company while they were together;

he therefore ordered her servants, that, when my lord was going, they should tell him she desired to speak with him; and employed the intermediate time in meditating how best to accomplish a scheme, which she made no doubt but his lordship would very readily embrace the execution of.

Lord Fellamar (for that was the title of this young nobleman) was no sooner introduced to her ladyship, than he attacked him in the following strain: 'Bless me, my lord, are you here yet? I thought my servants had made a mistake, and let you go away; and I wanted to see you about an affair of some importance.'—— Indeed, Lady Bellaston,' said he, 'I don't wonder you are astonished at the length of my visit: for I have staid above two hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one.'——'What am I to conclude from thence, my lord?' said she. 'The company must be very agreeable which can make time slide away so very deceitfully.'——'Upon my honour,' said he, 'the most agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, Lady Bellaston, who is this blazing star which you have produced among us all of a sudden?'—'What blazing star, my lord?' said she, affecting a surprise. 'I mean,' said he, 'the lady I saw here the other day, whom I had last night in my arms at the playhouse, and to whom I have been making that unreasonable visit.'——'O my cousin Western!' said she; 'why that blazing star, my lord, is the daughter of a country booby squire, and hath been in town about a fortnight, for the first time.' ——'Upon my soul,' said he, 'I should swear she had been bred up in a court; for besides her beauty, I never saw any thing so genteel, so sensible, so polite.'—— O brave!' cried the lady, 'my cousin hath you, I find.'——'Upon my honour,' answered he, 'I wish she had; for I am in love with her to distraction.'

——'Nay, my lord,' said she, 'it is not wishing your-
'self very ill neither, for she is a very great fortune:
'I assure you she is an only child, and her father's
'estate is a good 3000*l.* a year.' 'Then I can as-
'sure you, Madam,' answered the lord, 'I think her
'the best match in England.' 'Indeed, my lord,' re-
plied she, 'if you like her, I heartily wish you had
'her.' 'If you think so kindly of me, Madam,' said
he, 'as she is a relation of yours, will you do me
'the honour to propose it to her father?' 'And are
'you really then in earnest?' cries the lady, with an
affected gravity. 'I hope, Madam,' answered he, 'you
'have a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would
'jest with your ladyship in an affair of this kind.' 'In-
'deed then,' said the lady, 'I will most readily propose
'your lordship to her father; and I can, I believe, assure
'you of his joyful acceptance of the proposal; but there
'is a bar, which I am almost ashamed to mention; and
'yet it is one you will never be able to conquer. You
'have a rival, my lord, and a rival who, though I blush
'to name him, neither you, nor all the world, will ever
'be able to conquer.' 'Upon my word, Lady Bellaston,'
cries he, 'you have struck a damp to my heart, which
'hath almost deprived me of being.' 'Fie! my lord,'
said she, 'I should rather hope I had struck fire into
'you. A lover, and talk of damps in your heart! I
'rather imagined you would have asked your rival's
'name, that you might have immediately entered the
'lists with him.' 'I promise you, Madam,' answered
he, 'there are very few things I would not undertake
'for your charming cousin: but pray, who is this happy
'man?'—'Why he is,' said she, 'what I am sorry to
'say most happy men with us are, one of the lowest
'fellows in the world. He is a beggar, a bastard, a
'foundling, a fellow in meaner circumstances than one

: your lordship's footmen.' 'And is it possible,' cried 'that a young creature with such perfections should ıink of bestowing herself so unworthily?' 'Alas! my ›rd,' answered she, 'consider the country—the bane of ll young women is the country. There they learn a set f romantic notions of love, and I know not what folly, hich this town and good company can scarce eradiate in a whole winter.' 'Indeed, Madam,' replied my d, 'your cousin is of too immense a value to be thrown way: such ruin as this must be prevented.' 'Alas!' es she, 'my lord, how can it be prevented? The ımily have already done all in their power; but the irl is, I think, intoxicated, and nothing less than ruin ·ill content her. And to deal more openly with you, expect every day to hear she is run away with him.' Vhat you tell me, Lady Bellaston,' answered his lordip, 'affects me most tenderly, and only raises my ompassion, instead of lessening my adoration of your ousin. Some means must be found to preserve so ıestimable a jewel. Hath your ladyship endeavoured o reason with her?' Here the lady affected a laugh, d cried, 'My dear lord, sure you know us better than o talk of reasoning a young woman out of her inclinaions? These inestimable jewels are as deaf as the ewels they wear: time, my lord, time is the only ıedicine to cure their folly; but this is a medicine, hich I am certain she will not take; nay, I live in ourly horrors on her account. In short, nothing but iolent methods will do.' 'What is to be done?' cries r lord, 'What methods are to be taken?—Is there any ıethod upon earth?—Oh! Lady Bellaston! there is ıothing which I would not undertake for such a reward.'——'I really know not,' answered the lady, after ›ause; and then pausing again, she cried out,—'Upon ıy soul, I am at my wit's end on this girl's account.—

'If she can be preserved, something must be done immediately: and, as I say, nothing but violent methods will do.——If your lordship hath really this attachment to my cousin (and to do her justice, except in this silly inclination, of which she will soon see her folly, she is every way deserving), I think there may be one way, indeed it is a very disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to think of.——It requires a great spirit, I promise you.' 'I am not conscious, Madam,' said he, 'of any defect there; nor am I, I hope, suspected of any such. It must be an egregious defect indeed, which could make me backward on this occasion.' 'Nay, my lord,' answered she, 'I am so far from doubting you, I am much more inclined to doubt my own courage; for I must run a monstrous risk. In short, I must place such a confidence in your honour as a wise woman will scarce ever place in a man on any consideration.' In this point likewise my lord very well satisfied her; for his reputation was extremely clear, and common fame did him no more than justice, in speaking well of him. 'Well, then,' said she, 'my lord,—I—I vow, I can't bear the apprehension of it.—No, it must not be.——At least every method shall be tried. Can you get rid of your engagements, and dine here to-day? Your lordship will have an opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss Western.—I promise you we have no time to lose. Here will be nobody but Lady Betty, and Miss Eagle, and Colonel Hamstead, and Tom Edwards; they will all go soon,—and I shall be at home to nobody. Then your lordship may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive some method to convince you of her attachment to this fellow.' My lord made proper compliments, accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dress, it being now past three in the morning, or to reckon by the old style, in the afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

A further explanation of the foregoing design.

ıough the reader may have long since concluded Lady llaston to be a member (and no inconsiderable one) of ; great world, she was in reality a very considerable ımber of the little world; by which appellation was ıtinguished a very worthy and honourable society ıich not long since flourished in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this society ıs founded, there was one very remarkable: for as it ıs a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who asnbled at the close of the late war, that all the memrs should every day fight once at least; so 'twas in s, that every member should, within the twenty-four urs, tell at least one merry fib, which was to be progated by all the brethren and sisterhood.

Many idle stories were told about this society, which ım a certain quality may be, perhaps not unjustly, supsed to have come from the society themselves. As, ıt the devil was the president; and that he sat in rson in an elbow chair at the upper end of the table; t, upon very strict inquiry, I find there is not the st truth in any of those tales, and that the assembly ıisted in reality of a set of very good sort of people, d the fibs which they propagated were of a harms kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good mour.

Edwards was likewise a member of this comical ıiety. To him therefore Lady Bellaston applied as proper instrument for her purpose, and furnished him th a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady

gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but Lord Fellamar and himself were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubber at whist.

To this time then, which was between seven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when Lady Bellaston, Lord Fellamar, Miss Western, and Tom being engaged at whist, and in the last game of their rubber, Tom received his cue from Lady Bellaston, which was, 'I protest, Tom, you are grown intolerable lately; you 'used to tell us all the news of the town, and now you 'know no more of the world than if you lived out of it.'

Mr. Edwards then began as follows: 'The fault is not 'mine, Madam; it lies in the dulness of the age, that 'doth nothing worth talking of.——O la! though now I 'think on't there hath a terrible accident befallen poor 'Colonel Wilcox.——Poor Ned.——You know him, my 'lord, every body knows him; faith! I am very much 'concerned for him.'

'What is it, pray?' says Lady Bellaston.

'Why, he hath killed a man this morning in a duel, 'that's all.'

His lordship, who was not in the secret asked gravely, whom he had killed? To which Edwards answered, 'A 'young fellow we none of us know; a Somersetshire lad 'just come to town, one Jones his name is; a near rela-'tion of one Mr. Allworthy, of whom your lordship I 'believe hath heard. I saw the lad lie dead in a coffee-'house.—Upon my soul, he is one of the finest corpses I 'ever saw in my life.'

Sophia, who had just began to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, stopt her hand, and listened with attention (for all stories of that kind affected her), but no sooner had he arrived at the latter part of the story than she began to deal again; and having dealt

ıree cards to one, and seven to another and ten to a ıird, at last dropt the rest from her hand, and fell back n her chair.

The company behaved as usual on these occasions. The usual disturbance ensued, the usual assistance was ummoned, and Sophia at last, as it is usual, returned gain to life, and was soon after, at her earnest desire, ed to her own apartment; where, at my lord's request, ady Bellaston acquainted her with the truth, attempted o carry it off as a jest of her own, and comforted her vith repeated assurances, that neither his lordship, nor Tom, though she had taught him the story, were in the rue secret of the affair.

There was no farther evidence necessary to convince ord Fellamar how justly the case had been represented o him by Lady Bellaston; and now, at her return into he room, a scheme was laid between these two noble ersons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous ight to his lordship (as he faithfully promised, and faithully resolved too, to make the lady all the subsequent mends in his power by marriage); yet many of our eaders, we doubt not, will see with just detestation.

The next evening at seven was appointed for the fatal urpose, when Lady Bellaston undertook that Sophia hould be alone, and his lordship should be introduced o her. The whole family were to be regulated for the urpose, most of the servants dispatched out of the ouse; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent suspicion, vas to be left with her mistress till his lordship's arrival, ady Bellaston herself was to engage her in an apartıent as distant as possible from the scene of the intended ischief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his lordship took his ave, and her ladyship retired to rest, highly pleased ith a project, of which she had no reason to doubt the

success, and which promised so effectually to remove Sophia from being any future obstruction to her amour with Jones, by a means of which she should never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world; but this she made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a marriage, to which she thought the ravished Sophia would easily be brought to consent, and at which all the rest of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in so quiet a situation in the bosom of the other conspirator; his mind was tost in all the distracting anxiety so nobly described by Shakespeare—

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.——

Though the violence of his passion had made him eagerly embrace the first hint of this design, especially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet, when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itself in all its natural black colours before his eyes, with all the consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it, his resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other side; and after a long conflict, which lasted a whole night between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady Bellaston, and to relinquish the design.

Lady Bellaston was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia sitting by her bedside, when the servant acquainted her that Lord Fellamar was below in the parlour; upon which her ladyship desired him

to stay, and that she would see him presently; but the servant was no sooner departed than poor Sophia began to entreat her cousin not to encourage the visits of that odious lord (so she called him, though a little unjustly) upon her account. 'I see his design,' said she; 'for he 'made downright love to me yesterday morning; but as 'I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your ladyship 'not to leave us alone together any more, and to order 'the servants that, if he inquires for me, I may be always 'denied to him.'

'La! child,' says Lady Bellaston, 'you country girls 'have nothing but sweethearts in your head; you fancy 'every man who is civil to you is making love. He is one 'of the most gallant young fellows about town, and I am 'convinced means no more than a little gallantry. Make 'love to you indeed! I wish with all my heart he 'would, and you must be an arrant mad woman to refuse 'him.'

'But as I shall certainly be that mad woman,' cries Sophia, 'I hope his visits shall not be intruded upon 'me.'

'O child!' said Lady Bellaston, 'you need not be so 'fearful; if you resolve to run away with that Jones, I 'know no person who can hinder you.'

'Upon my honour, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your lady-'ship injures me. I will never run away with any man; 'nor will I ever marry contrary to my father's incli-'nations.'

'Well, Miss Western,' said the lady, 'if you are not in a humour to see company this morning, you may retire to your own apartment; for I am not frightened at his lordship, and must send for him up into my dressing-room.'

Sophia thanked her ladyship, and withdrew; and presently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up stairs.

CHAPTER IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when she applies her eloquence to an ill purpose.

WHEN Lady Bellaston heard the young lord's scruples, she treated them with the same disdain with which one of those sages of the law, called Newgate solicitors, treats the qualms of conscience in a young witness. 'My 'dear lord,' said she, 'you certainly want a cordial. I 'must send to Lady Edgely for one of her best drams. 'Fie upon it! have more resolution. Are you frightened 'by the word rape? Or are you apprehensive——? 'Well! if the story of Helen was modern, I should think 'it unnatural. I mean the behaviour of Paris, not the 'fondness of the lady; for all women love a man of 'spirit. There is another story of the Sabine ladies,— 'and that, too, I thank heaven, is very ancient. Your 'lordship, perhaps, will admire my reading; but I think 'Mr. Hook tells us, they made tolerable good wives 'afterwards. I fancy few of my married acquaintance 'were ravished by their husbands.' 'Nay, dear Lady 'Bellaston,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me in this manner.' 'Why my good lord,' answered she, 'do you think any 'woman in England would not laugh at you in her heart, 'whatever prudery she might weigh in her countenance? '——You force me to use a strange kind of language, 'and to betray my sex most abominably; but I am con- 'tented with knowing my intentions are good, and that 'I am endeavouring to serve my cousin; for I think you 'will make her a husband notwithstanding this; or, upon 'my soul, I would not even persuade her to fling herself

away upon an empty title. She should not upbraid me hereafter with having lost a man of spirit; for that his enemies allow this poor young fellow to be.'

Let those, who have had the satisfaction of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a mistress, declare whether they are at all sweetened by coming from a female tongue. Certain it is, they sunk deeper into his lordship than anything which Demosthenes or Cicero could have said on the occasion.

Lady Bellaston perceiving she had fired the young lord's pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouse other passions to its assistance. 'My lord,' says she, in a grave voice, 'you will be pleased to remember, you mentioned 'this matter to me first; for I would not appear to you 'in the light of one who is endeavouring to put off my 'cousin upon you. Fourscore thousand pounds do not 'stand in need of an advocate to recommend them.' 'Nor doth Miss Western,' said he, 'require any recom-'mendation from her fortune; for, in my opinion, no 'woman ever had half her charms.' 'Yes, yes, my lord,' replied the lady, looking in the glass, 'there have been 'women with more than half her charms, I assure you; 'not that I need lessen her on that account: she is a 'most delicious girl, that's certain; and within these few 'hours she will be in the arms of one, who surely doth 'not deserve her, though, I will give him his due, I 'believe he is truly a man of spirit.'

'I hope so, Madam,' said my lord; 'though I must 'own he doth not deserve her; for unless heaven or your ladyship disappoint me, she shall within that time be in mine.'

'Well spoken, my lord,' answered the lady; 'I promise you no disappointment shall happen from my side; and within this week I am convinced I shall call your lordship my cousin in public.'

The remainder of this scene consisted entirely of raptures, excuses, and compliments, very pleasant to have heard from the parties; but rather dull when related at second hand. Here, therefore, we shall put an end to this dialogue, and hasten to the fatal hour, when every thing was prepared for the destruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the most tragical matter in our whole history, we shall treat it in a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER V.

Containing some matters which may affect, and others which may surprise the reader.

THE clock had now struck seven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, sat reading a tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage; and she was now come to that part where the poor distressed Isabella disposes of her wedding-ring.

Here the book dropt from her hand, and a shower of tears ran down into her bosom. In this situation she had continued a minute, when the door opened, and in came Lord Fellamar. Sophia started from her chair at his entrance; and his lordship advancing forwards, and making a low bow, said, 'I am afraid, Miss Western, I 'break in upon you abruptly.' 'Indeed, my lord,' says she, 'I must own myself a little surprised at this unex-'pected visit.' 'If this visit be unexpected, Madam,' answered Lord Fellamar, 'my eyes must have been very 'faithless interpreters of my heart, when last I had the 'honour of seeing you; for surely you could not other-'wise have hoped to detain my heart in your possession 'without receiving a visit from its owner.' Sophia

confused as she was, answered this bombast (and very properly I think) with a look of inconceivable disdain. My lord then made another and a longer speech of the same sort. Upon which Sophia, trembling, said, 'Am 'I really to conceive your lordship to be out of your 'senses? Sure, my lord, there is no other excuse for 'such behaviour.'——'I am, indeed, Madam, in the 'situation you suppose,' cries his lordship; 'and sure you 'will pardon the effects of a frenzy which you yourself 'have occasioned; for love hath so totally deprived me 'of reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my 'actions.' 'Upon my word, my lord,' said Sophia, 'I 'neither understand your words nor your behaviour.'—— 'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your feet to ex- 'plain both, by laying open my soul to you, and declar- 'ing that I doat on you to the highest degree of distrac- 'tion. O most adorable, most divine creature! what 'language can express the sentiments of my heart?' 'I 'do assure you, my lord,' said Sophia, 'I shall not stay 'to hear any more of this.' 'Do not,' cries he, 'think of 'leaving me thus cruelly; could you know half the 'torments which I feel, that tender bosom must pity 'what those eyes have caused.' Then fetching a deep sigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for some minutes in a strain which would be little more pleasing to the reader than it was to the lady; and at last concluded with a declaration, That if he was master of the world, he would lay it at her feet. Sophia then forcibly pulling away her hand from his, answered with much spirit, 'I promise you, Sir, your world and its master I 'should spurn from me with equal contempt.' She then offered to go; and Lord Fellamar, again laying hold of her hand, said, 'Pardon me, my beloved angel, freedoms 'which nothing but despair could have tempted me to 'take.——Believe me, could I have had any hope that

'my title and fortune, neither of them inconsiderable, 'unless when compared with your worth, would have 'been accepted, I had, in the humblest manner, presented 'them to your acceptance.——But I cannot lose you.— 'By heaven, I will sooner part with my soul.—You are, 'you must, you shall be only mine.' 'My lord,' says she, 'I intreat you to desist from a vain pursuit; for, 'upon my honour, I will never hear you on this subject. 'Let go my hand, my lord, for I am resolved to go from 'you this moment; nor will I ever see you more.' 'Then, Madam,' cries his lordship, 'I must make the best 'use of this moment; for I cannot live, nor will I live 'without you.'——'What do you mean, my lord?' said Sophia; 'I will raise the family.' 'I have no fear, 'Madam,' answered he, 'but of losing you, and that I am 'resolved to prevent, the only way which despair points 'to me.'—He then caught her in his arms: upon which she screamed so loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her assistance, had not Lady Bellaston taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumstance happened for poor Sophia; another noise now broke forth, which almost drowned her cries; for now the whole house rang with, 'Where is she? D—n me, I'll unkennel her this instant. 'Shew me her chamber, I say. Where is my daughter? 'I know she's in the house, and I'll see her if she's above 'ground. Shew me where she is.'—At which last words the door flew open, and in came Squire Western, with his parson, and a set of myrmidons at his heels.

How miserable must have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come: for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preserved the peace of her mind from being for ever destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her fright, presently knew her father's voice; and his lordship, notwithstanding his passion, knew the voice of reason, which peremptorily assured him it was not now a time for the perpetration of his villany. Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was; (for as the squire more than once roared forth the word daughter, so Sophia, in the midst of her struggling, cried out upon her father;) he thought proper to relinquish his prey, having only disordered her handkerchief, and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the situation of these two persons when Western came into the room. Sophia tottered into her chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with indignation at Lord Fellamar, affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the arrival of her father.

His lordship sat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his shoulders, the rest of his dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is usual appearing at his bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire Western, he happened, at this time, to be overtaken by an enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake, most of the country gentlemen in this kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which circumstance, together with his natural impetuosity, could produce no other effect, than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his tongue in the most inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parson interposed, saying, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, animadvert that you are in the house

'of a great lady. Let me beg you to mitigate y
'wrath; it should minister a fulness of satisfaction t
'you have found your daughter; for as to revenge
'belongeth not unto us. I discern great contrition
'the countenance of the young lady. I stand assu
'if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all
'offences, and return unto her duty.'

The strength of the parson's arms had at first b
of more service than the strength of his rhetoric. H
ever, his last words wrought some effect, and the sq
answered, 'I'll forgee her if she wull ha un. If
'ha un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. Why dost
'speak? Shat ha un? d—n me, shat ha un? W
'dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn tuoad?'

'Let me entreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderat
said the parson; 'you frighten the young lady so, t
'you deprive her of all power of utterance.'

'Power of mine a——,' answered the squire. 'Y
'take her part then, you do? A pretty parson tru
'to side with an undutiful child. Yes, yes, I will
'you a living with a pox. I'll gee un to the de
'sooner.'

'I humbly crave your pardon,' said the parson;
'assure your worship, I meant no such matter.'

My Lady Bellaston now entered the room, and ca
up to the squire, who no sooner saw her, than, resolv
to follow the instructions of his sister, he made he
very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her so
of his best compliments. He then immediately proce
to his complaints, and said, 'There, my lady cous
'there stands the most undutiful child in the world;
'hankers after a beggarly rascal, and won't marry
'of the greatest matches in all England, that we h
'provided for her.'

'Indeed, cousin Western,' answered the lady, 'I

'persuaded you wrong my cousin. I am sure she hath 'a better understanding. I am convinced she will not 'refuse what she must be sensible is so much to her 'advantage.'

This was a wilful mistake in Lady Bellaston, for she well knew whom Mr. Western meant; though perhaps she thought he would easily be reconciled to his lordship's proposals.

'Do you hear there,' quoth the squire, 'what her 'ladyship says? All your family are for the match. 'Come, Sophy, be a good girl, and be dutiful, and make 'your father happy.'

'If my death will make you happy, Sir,' answered Sophia, 'you will shortly be so.'

'It's a lie, Sophy; it's a d—n'd lie, and you know 'it,' said the squire.

'Indeed, Miss Western,' said Lady Bellaston, 'you 'injure your father; he hath nothing in view but your 'interest in this match; and I and all your friends must 'acknowledge the highest honour done to your family 'in the proposal.'

'Ay, all of us,' quoth the squire; 'nay, it was no 'proposal of mine. She knows it was her aunt proposed 'it to me first.——Come, Sophy, once more let me beg 'you to be a good girl, and gee me your consent before 'your cousin.'

'Let me give him your hand, cousin,' said the lady. 'It is the fashion now-a-days to dispense with time and 'long courtships.'

'Pugh,' said the squire, 'what signifies time; won't 'they have time enough to court afterwards? People 'may court very well after they have been a-bed 'together.'

As Lord Fellamar was very well assured, that he was meant by Lady Bellaston, so never having heard

nor suspected a word of Blifil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the father. Coming up therefore to the squire, he said, 'Though I have not the honour, Sir, 'of being personally known to you; yet, as I find I 'have the happiness to have my proposals accepted, 'let me intercede, Sir, in behalf of the young lady, that 'she may not be more solicited at this time.'

'You intercede, Sir!' said the squire; 'why, who 'the devil are you?'

'Sir, I am Lord Fellamar,' answered he, 'and am 'the happy man, whom I hope you have done the honour 'of accepting for a son-in-law.'

'You are a son of a b——,' replied the squire, 'for 'all your laced coat. You my son-in-law, and be d—n'd 'to you!'

'I shall take more from you, Sir, than from any man,' answered the lord; 'but I must inform you, that I am 'not used to hear such language without resentment.'

'Resent my a—,' quoth the squire. 'Don't think I 'am afraid of such a fellow as thee art! because hast 'got a spit there dangling at thy side. Lay by your 'spit, and I'll give thee enough of meddling with what 'doth not belong to thee.—I'll teach you to father-in-'law me. I'll lick thy jacket.'

'It's very well, Sir,' said my lord, 'I shall make no 'disturbance before the ladies. I am very well satisfied. 'Your humble servant, Sir; Lady Bellaston, your most 'obedient.'

His lordship was no sooner gone, than Lady Bellaston, coming up to Mr. Western, said, 'Bless me, Sir, what 'have you done? You know not whom you have 'affronted; he is a nobleman of the first rank and 'fortune, and yesterday made proposals to your daughter; 'and such as I am sure you must accept with the highest 'pleasure.'

nswer for yourself, lady cousin,' said the squire, 'I have nothing to do with any of your lords. My ghter shall have an honest country gentleman; I e pitched upon one for her,—and she shall ha' un. n sorry for the trouble she hath given your lady- with all my heart.' Lady Bellaston made a civil h upon the word trouble; to which the squire red, 'Why, that's kind,—and I would do as h for your ladyship. To be sure relations should or one another. So I wish your ladyship a good t.—Come, Madam, you must go along with me by means, or I'll have you carried down to the coach.' hia said, she would attend him without force; but d to go in a chair, for she said she should not be o ride any other way.

rithee,' cries the squire, 'wout unt persuade me t not ride in a coach, wouldst? That's a pretty g surely. No, no, I'll never let thee out of my t any more till art married, that I promise thee.' a told him, she saw he was resolved to break her

'O break thy heart and be d—n'd,' quoth he, 'if od husband will break it. I don't value a brass en, not a halfpenny, of any undutiful b— upon n.' He then took violent hold of her hand; upon the parson once more interfered, begging him to ntle methods. At that the squire thundered out a and bid the parson hold his tongue, saying, 'At'nt lpit now? when art a got up there I never mind dost say; but I won't be priest-ridden, nor taught to behave myself by thee. I wish your ladyship a l-night. Come along, Sophy; be a good girl, and hall be well. Shat ha' un, d—n me, shat ha' un.'

. Honour appeared below stairs, and with a low y to the squire, offered to attend her mistress; but shed her away, saying, 'Hold, Madam, hold, you

'come no more near my house.' 'And will you take 'my maid away from me?' said Sophia. 'Yes, indeed, 'Madam, will I,' cries the squire: 'you need not fear 'being without a servant; I will get you another maid; 'and a better maid than this, who, I'd lay five pounds to 'a crown, is no more a maid than my grannum. No, 'no, Sophy, she shall contrive no more escapes, I pro-'mise you.' He then packed up his daughter and the parson into the hackney coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he suffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a lecture to the parson on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his daughter from Lady Bellaston, had that good lady desired to have detained her; but in reality, she was not a little pleased with the confinement into which Sophia was going; and as her project with Lord Fellamar had failed of success, she was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be used in favour of another man.

CHAPTER VI.

By what means the squire came to discover his daughter.

THOUGH the reader, in many histories, is obliged to digest much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr. Western, without any satisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we shall now proceed to shew by what method the squire discovered where his daughter was.

In the third chapter, then, of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our custom to unfold at any time more than is necessary for the occasion), that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very desirous of reconciling her uncle and aunt Western, thought she had a probable opportunity, by the service of preserving Sophia from committing the same crime which had drawn on herself the anger of her family. After much deliberation, therefore, she resolved to inform her aunt Western where her cousin was, and accordingly she writ the following letter, which we shall give the reader at length, for more reasons than one.

'HONOURED MADAM,

'The occasion of my writing this will perhaps make 'a letter of mine agreeable to my dear aunt, for the sake 'of one of her nieces, though I have little reason to hope 'it will be so on the account of another.

'Without more apology, as I was coming to throw my 'unhappy self at your feet, I met, by the strangest acci- 'dent in the world, my cousin Sophy, whose history you 'are better acquainted with than myself, though, alas! 'I know infinitely too much; enough indeed to satisfy 'me, that unless she is immediately prevented, she is in 'danger of running into the same fatal mischief, which, 'by foolishly and ignorantly refusing your most wise 'and prudent advice, I have unfortunately brought on 'myself.

'In short, I have seen the man, nay, I was most part 'of yesterday in his company, and a charming young 'fellow I promise you he is. By what accident he came 'acquainted with me is too tedious to tell you now; 'but I have this morning changed my lodgings to avoid 'him, lest he should by my means discover my cousin; 'for he doth not yet know where she is, and it is advis-

'able he should not, till my uncle hath secured her.—'No time therefore is to be lost; and I need only inform 'you, that she is now with Lady Bellaston, whom I have 'seen, and who hath, I find, a design of concealing her 'from her family. You know, Madam, she is a strange 'woman; but nothing could misbecome me more, than to 'presume to give any hint to one of your great under-'standing and great knowledge of the world, besides 'barely informing you of the matter of fact.

'I hope, Madam, the care which I have shewn on this 'occasion for the good of my family will recommend me 'again to the favour of a lady who hath always exerted 'so much zeal for the honour and true interest of us all; 'and that it may be a means of restoring me to your 'friendship, which hath made so great a part of my 'former, and is so necessary to my future happiness.

'I am,

'With the utmost respect,

'Honoured Madam,

'Your most dutiful obliged niece,

'And most obedient

'Humble servant,

'HARRIET FITZPATRICK.'

Mrs. Western was now at her brother's house, where she had resided ever since the flight of Sophia, in order to administer comfort to the poor squire in his affliction. Of this comfort, which she doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a specimen.

She was now standing with her back to the fire, and, with a pinch of snuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the squire, while he

smoked his afternoon pipe, when she received the above letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, 'There, Sir, there is an account of 'your lost sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to 'you, and if you will be governed by my advice, it is 'possible you may yet preserve her.'

The squire had no sooner read the letter than he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and gave a loud huzza for joy. He then summoned his servants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and several other horses to be saddled, and that Parson Supple should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his sister, caught her in his arms, and gave her a close embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't 'seem pleased; one would imagine you was sorry I have 'found the girl.'

'Brother,' answered she, 'the deepest politicians, who 'see to the bottom, discover often a very different aspect 'of affairs, from what swims on the surface. It is true, 'indeed, things do look rather less desperate than they 'did formerly in Holland, when Lewis the Fourteenth 'was at the gates of Amsterdam; but there is a delicacy 'required in this matter, which you will pardon me, 'brother, if I suspect you want. There is a decorum 'to be used with a woman of figure, such as Lady Bel-'laston, brother, which requires a knowledge of the world 'superior, I am afraid, to yours.'

'Sister,' cries the squire, 'I know you have no opinion 'of my parts; but I'll shew you on this occasion who 'is a fool. Knowledge, quotha! I have not been in the 'country so long without having some knowledge of 'warrants and the law of the land. I know I may 'take my own wherever I can find it. Shew me my 'own daughter, and if I don't know how to come at 'her, I'll suffer you to call me a fool as long as I live.

'There be justices of peace in London, as well as in 'other places.'

'I protest,' cries she, 'you make me tremble for the 'event of this matter, which, if you will proceed by my 'advice, you may bring to so good an issue. Do you 'really imagine, brother, that the house of a woman 'of figure is to be attacked by warrants and brutal 'justices of the peace? I will inform you how to pro-'ceed. As soon as you arrive in town, and have got 'yourself into a decent dress, (for, indeed, brother, you 'have none at present fit to appear in), you must send 'your compliments to Lady Bellaston, and desire leave 'to wait on her. When you are admitted to her pre-'sence, as you certainly will be, and have told her your 'story, and have made proper use of my name (for I 'think you just know one another only by sight, though 'you are relations), I am confident she will withdraw her 'protection from my niece, who hath certainly imposed 'upon her. This is the only method.—Justices of peace, 'indeed! do you imagine any such event can arrive to a 'woman of figure in a civilized nation?'

'D—n their figures,' cries the squire; 'a pretty 'civilized nation, truly, where women are above the 'law. And what must I stand sending a parcel of 'compliments to a confounded whore, that keeps away 'a daughter from her own natural father? I tell you, 'sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me.——I 'know you would have women above the law, but it 'is all a lie; I heard his lordship say at Size, that no 'one is above the law. But this of yours is Hanover 'law, I suppose.'

'Mr. Western,' said she, 'I think you daily improve in 'ignorance.——I protest you are grown an arrant bear.'

'No more a bear than yourself, sister Western,' said the squire.—'Pox! you may talk of your civility as

'you will, I am sure you never shew any to me. I am 'no bear, no, nor no dog neither, though I know some-'body, that is something that begins with a b——; but 'pox! I will shew you I have got more good manners 'than some folks.'

'Mr. Western,' answered the lady, 'you may say what 'you please, *Je vous mesprise de tout mon cœur.* I 'shall not therefore be angry.——Besides, as my cousin, 'with that odious Irish name, justly says, I have that 'regard for the honour and true interest of my family, 'and that concern for my niece, who is a part of it, 'that I have resolved to go to town myself upon this 'occasion; for indeed, indeed, brother, you are not a 'fit minister to be employed at a polite court.—Green-'land—Greenland should always be the scene of the 'tramontane negociation.'

'I thank heaven,' cries the squire, 'I don't understand 'you now. You are got to your Hanoverian linguo. 'However I'll shew you I scorn to be behind-hand in 'civility with you; and as you are not angry for what 'I have said, so I am not angry for what you have said. 'Indeed I have always thought it a folly for relations 'to quarrel; and if they do now and then give a hasty 'word, why, people should give and take; for my part 'I never bear malice; and I take it very kind of you to 'go up to London; for I never was there but twice in 'my life, and then I did not stay above a fortnight at a 'time, and to be sure I can't be expected to know much 'of the streets and the folks in that time. I never denied 'that you know'd all these matters better than I. For 'me to dispute that would be all as one, as for you to 'dispute the management of a pack of dogs, or the find-'ing a hare sitting, with me.'—Which I promise you,' says she, 'I never will.'—'Well, and I promise you,' returned he, 'that I never will dispute t'other.'

Here then a league was struck (to borrow a phrase from the lady) between the contending parties; and now the parson arriving, and the horses being ready, the squire departed, having promised his sister to follow her advice, and she prepared to follow him the next day.

But having communicated these matters to the parson on the road, they both agreed that the prescribed formalities might very well be dispensed with; and the squire having changed his mind, proceeded in the manner we have already seen.

CHAPTER VII.

In which various misfortunes befel poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforesaid situation when Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and called Jones out from the company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows:

'O my dear Sir! how shall I get spirits to tell you; 'you are undone, Sir, and my poor lady's undone, and I 'am undone.' 'Hath any thing happened to Sophia?' cries Jones, staring like a madman. 'All that is bad,' cries Honour: 'O, I shall never get such another lady! 'O that I should ever live to see this day!' At these words Jones turned pale as ashes, trembled and stammered; but Honour went on. 'O! Mr. Jones, I have 'lost my lady for ever.' 'How! what? for heaven's 'sake tell me. O my dear Sophia!'—'You may well 'call her so,' said Honour; 'she was the dearest lady 'to me. I shall never have such another place.'—— 'D—n your place,' cries Jones; 'where is? what! what

ecome of my Sophia?' 'Ay, to be sure,' cries servants may be d—n'd. It signifies nothing what mes of them, though they are turned away, and ed ever so much. To be sure they are not flesh blood like other people. No, to be sure, it ifies nothing what becomes of them.'—'If you e any pity, any compassion,' cries Jones, 'I beg will instantly tell me what hath happened to hia?' To be sure I have more pity for you you have for me,' answered Honour; 'I don't n you because you have lost the sweetest lady in world. To be sure you are worthy to be pitied, I am worthy to be pitied too: for to be sure if there was a good mistress——' 'What hath pened?' cries Jones, in almost a raving fit.—— at?—— What?' said Honour: 'why, the worst could have happened both for you and for me. -Her father is come to town, and hath carried away from us both.' Here Jones fell on his es in thanksgiving that it was no worse.—'No se!' repeated Honour, 'what could be worse for er of us? He carried her off, swearing she should ry Mr. Blifil; that's for your comfort; and for me, I am turned out of doors.' 'Indeed, Mrs. nour,' answered Jones, 'you frightened me out of wits. I imagined some most dreadful sudden dent had happened to Sophia; something, com- d to which, even the seeing her married to Blifil ld be a trifle; but while there is life, there are es, my dear Honour. Women in this land of ty cannot be married by actual brutal force.' be sure, Sir,' said she, 'that's true. There may be e hopes for you; but alack-a-day! what hopes are e for poor me? And to be sure, Sir, you must be ible I suffer all this upon your account. All the

'quarrel the squire hath to me is for taking yo
'as I have done, against Mr. Blifil.' 'Indee
'Honour,' answered he, 'I am sensible of my obl
'to you, and will leave nothing in my power un
'make you amends.' 'Alas! Sir,' said she, 'wl
'make a servant amends for the loss of one pla
'the getting another altogether as good!'——'
'despair, Mrs. Honour,' said Jones, 'I hope to r
'you again in the same.' 'Alack-a-day, Sir,' sa
'how can I flatter myself with such hopes, when
'it is a thing impossible; for the squire is so set
'me: and yet if you should ever have my lad
'be sure I now hopes heartily you will; for yo
'generous, good-natured gentleman, and I am su
'loves her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly
'own soul; it is a matter in vain to deny it; bec
'why, every body that is in the least acquainte
'my lady must see it; for, poor dear lady, sh
'dissemble; and if two people who loves one
'a'n't happy, why, who should be so? Ha
'don't always depend upon what people has; l
'my lady has enough for both. To be sure, th
'as one may say, it would be all the pity in the w
'keep two such loviers asunder; nay, I am convi
'my part, you will meet together at last; for if
'be, there is no preventing it. If a marriage is
'heaven, all the justices of peace upon earth can'
'it off. To be sure I wishes that parson Supple
'a little more spirit to tell the squire of his wicl
'in endeavouring to force his daughter contrary
'liking; but then his whole dependence is on the
'and so the poor gentleman, though he is a very
'good sort of man, and talks of the badness c
'doings behind the squire's back, yet he dares
'his soul is his own to his face. To be sure I ne

him make so bold as just now; I was afeard the squire 'would have struck him.—I would not have your honour 'be melancholy, Sir, nor despair; things may go better, 'as long as you are sure of my lady, and that I am 'certain you may be; for she never will be brought to 'consent to marry any other man. Indeed, I am terribly 'afeard the squire will do her a mischief in his passion: 'for he is a prodigious passionate gentleman, and I am 'afeard too the poor lady will be brought to break her 'heart; for she is as tender-hearted as a chicken; it is a 'pity, methinks, she had not a little of my courage. If 'I was in love with a young man, and my father offered 'to lock me up, I'd tear his eyes out, but I'd come at 'him; but then there's a great fortune in the case, which 'it is in her father's power either to give her or not; 'that, to be sure, may make some difference.'

Whether Jones gave strict attention to all the foregoing harangue, or whether it was for want of any vacancy in the discourse, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to answer, nor did she once stop, till Partridge came running into the room, and informed him that the great lady was upon the stairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any acquaintance that subsisted between him and Lady Bellaston, and she was almost the last person in the world to whom he would have communicated it. In this hurry and distress, he took (as is common enough) the worst course, and instead of exposing her to the lady, which would have been of little consequence, he chose to expose the lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide Honour, whom he had but just time to convey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged on account of his poor landlady and her family, the

terrors occasioned by Mrs. Honour, and the confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden arrival of Lady Bellaston, had altogether driven former thoughts out of his head; so that it never once occurred to his memory to act the part of a sick man; which, indeed, neither the gaiety of his dress, nor the freshness of his countenance, would have at all supported.

He received her ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her desires than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muster in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the least disorder.

Lady Bellaston no sooner entered the room, than she squatted herself down on the bed: 'So, my dear Jones,' said she, 'you find nothing can detain me long from you. 'Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have 'neither seen nor heard from you all day; for I per-'ceive your distemper would have suffered you to 'come abroad: nay, I suppose you have not sat in 'your chamber all day drest up like a fine lady to see 'company after a lying-in; but however, don't think 'I intend to scold you: for I never will give you an 'excuse for the cold behaviour of a husband, by putting 'on the ill-humour of a wife.'

'Nay, Lady Bellaston,' said Jones, 'I am sure your 'ladyship will not upbraid me with neglect of duty, 'when I only waited for orders. Who, my dear 'creature, hath reason to complain? Who missed an 'appointment last night, and left an unhappy man to 'expect, and wish, and sigh, and languish?'

'Do not mention it, my dear Jones,' cried she. 'If 'you knew the occasion, you would pity me. In short, 'it is impossible to conceive what women of condition 'are obliged to suffer from the impertinence of fools, 'in order to keep up the farce of the world. I am glad, 'however, all your languishing and wishing have done

you no harm: for you never looked better in your life. Upon my faith! Jones, you might at this instant sit for the picture of Adonis.'

There are certain words of provocation which men of honour hold can properly be answered only by a blow. Among lovers possibly there may be some expressions which can be answered only with a kiss. Now the compliment which Lady Bellaston now made Jones seems to be of this kind, especially as it was attended with a look, in which the lady conveyed more soft ideas than it was possible to express with her tongue.

Jones was certainly at this instant in one of the most disagreeable and distressed situations imaginable; for, to carry on the comparison we made use of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could not receive satisfaction, nor so much as offer to ask it, in the presence of a third person; seconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to Lady Bellaston, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herself, she waited some time in great astonishment for an answer from Jones, who, conscious of the ridiculous figure he made, stood at a distance, and not daring to give the proper answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this scene would have been if it had lasted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times; had got up from the bed and sat down again, while Jones was wishing the ground to sink under him, or the house to fall on his head, when an odd accident freed him from an embarrassment out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politics of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter disgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale, dead drunk; or rather in that state of drunkenness

which deprives men of the use of their reason, without depriving them of the use of their limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was smoking his pipe by the kitchen fire; so that he arrived at Mr. Jones's chamber door without any interruption. This he burst open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones started from his seat, and ran to oppose him, which he did so effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to see who was sitting on the bed.

Nightingale had in reality mistaken Jones's apartment for that in which himself had lodged; he therefore strongly insisted on coming in, often swearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the hands of Partridge, whom the noise on the stairs soon summoned to his master's assistance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment, where at the very instant of his entrance he heard Lady Bellaston venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same time, saw her flinging herself into a chair in a vast agitation, which in a lady of a tender constitution would have been an hysteric fit.

In reality the lady, frightened with the struggle between the two men, of which she did not know what would be the issue, as she heard Nightingale swear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which to her great confusion she found already occupied by another.

'Is this usage to be borne, Mr. Jones?' cries the lady. —'Basest of men!——What wretch is this to whom you 'have exposed me!' 'Wretch!' cries Honour, bursting in a violent rage from her place of concealment—— 'Marry come up!——Wretch forsooth?——as poor a

›tch as I am, I am honest; that is more than some ‹s who are richer can say.'

›nes, instead of applying himself directly to take off ›dge of Mrs. Honour's resentment, as a more experi- d gallant would have done, fell to cursing his stars, lamenting himself as the most unfortunate man in world; and presently after, addressing himself to y Bellaston, he fell to some very absurd protestations nnocence. By this time the lady having recovered use of her reason, which she had as ready as any ıan in the world, especially on such occasions, calmly ied; 'Sir, you need make no apologies, I see now ıo the person is; I did not at first know Mrs. Honour: t now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her d you; and I am sure she is a woman of too good ıse to put any wrong constructions upon my visit to u; I have been always her friend, and it may be in r power to be much more hereafter.'

[rs. Honour was altogether as placable as she was ıionate. Hearing therefore Lady Bellaston assume soft tone, she likewise softened hers.——'I'm sure, ıdam,' says she, 'I have been always ready to knowledge your ladyship's friendships to me; sure never had so good a friend as your ladyship—— d to be sure, now I see it is your ladyship that I oke to, I could almost bite my tongue off for very ıd.—I constructions upon your ladyship—to be sure doth not become a servant as I am to think about ch a great lady—I mean I was a servant: for indeed ım nobody's servant now, the more miserable wretch me.—I have lost the best mistress.'——Here Honour ught fit to produce a shower of tears.——'Don't cry, ıild,' says the good lady; 'ways perhaps may be found make you amends. Come to me to-morrow morning.' ; then took up her fan which lay on the ground, and

without even looking at Jones, walked very majestically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aspire to attain to in circumstances of this nature.

Jones followed her down stairs, often offering her his hand, which she absolutely refused him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him as he stood bowing before her.

At his return up stairs, a long dialogue passed between him and Mrs. Honour, while she was adjusting herself after the discomposure she had undergone. The subject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which she enlarged with great bitterness; but Jones at last found means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a promise of most inviolable secrecy, and that she would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a further account of the proceedings of the squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure to the satisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a secret (as some of my readers will perhaps acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable possession: and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it come to the ears of every one, except the ignorant person who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.

CHAPTER VIII.

Short and sweet.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the obligations she had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the morn-

ng some gentle remonstrances for the hurricane which ad happened the preceding night in his chamber. hese were however so gentle and so friendly; professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than he real good of Mr. Jones himself, that he, far from eing offended, thankfully received the admonition of he good woman, expressed much concern for what had past, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same disturbances into the house.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a short expostulation in private at their first meeting; yet the occasion of his being summoned down stairs that morning was of a much more agreeable kind, being indeed to perform the office of a father to Miss Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr. Nightingale, who was now ready dress, and full as sober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be who receives a wife in so imprudent a manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the escape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have seen him the night before.

Now when the uncle had arrived at his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own inclinations (for he dearly loved his bottle), and partly to disqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpose, he ordered wine to be set on the table; with which he so briskly plied the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of disobedience, or want of complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a messenger arrived with a piece of news, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that he in a moment lost all consideration

for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This sudden and afflicting news was no less than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almost the first moment of his absence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; against whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to her father; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now, that it was consummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no sooner received this account, than in the utmost confusion he ordered a post-chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his nephew to the care of a servant, he directly left the house, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle thus departed, when the servant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, insisted on a chair being called; with this the servant, who had received no strict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the house of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner), and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his love, stept into a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to Doctors' Commons; where Miss Nancy was, in vulgar language, soon made an honest woman, and the poor mother became, in the

purest sense of the word, one of the happiest of all human beings.

And now Mr. Jones having seen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy conclusion, began to apply himself to his own concerns; but here, lest many of my readers should censure his folly for thus troubling himself with the affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very considerable interest in bringing it to that final consummation.

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.* He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in great proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy without conveying great felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

Those readers who are of the same complexion with him will perhaps think this short chapter contains abundance of matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared as impertinent to the main design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the gallows, or, if possible, to a more deplorable catastrophe.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing love-letters of several sorts.

MR. JONES, at his return home, found the following letters lying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were sent.

LETTER I.

'Surely I am under some strange infatuation: I cannot 'keep my resolutions a moment, however strongly made 'or justly founded. Last night I resolved never to see 'you more; this morning I am willing to hear if you 'can, as you say, clear up this affair. And yet I know 'that to be impossible. I have said every thing to myself 'which you can invent.——Perhaps, not. Perhaps your 'invention is stronger. Come to me, therefore, the 'moment you receive this. If you can forge an excuse 'I almost promise you to believe it. Betrayed to—— 'I will think no more.——Come to me directly.—— 'This is the third letter I have writ, the two former are 'burnt.——I am almost inclined to burn this too.—— 'I wish I may preserve my senses.——Come to me 'presently.'

LETTER II.

'If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even suffered 'within my doors, come to me this instant.'

LETTER III.

'I now find you was not at home when my notes came 'to your lodgings. The moment you receive this let me

see you;——I shall not stir out; nor shall any body be let in but yourself. Sure nothing can detain you long.'

Jones had just read over these three billets, when Mr. Nightingale came into the room. 'Well, Tom,' said he, 'any news from Lady Bellaston, after last night's adventure?' (for it was now no secret to any one in that house who that lady was). 'The Lady Bellaston?' answered Jones very gravely.——'Nay, dear Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'don't be so reserved to your friends. Though I was too drunk to see her last night, I saw her at the masquerade. Do you think I am ignorant who the queen of the fairies is?' 'And did you really then know the lady at the masquerade?' said Jones. 'Yes, upon my soul, did I,' said Nightingale, 'and have given you twenty hints of it since, though you seemed always so tender on that point, that I would not speak plainly. I fancy, my friend, by your extreme nicety in this matter, you are not so well acquainted with the character of the lady, as with her person. Don't be angry, Tom, but upon my honour, you are not the first young fellow she hath debauched. Her reputation is in no danger, believe me.'

Though Jones had no reason to imagine the lady to ave been of the vestal kind when his amour began; yet s he was thoroughly ignorant of the town, and had ery little acquaintance in it, he had no knowledge of at character which is vulgarly called a demirep; that to say, a woman who intrigues with every man she kes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and ho, though some over-nice ladies will not be seen ith her, is visited (as they term it) by the whole wn; in short, whom every body knows to be what body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the occasion, he gave a latitude to his friend's tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other instances, was rather too effeminate in his disposition, had a pretty strong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full liberty of speaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which, as it contained many particulars highly to her dishonour, we have too great a tenderness for all women of condition to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application; and of forcing us to be, against our will, the author of scandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones, having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to say, fetched a deep sigh, which the other observing, cried, 'Heyday! why thou art not in love, 'I hope! Had I imagined my stories would have 'affected you, I promise you should never have heard 'them.' 'O my dear friend!' cries Jones, 'I am so 'entangled with this woman, that I know not how 'to extricate myself. In love, indeed! no, my friend, 'but I am under obligations to her, and very great 'ones. Since you know so much, I will be very explicit 'with you. It is owing, perhaps, solely to her, that I 'have not, before this, wanted a bit of bread. How can 'I possibly desert such a woman? and yet I must desert 'her, or be guilty of the blackest treachery to one, who 'deserves infinitely better of me than she can; a woman, 'my Nightingale, for whom I have a passion which few 'can have an idea of. I am half distracted with doubts

r to act.' 'And is this other, pray, an honourable tress?' cries Nightingale. 'Honourable!' answered s; 'no breath ever yet durst sully her reputation. e sweetest air is not purer, the limpid stream not rer than her honour. She is all over, both in mind body, consummate perfection. She is the most utiful creature in the universe; and yet she is mis- s of such noble, elevated qualities, that though she ever from my thoughts, I scarce ever think of her uty, but when I see it.'—'And can you, my good nd,' cries Nightingale, 'with such an engagement this upon your hands, hesitate a moment about tting such a—' 'Hold,' said Jones, 'no more abuse her; I detest the thought of ingratitude.' 'Pooh!' ered the other, 'you are not the first upon whom hath conferred obligations of this kind. She is arkably liberal where she likes; though, let me tell , her favours are so prudently bestowed, that they uld rather raise a man's vanity, than his gratitude.' ort, Nightingale proceeded so far on this head, and his friend so many stories of the lady, which he e to the truth of, that he entirely removed all esteem er from the breast of Jones; and his gratitude was ned in proportion. Indeed, he began to look on all favours he had received, rather as wages than fits, which depreciated, not only her, but himself too is own conceit, and put him quite out of humour both. From this disgust, his mind, by a natural ition, turned towards Sophia; her virtue, her purity, love to him, her sufferings on his account, filled all houghts, and made his commerce with Lady Bel- n appear still more odious. The result of all was, though his turning himself out of her service, in h light he now saw his affair with her, would be oss of his bread; yet he determined to quit her, if

he could but find a handsome pretence: which being communicated to his friend, Nightingale considered a little, and then said, 'I have it, my boy! I have found 'out a sure method; propose marriage to her, and I 'would venture hanging upon the success.' 'Marriage?' cries Jones. 'Ay, propose marriage,' answered Nightingale, 'and she will declare off in a moment. I knew a 'young fellow whom she kept formerly, who made the 'offer to her in earnest, and was presently turned off for 'his pains.'

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'she may be less shocked at this pro-'posal from one man than from another. And if she 'should take me at my word, where am I then? caught 'in my own trap, and undone for ever.' 'No;' answered Nightingale, 'not if I can give you an expedient by which 'you may, at any time, get out of the trap.'——'What 'expedient can that be?' replied Jones. 'This,' answered Nightingale. 'The young fellow I mentioned, 'who is one of the most intimate acquaintances I have in 'the world, is so angry with her for some ill offices she 'hath since done him, that I am sure he would, without 'any difficulty, give you a sight of her letters; upon 'which you may decently break with her; and declare 'off before the knot is tied, if she should really be willing 'to tie it, which I am convinced she will not.'

After some hesitation, Jones, upon the strength of this assurance, consented; but as he swore he wanted the confidence to propose the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated.

'MADAM,

'I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortunate 'engagement abroad, I should have missed receiving the 'honour of your ladyship's commands the moment they

'came; and the delay which I must now suffer of vindi-
'cating myself to your ladyship, greatly adds to this
'misfortune. O Lady Bellaston! what a terror have I
'been in for fear your reputation should be exposed by
'these perverse accidents! There is one only way to
'secure it. I need not name what that is. Only permit
'me to say, that as your honour is as dear to me as my
'own; so my sole ambition is to have the glory of laying
'my liberty at your feet; and believe me when I assure
'you, I can never be made completely happy, without
'you generously bestow on me a legal right of calling
'you mine for ever. I am,

'Madam,

'With most profound respect,

'Your ladyship's most obliged,

'Obedient humble servant,

'THOMAS JONES.'

To this she presently returned the following answer:

'SIR,

'When I read over your serious epistle, I could, from
'its coldness and formality, have sworn that you already
'had the legal right you mention; nay, that we had for
'many years composed that monstrous animal a husband
'and wife. Do you really then imagine me a fool? or
'do you fancy yourself capable of so entirely persuading
'me out of my senses, that I should deliver my whole
'fortune into your power, in order to enable you to
'support your pleasures at my expense. Are these the
'proofs of love which I expected? Is this the return for

'——but I scorn to upbraid you, and am in great admira-
'tion of your profound respect.

'*P.S.* I am prevented from revising:——Perhaps I have
'said more than I meant.——Come to me at eight this
'evening.'

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied:

'MADAM,

'It is impossible to express how much I am shocked at
'the suspicion you entertain of me. Can Lady Bellaston
'have conferred favours on a man whom she could believe
'capable of so base a design? or can she treat the most
'solemn tie of love with contempt? Can you imagine,
'Madam, that if the violence of my passion, in an un-
'guarded moment, overcame the tenderness which I have
'for your honour, I would think of indulging myself in
'the continuance of an intercourse which could not pos-
'sibly escape long the notice of the world; and which,
'when discovered, must prove so fatal to your reputation.
'If such be your opinion of me, I must pray for a sudden
'opportunity of returning those pecuniary obligations,
'which I have been so unfortunate to receive at your
'hands: and for those of a more tender kind, I shall
'ever remain, &c.' And so concluded in the very words
with which he had concluded the former letter.

The lady answered as follows:

'I see you are a villain! and I despise you from my
'soul. If you come here I shall not be at home.'

Though Jones was well satisfied with his deliverance
from a thraldom which those, who have ever experienced
it will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lightest, h

was not, however, perfectly easy in his mind. There was in this scheme too much of fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every species of falsehood or dishonesty; nor would he, indeed, have submitted to put it in practice, had he not been involved in a distressful situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of some dishonour, either to one lady or the other; and surely the reader will allow that every good principle, as well as love, pleaded strongly in favour of Sophia.

Nightingale highly exulted in the success of his stratagem, upon which he received many thanks, and much applause from his friend. He answered, 'Dear Tom, we 'have conferred very different obligations on each other. 'To me you owe the regaining your liberty; to you I 'owe the loss of mine. But if you are as happy in the 'one instance as I am in the other, I promise you, we are 'the two happiest fellows in England.'

The two gentlemen were now summoned down to dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herself the office of cook, had exerted her best talents to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumstance she ascribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones, her whole soul was fired with gratitude towards him, and all her looks, words, and actions, were so busied in expressing it, that her daughter, and even her new son-in-law, were very little the objects of her consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs. Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enow in this chapter, we shall communicate its contents in our next.

CHAPTER X.

Consisting partly of facts, and partly of observations upon them.

THE letter then which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter, was from Mr. Allworthy, and the purport of it was, his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Blifil, and a desire to be accommodated with his usual lodgings, which were the first floor for himself, and the second for his nephew.

The cheerfulness, which had before displayed itself in the countenance of the poor woman, was a little clouded on this occasion. This news did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a match with her daughter, by presently turning her new son-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one hand; and on the other, she could scarce bear the thoughts of making any excuse to Mr. Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which were indeed strictly his due; for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberless benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous people. He contrived, on all occasions, to hide his beneficence, not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He constantly used the words Lend and Pay, instead of Give; and by every other method he could invent, always lessened with his tongue the favours he conferred, while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he settled the annuity of 50*l.* a year therefore on Mrs. Miller, he told her, 'it was in consideration of always having her first-'floor when he was in town (which he scarce ever in-'tended to be), but that she might let it at any other

'time, for that he would always send her a month's 'warning.' He was now, however, hurried to town so suddenly, that he had no opportunity of giving such notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty; for he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them, on a less sufficient excuse than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there are a sort of persons, who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by something

> Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
> Of vice and virtue in the schools,
> Beyond the letter of the law.

To these it is so far from being sufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old Bailey, that they are not even contented, though conscience, the severest of all judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the fair and honourable will satisfy the delicacy of their minds; and if any of their actions fall short of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a murderer, who is afraid of a ghost, or of the hangman.

Mrs. Miller was one of these. She could not conceal her uneasiness at this letter; with the contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the company, and given some hints of her distress, than Jones, her good angel, presently relieved her anxiety. 'As for myself, Madam,' said he, 'my lodging is at your service at a moment's 'warning; and Mr. Nightingale, I am sure, as he cannot 'yet prepare a house fit to receive his lady, will consent 'to return to his new lodging, whither Mrs. Nightingale 'will certainly consent to go.' With which proposal both husband and wife instantly agreed.

The reader will easily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs.

Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr. Jones having, in his last speech called her daughter Mrs. Nightingale (it being the first time that agreeable sound had ever reached her ears), gave the fond mother more satisfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having dissipated her present anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new married-couple, and of Mr. Jones, who was likewise to be provided for in the same house with his friend. And now the serenity of the company was again restored, and they past the day in the utmost cheerfulness, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their mirth, felt many a bitter pang on the account of his Sophia; which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr. Blifil's coming to town (for he clearly saw the intention of his journey), and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs. Honour, who had promised to inquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had disappointed him.

In the situation that he and his mistress were in at this time, there were scarce any grounds for him to hope that he should hear any good news; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. Honour, as if he had expected she would bring him a letter with an assignation in it from Sophia, and bore the disappointment as ill. Whether this impatience arose from that natural weakness of the human mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders uncertainty the most intolerable of pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the powers exercised by this passion over our minds, one of

the most wonderful is that of supporting hope in the midst of despair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay, impossibilities are quite overlooked by it; so that to any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addison says of Cæsar,

'The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him!'

Yet it is equally true, that the same passion will sometimes make mountains of molehills, and produce despair in the midst of hope; but these cold fits last not long in good constitutions. Which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to guess, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two hours in expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his uneasiness, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almost made him frantic, when the following letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the reader *verbatim et literatim*.

'SIR,

'I shud sartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too mi 'prommiss haddunt itt bin that hur lashipp prevent 'mee; for to bee sur, Sir, you nose very well that evere 'persun must luk furst at ome, and sartenly such anuther 'offar mite not ave ever hapned, so as I shud ave bin 'justly to blam, had I not excepted of it when her 'lashipp was so veri kind as to offar to mak mee hur 'one uman without mi ever askin any such thing, to bee 'sur shee is won of thee best ladis in thee wurld, and 'pepil who sase to the kontrari must bee veri wiket pepil 'in thare harts. To bee sur if ever I ave sad any thing 'of that kine it as bin thru ignorens, and I am hartili 'sorri for it. I nose your onur to be a genteelman of 'more onur and onesty, if I ever said ani such thing,

'to repete it to hurt a pore servant that as alwais ad 'thee gratest respect in thee wurld for ure onur. To 'be sur won shud kepe wons tung within wons teeth, 'for no boddi nose what may hapen; and to bee sur if 'ani boddi ad tolde mee yesterday, that I shud haf bin 'in so gud a plase to day, I shud not haf beleeved it; 'for to be sur I never was a dremd of ani such thing, 'nor shud I ever have soft after ani other boddi's plase; 'but as her lashipp wass so kine of her one a cord too 'give it mee without askin, to be sur Mrs. Etoff herself, 'nor no other boddi can blam mee for exceptin such a 'thing when it fals in my waye. I beg ure onur not to 'menshion ani thing of what I haf sad, for I wish ure 'onur all thee gud luk in the wurld; and I don't cues-'tion butt thatt u will haf Madam Sofia in the end; butt 'ass to miself ure onur nose I kant bee of ani farder 'sarvis to u in that matar, nou bein under thee cumand 'off anuther parson, and nott mi one mistress, I begg 'ure onur to say nothing of what past, and believe me 'to be, Sir,

'ure onur's umble servant

'to cumand till deth,

'HONOUR BLACKMORE.'

Various were the conjectures which Jones entertained on this step of Lady Bellaston; who, in reality, had little farther design than to secure within her own house the repository of a secret, which she chose should make no farther progress than it had made already; but mostly, she desired to keep it from the ears of Sophia; for though that young lady was almost the only one who would never have repeated it again, her ladyship could not persuade herself of this; since as she now hated poor Sophia with most implacable hatred, she conceived

hatred to herself to be lodged in the tender
r heroine, where no such passion had ever
. entrance.

ıes was terrifying himself with the appre-
, thousand dreadful machinations, and deep
gns, which he imagined to be at the bottom
notion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto
ve been an utter enemy to his match with
l a new method to put a final end to it,
a temptation in his way, which in his
erate situation it seemed unlikely he should
esist.

CHAPTER XI.

ıg curious, but not unprecedented matter.

a lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often seen
ɜ house where he lodged, being intimately
with the women there, and indeed a very
to Mrs. Miller. Her age was about thirty;
d six-and-twenty; her face and person very
ıclining a little too much to be fat. She had
d young by her relations to an old Turkey
ho having got a great fortune, had left off
ı him she lived without reproach, but not
ı, in a state of great self-denial, for about
; and her virtue was rewarded by his dying
her very rich. The first year of her widow-
st at an end, and she had past it in a good
ement, seeing only a few particular friends,
her time between her devotions and novels,
e was always extremely fond. Very good

health, a very warm constitution, and a good deal of religion, made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second husband, as she had done her friends in the first. From her the following billet was brought to Jones:

'SIR,

'From the first day I saw you, I doubt my eyes have 'told you too plainly, that you were not indifferent to 'me; but neither my tongue nor my hand should have 'ever avowed it, had not the ladies of the family where 'you are lodged given me such a character of you, and 'told me such proofs of your virtue and goodness, as 'convince me you are not only the most agreeable, but 'the most worthy of men. I have also the satisfaction 'to hear from them, that neither my person, understand-'ing, or character, are disagreeable to you. I have a 'fortune sufficient to make us both happy, but which 'cannot make me so without you. In thus disposing of 'myself, I know I shall incur the censure of the world; 'but if I did not love you more than I fear the world, I 'should not be worthy of you. One only difficulty stops 'me: I am informed you are engaged in a commerce of 'gallantry with a woman of fashion. If you think it 'worth while to sacrifice that to the possession of me, I 'am yours; if not, forget my weakness, and let this 'remain an eternal secret between you and

'ARABELLA HUNT.'

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the source being stopt from which hitherto he had been supplied. Of all he had received from Lady Bellaston not above five guineas remained, and that very morning he

had been dunned by a tradesman for twice that sum. His honourable mistress was in the hands of her father, and he had scarce any hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be subsisted at her expense, from that little fortune she had independent of her father, went much against the delicacy both of his pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no objection to her in any respect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any woman except Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impossible; he could not think of it upon any account. Yet why should he not, since it was plain she could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeless passion for him? Ought he not to do so in friendship to her? This notion prevailed some moments, and he had almost determined to be false to her from a high point of honour: but that refinement was not able to stand very long against the voice of nature, which cried in his heart, that such friendship was treason to love. At last he called for pen, ink, and paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. Hunt:

'MADAM,

'It would be but a poor return to the favour you have 'done me, to sacrifice any gallantry to the possession of 'you, and I would certainly do it, though I were not 'disengaged, as at present I am, from any affair of that 'kind. But I should not be the honest man you think 'me, if I did not tell you, that my affections are engaged 'to another, who is a woman of virtue, and one that I never can leave, though it is probable I shall never possess her. God forbid that in return for your kindness to me, I should do you such an injury, as to give you my hand, when I cannot give my heart. No; I

'had much rather starve than be guilty of that. Even 'though my mistress were married to another, I would 'not marry you unless my heart had entirely effaced all 'impressions of her. Be assured that your secret was 'not more safe in your own breast, than in that of

'Your most obliged, and

'Grateful humble servant,

'T. JONES.'

When our hero had finished and sent this letter, he went to his scrutore, took out Miss Western's muff, kissed it several times, and then strutted some turns about his room, with more satisfaction of mind than ever any Irishman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XII.

A discovery made by Partridge.

WHILE Jones was exulting in the consciousness of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room, as was his custom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been dispatched that morning by his master, with orders to endeavour, by the servants of Lady Bellaston, or by any other means, to discover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful countenance told our hero, that he had found the lost bird. 'I have seen, Sir,' says he, 'Black George, the gamekeeper, who is one 'of the servants whom the squire hath brought with

him to town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several years; but you know, Sir, he is a very remarkable man, or to use a purer phrase, he hath a most remarkable beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some time, however, before Black George could recollect me.'—'Well, but what is your good news?' cries Jones, 'What do you know of my Sophia?'——'You shall know presently, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I am coming to it as fast as I can. —You are so impatient, Sir, you would come at the infinitive mood, before you can get to the imperative. As I was saying, Sir, it was some time before he recollected my face.'—'Confound your face,' cries Jones, 'what of my Sophia?'——'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I know nothing more of Madam Sophia, than what I am going to tell you; and I should have told you all before this if you had not interrupted me; but if you look so angry at me, you will frighten all of it out of my head, or, to use a purer phrase, out of my memory. I never saw you look so angry since the day we left Upton, which I shall remember if I was to live a thousand years.'——'Well, pray go on in your own way,' said Jones; 'you are resolved to make me mad I find.'—'Not for the world,' answered Partridge, 'I have suffered enough for that already; which, as I said, I shall bear in my remembrance the longest day I have to live.'—'Well, but Black George?' cries Jones.—'Well, Sir, as I was saying, it was a long time before he could recollect me; for, indeed, I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non sum qualis eram.* I have had troubles in the world, and nothing alters a man so much as grief. I have heard it will change the colour of a man's hair in a night. However, at last, know me he did, that's sure enough; for we are both of an age, and were at the same charity-school. George was a great dunce,

'but no matter for that; all men do not thrive in the 'world according to their learning. I am sure I have 'reason to say so; but it will be all one a thousand years 'hence. Well, Sir—where was I?——O—well, we no 'sooner knew each other, than, after many hearty shakes 'by the hand, we agreed to go to an alehouse and take a 'pot, and by good luck the beer was some of the best 'I have met with since I have been in town.—Now, Sir, 'I am coming to the point; for no sooner did I name 'you, and told him that you and I came to town to-'gether, and had lived together ever since, than he called 'for another pot, and swore he would drink to your 'health; and indeed he drank your health so heartily 'that I was overjoyed to see there was so much grati-'tude left in the world; and after we had emptied that 'pot, I said I would be my pot too, and so we drank 'another to your health; and then I made haste home to 'tell you the news.'

'What news?' cries Jones, 'you have not mentioned a 'word of my Sophia!'—'Bless me! I had like to have 'forgot that. Indeed, we mentioned a great deal about 'young Madam Western, and George told me all; that 'Mr. Blifil is coming to town in order to be married to 'her. He had best make haste then, says I, or somebody 'will have her before he comes: and, indeed, says I, Mr. 'Seagrim, it is a thousand pities somebody should not 'have her; for he certainly loves her above all the 'women in the world. I would have both you and she 'know, that it is not for her fortune he follows her; for 'I can assure you as to matter of that, there is another 'lady, one of much greater quality and fortune than she 'can pretend to, who is so fond of somebody, that she 'comes after him day and night.'

Here Jones fell into a passion with Partridge, for having, as he said, betrayed him; but the poor fellow

nswered, he had mentioned no name: 'Besides, Sir,' aid he, 'I can assure you, George is sincerely your friend, and wished Mr. Blifil at the devil more than once; nay, he said he would do any thing in his power upon earth to serve you; and so I am convinced he will.—Betray you, indeed! why, I question whether you have a better friend than George upon earth, except myself, or one that would go farther to serve you.'

'Well,' says Jones, a little pacified, 'you say this fellow, who, I believe, indeed, is enough inclined to be my friend, lives in the same house with Sophia?'

'In the same house!' answered Partridge; 'why, Sir, he is one of the servants of the family, and very well drest I promise you he is; if it was not for his black beard, you would hardly know him.'

'One service then at least he may do me,' says Jones; sure he can certainly convey a letter to my Sophia.'

'You have hit the nail *ad unguem*,' cries Partridge; How came I not to think of it! I will engage he shall lo it upon the very first mentioning.'

'Well then,' said Jones, 'do you leave me at present, ınd I will write a letter which you shall deliver to him o-morrow morning; for I suppose you know where to ind him.'

'O yes, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I shall certainly ind him again; there is no fear of that. The liquor is oo good for him to stay away long. I make no doubt but he will be there every day he stays in town.'

'So you don't know the street then where my Sophia is lodged?' cries Jones.

'Indeed, Sir, I do,' says Partridge.

'What is the name of the street?' cries Jones.

'The name, Sir, why here, Sir, just by,' answered Partridge, 'not above a street or two off. I don't, indeed, know the very name; for as he never told me, if I had

'asked, you know it might have put some suspicion into 'his head. No, no, Sir, let me alone for that. I am too 'cunning for that, I promise you.'

'Thou art most wonderfully cunning, indeed,' replied Jones; 'however, I will write to my charmer, since I 'believe you will be cunning enough to find him to-'morrow at the alehouse.'

And now, having dismissed the sagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones sat himself down to write, in which employment we shall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the Fifteenth Book.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVI.

Containing the space of five days.

CHAPTER I.

Of Prologues.

E heard of a dramatic writer who used to say, he rather write a play than a prologue; in like er, I think, I can with less pains write one of ooks of this history, than the prefatory chapter h of them.

say the truth, I believe many a hearty curse hath devoted on the head of that author, who first in- d the method of prefixing to his play that portion tter which is called the prologue; and which at as part of the piece itself, but of latter years hath sually so little connexion with the drama before it stands, that the prologue to one play might ll serve for any other. Those indeed of more n date seem all to be written on the same three

topics, viz. an abuse of the taste of the town, a condemnation of all contemporary authors, and an eulogium on the performance just about to be represented. The sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great invention of authors, who have been capable of finding such various phrases to express the same thing.

In like manner I apprehend, some future historian (if any one shall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much scratching his pate, bestow some good wishes on my memory, for having first established these several initial chapters; most of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this history as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other history as to this.

But however authors may suffer by either of these inventions, the reader will find sufficient emolument in the one, as the spectator hath long found in the other.

First, it is well known, that the prologue serves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hissing, and to tune his catcall to the best advantage; by which means, I have known those musical instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the first rising of the curtain.

The same advantages may be drawn from these chapters, in which the critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a whetstone to his noble spirit; so that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for censure on the history itself. And here his sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these chapters are calculated for that excellent purpose; for in these we have always taken care to intersperse somewhat of the sour or acid kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said spirit of criticism.

in, the indolent reader, as well as spectator, finds advantage from both these; for as they are not l either to see the one or read the others, and he play and the book are thus protracted; by mer they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed to sit at dinner, and by the latter they have the age of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth nstead of the first, a matter by no means of trivial uence to persons who read books with no other han to say they have read them, a more general to reading than is commonly imagined; and vhich not only law books, and good books, but ges of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes, been often turned over.

y other are the emoluments which arise from hese, but they are for the most part so obvious, e shall not at present stay to enumerate them; lly since it occurs to us that the principal merit h the prologue and the preface is that they be

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CHAPTER II.

msical adventure which befel the squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia.

ust now convey the reader to Mr. Western's gs, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules at Hyde Park Corner; for at the inn, which e first he saw on his arrival in town, he placed rses, and in those lodgings, which were the first rd of, he deposited himself.

Here when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach, which brought her from the house of Lady Bellaston, she desired to retire to the apartment provided for her; to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her consent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father, that after many bitter vows, that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the closest state prisoner, namely, fire and candle, the squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine, with his parson and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the horses of many of the quality stand at his house.

In this agreeable society Mr. Western passed that evening and great part of the succeeding day, during which period nothing happened of sufficient consequence to find a place in this history. All this time Sophia passed by herself; for her father swore she should never come out of her chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry Blifil; nor did he ever suffer the door to be unlocked, unless to convey her food, on which occasions he always attended himself.

The second morning after his arrival, while he and he parson were at breakfast together on a toast and

ıkard, he was informed that a gentleman was below wait on him.

'A gentleman!' quoth the squire, 'who the devil an he be? Do, doctor, go down and see who 'tis. Mr. Blifil can hardly be come to town yet.—Go down, lo, and know what his business is.'

The doctor returned with an account that it was a ry well drest man, and by the ribbon in his hat he ɔk him for an officer of the army; that he said he d some particular business, which he could deliver none but Mr. Western himself.

'An officer!' cries the squire, 'what can any such ellow have to do with me? If he wants an order for ɔaggage-waggons, I am no justice of peace here, nor ɔan I grant a warrant.——Let un come up then, if he nust speak to me.'

A very genteel man now entered the room; who ıving made his compliments to the squire, and desired e favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as llows:

'Sir, I come to wait upon you by the command of my Lord Fellamar; but with a very different message from what I suppose you expect, after what passed the other night.'

'My lord who?' cries the squire, 'I never heard the name o'un.'

'His lordship,' said the gentleman, 'is willing to impute every thing to the effect of liquor, and the most trifling acknowledgment of that kind will set every thing right; for as he hath the most violent attachment to your daughter, you, Sir, are the last person upon earth from whom he would resent an affront; and happy is it for you both that he hath given such public demonstrations of his courage, as to be able to put up an affair of this kind, without danger of any imputation

'on his honour. All he desires therefore, is, that you 'will before me make some acknowledgment; the 'slightest in the world will be sufficient; and he in- 'tends this afternoon to pay his respects to you, in 'order to obtain your leave of visiting the young lady 'on the footing of a lover.'

'I don't understand much of what you say, Sir,' said the squire; 'but I suppose, by what you talk about my 'daughter, that this is the lord which my cousin, Lady 'Bellaston, mentioned to me, and said something about 'his courting my daughter. If so be, that how, that be 'the case—you may give my service to his lordship, and 'tell un the girl is disposed of already.'

'Perhaps, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'you are not 'sufficiently apprised of the greatness of this offer. I 'believe such a person, title, and fortune would be no 'where refused.'

'Lookye, Sir,' answered the squire, 'to be very plain, 'my daughter is bespoke already; but if she was not, I 'would not marry her to a lord upon any account; I hate 'all lords; they are a parcel of courtiers and Hano- 'verians, and I will have nothing to do with them.'

'Well, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'if that is your resolu- 'tion, the message I am to deliver to you is, that my lord 'desires the favour of your company this morning in 'Hyde Park.'

'You may tell my lord,' answered the squire, 'that I 'am busy and cannot come. I have enough to look after 'at home, and can't stir abroad on any account.'

'I am sure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you are too much a 'gentleman to send such a message; you will not, I am 'convinced, have it said of you, that after having af- 'fronted a noble peer, you refuse him satisfaction. His 'lordship would have been willing, from his great regard 'to the young lady, to have made up matters in another

'way; but unless he is to look on you as a father, his 'honour will not suffer his putting up such an indignity 'as you must be sensible you offered him.'

'I offered him!' cries the squire; 'it is a d—n'd lie, I 'never offered him any thing.'

Upon these words the gentleman returned a very short verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the same time with some manual remonstrances, which no sooner reached the ears of Mr. Western, than that worthy squire began to caper very briskly about the room, bellowing at the same time with all his might, as if desirous to summon a greater number of spectators to behold his agility.

The parson, who had left great part of the tankard unfinished, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the squire's vociferation, crying, 'Bless me! 'Sir, what's the matter?'—'Matter!' quoth the squire, 'here's a highwayman, I believe, who wants to rob and 'murder me—for he hath fallen upon me with that stick 'there in his hand, when I wish I may be d—n'd if I gid 'un the least provocation.'

'How, Sir,' said the captain, 'did you not tell me I 'lied?'

'No, as I hope to be saved,' answered the squire.—'I 'believe I might say, "'Twas a lie that I had offered any '"affront to my lord,"—but I never said the word, "you '"lie."—I understand myself better, and you might have understood yourself better than to fall upon a naked man. If I had a stick in my hand, you would not have dared strike me. I'd have knocked thy lantern jaws about thy ears. Come down into yard this minute, and I'll take a bout with thee at single stick for a broken head, that I will; or I will go into naked room and box thee for a belly-full. At unt half a man, at unt, I'm 'sure.'

The captain, with some indignation, replied, 'I see, 'Sir, you are below my notice, and I shall inform his 'lordship you are below his. I am sorry I have dirtied 'my fingers with you.'—At which words he withdrew, the parson interposing to prevent the squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some efforts for the purpose, did not seem very violently bent on success. However, when the captain was departed, the squire sent many curses and some menaces after him; but as these did not set out from his lips till the officer was at the bottom of the stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at least did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia, however, who, in her prison, heard all her father's outcries from first to last, began now first to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to scream as loudly as the old gentleman himself had done before, though in a much sweeter voice. These screams soon silenced the squire, and turned all his consideration towards his daughter, whom he loved so tenderly, that the least apprehension of any harm happening to her, threw him presently into agonies; for except in that single instance in which the whole future happiness of her life was concerned, she was sovereign mistress of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage against the captain, with swearing he would take the law of him, the squire now mounted up stairs to Sophia, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathless. The moment however that she saw her father, she collected all her spirits, and catching hold of him by the hand, she cried passionately, 'O my dear Sir, I am almost frightened to death! I 'hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you.'—'No, no,' cries the squire, 'no great harm. The rascal

th not hurt me much, but rat me if I don't ha the o'un.' 'Pray, dear Sir,' says she, 'tell me what's e matter, who is it that hath insulted you?' 'I dón't ow the name o'un,' answered Western, 'some officer low I suppose that we are to pay for beating us, but l make him pay this bout, if the rascal hath got any ng, which I suppose he hath not. For thof he was est out so vine, I question whether he had got a voot land in the world.' 'But, dear Sir,' cries she, 'what s the occasion of your quarrel?' 'What should it , Sophy?' answered the squire, 'but about you, phy. All my misfortunes are about you; you will the death of your poor father at last. Here's a rlet of a lord, the Lord knows who forsooth! who th taan a liking to you, and because I would t gi un my consent, he sent me a kallenge. Come, be a good girl, Sophy, and put an end to all your her's troubles; come, do consent to ha un; he will in town within this day or two; do but promise me marry un as soon as he comes, and you will make the happiest man in the world, and I will make you happiest woman; you shall have the finest clothes London, and the finest jewels, and a coach and six your command. I promised Allworthy already to e up half my estate,—odrabbit it! I should hardly k at giving up the whole.' 'Will my papa be so d,' says she, 'as to hear me speak?'—'Why wout , Sophy?' cries he, 'when dost know I had rather ır thy voice than the music of the best pack of dogs England.—Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I ll hear thee as long as I live; for if I was ever to e that pleasure, I would not gee a brass varden to e a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do not ow how I love you, indeed you don't, or you never ld have run away and left your poor father, who

'hath no other joy, no other comfort upon earth but 'his little Sophy.' At these words the tears stood in his eyes; and Sophia (with the tears streaming from hers) answered, 'Indeed, my dear papa, I know you 'have loved me tenderly, and heaven is my witness 'how sincerely I have returned your affection; nor 'could any thing but an apprehension of being forced 'into the arms of this man, have driven me to run from 'a father whom I love so passionately, that I would, 'with pleasure, sacrifice my life to his happiness; nay, 'I have endeavoured to reason myself into doing more, 'and had almost worked up a resolution to endure the 'most miserable of all lives, to comply with your inclina-'tion. It was that resolution alone to which I could 'not force my mind; nor can I ever.' Here the squire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia observing, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: 'if my father's life, his health, or any 'real happiness of his was at stake, here stands your 'resolved daughter, may heaven blast me, if there is a 'misery I would not suffer to preserve you.—No, that 'most detested, most loathsome of all lots would I em-'brace. I would give my hand to Blifil for your sake.' —'I tell thee, it will preserve me,' answers the father; 'it will give me health, happiness, life, every thing.— 'Upon my soul I shall die if dost refuse me; I shall 'break my heart, I shall, upon my soul.'—'Is it pos-'sible,' says she, 'you can have such a desire to make 'me miserable?' 'I tell thee noa,' answered he loudly, 'd—n me if there is a thing upon earth I would not do 'to see thee happy.'—'And will not my dear papa allow 'me to have the least knowledge of what will make me 'so? If it be true that happiness consists in opinion; 'what must be my condition, when I shall think myself 'the most miserable of all the wretches upon earth?'

etter think yourself so,' said he, 'than know it by ing married to a poor bastardly vagabond.' 'If it ill content you, Sir,' said Sophia, 'I will give you e most solemn promise never to marry him, nor any her, while my papa lives, without his consent. Let e dedicate my whole life to your service; let me be ain your poor Sophy, and my whole business and easure be, as it hath been, to please and divert you.' ookye, Sophy,' answered the squire, 'I am not to be oused in this manner. Your aunt Western would en have reason to think me the fool she doth. No, , Sophy, I'd have you to know I have a got more isdom, and know more of the world than to take the ord of a woman in a matter where a man is con-rned.' 'How, Sir, have I deserved this want of nfidence?' said she, 'have I ever broke a single omise to you? or have I ever been found guilty of falsehood from my cradle?' 'Lookye, Sophy,' cries 'that's neither here nor there. I am determined on this match, and have him you shall, d—n me if at unt. D—n me if shat unt, though dost hang yself the next morning.' At repeating which words clinched his fist, knit his brows, bit his lips, and ndered so loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified hia sunk trembling into her chair, and, had not a d of tears come immediately to her relief, perhaps se had followed.

Vestern beheld the deplorable condition of his ghter with no more contrition or remorse, than the key of Newgate feels at viewing the agonies of a ler wife, when taking her last farewell of her con-med husband; or rather he looked down on her h the same emotions which arise in an honest fair lesman, who sees his debtor dragged to prison for . which, though a just debt, the wretch is wickedly

unable to pay. Or, to hit the case still more nearly, he felt the same compunction with a bawd, when some poor innocent, whom she hath ensnared into her hands, falls into fits at the first proposal of what is called seeing company. Indeed this resemblance would be exact, was it not that the bawd hath an interest in what she doth, and the father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwise, can, in reality, have none in urging his daughter to almost an equal prostitution.

In this condition he left his poor Sophia, and departing with a very vulgar observation on the effect of tears, he locked the room, and returned to the parson, who said every thing he durst in behalf of the young lady, which, though perhaps it was not quite so much as his duty required, yet was it sufficient to throw the squire into a violent rage, and into many indecent reflections on the whole body of the clergy, which we have too great an honour for that sacred function to commit to paper.

CHAPTER III.

What happened to Sophia during her confinement.

THE landlady of the house where the squire lodged, had begun very early to entertain a strange opinion of her guests. However, as she was informed that the squire was a man of vast fortune, and as she had taken care to exact a very extraordinary price for her rooms, she did not think proper to give any offence; for though she was not without some concern for the confinement of poor Sophia, of whose great sweetness of temper and affability the maid of the house had made so favourable a report, which was confirmed by all the squire's ser-

rants, yet she had much more concern for her own nterest, than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she erceived to be a very hastish kind of a gentleman.

Though Sophia eat but little, yet she was regularly erved with her meals; indeed, I believe, if she had iked any one rarity, that the squire, however angry, vould have spared neither pains nor cost to have pro-ured it for her; since, however strange it may appear o some of my readers, he really doated on his daughter, nd to give her any kind of pleasure was the highest atisfaction of his life.

The dinner hour being arrived, Black George carried er up a pullet, the squire himself (for he had sworn ot to part with the key) attending the door. As George eposited the dish, some compliments passed between im and Sophia (for he had not seen her since she left he country, and she treated every servant with more espect than some persons shew to those who are in a ery slight degree their inferiors) Sophia would have ad him take the pullet back, saying, she could not at; but George begged her to try, and particularly ecommended to her the eggs, of which he said it was ull.

All this time the squire was waiting at the door; but eorge was a great favourite with his master, as his mployment was in concerns of the highest nature, amely, about the game, and was accustomed to take any liberties. He had officiously carried up the inner, being, as he said, very desirous to see his young dy; he made therefore no scruple of keeping his aster standing above ten minutes, while civilities were assing between him and Sophia, for which he received ly a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he turned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheasants, &c., were,

as George well knew, the most favourite dainties of Sophia. It was therefore no wonder, that he, who was a very good-natured fellow, should take care to supply her with this kind of delicacy, at the time when all the servants in the house were afraid she would be starved; for she had scarce swallowed a single morsel in the last forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the same effect on all persons, as it usually hath on a widow, whose appetite it often renders sharper than it can be rendered by the air on Bansted Downs, or Salisbury Plain; yet the sublimest grief, notwithstanding what some people may say to the contrary, will eat at last. And Sophia herself, after some little consideration, began to dissect the fowl, which she found to be as full of eggs as George had reported it.

But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a fowl with three legs be so invaluable a curiosity, when perhaps time hath produced a thousand such, at what price shall we esteem a bird which so totally contradicts all the laws of animal economy, as to contain a letter in its belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus was metamorphosed, that bears letters on its leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation hath ever recorded a bird with a letter in its maw.

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitless inquiry; yet the reader, by barely recollecting the last dialogue which passed between Messieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very easily satisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found its passage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long fast, and notwithstanding her favourite dish was there before her, no sooner saw the letter than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows:

'MADAM,

'Was I not sensible to whom I have the honour of 'writing, I should endeavour, however difficult, to paint 'the horrors of my mind, at the account brought me by 'Mrs. Honour; but as tenderness alone can have any 'true idea of the pangs which tenderness is capable of 'feeling; so can this most amiable quality, which my 'Sophia possesses in the most eminent degree, sufficiently 'inform her what her Jones must have suffered on this 'melancholy occasion. Is there a circumstance in the 'world which can heighten my agonies, when I hear of 'any misfortune which hath befallen you? Surely there 'is one only, and with that I am accursed. It is, my 'Sophia, the dreadful consideration that I am myself the 'wretched cause. Perhaps I here do myself too much 'honour, but none will envy me an honour which costs 'me so extremely dear. Pardon me this presumption, 'and pardon me a greater still, if I ask you, whether 'my advice, my assistance, my presence, my absence, my 'death, or my tortures can bring you any relief? Can 'the most perfect admiration, the most watchful observ-'ance, the most ardent love, the most melting tender-'ness, the most resigned submission to your will, make 'you amends for what you are to sacrifice to my happi-'ness? If they can, fly, my lovely angel, to those arms 'which are ever open to receive and protect you; and to 'which, whether you bring yourself alone, or the riches 'of the world with you, is, in my opinion, an alternative 'not worth regarding. If, on the contrary, wisdom shall 'predominate, and, on the most mature reflection, inform

'you, that the sacrifice is too great; and if there be no 'way left to reconcile your father, and restore the peace 'of your dear mind, but by abandoning me, I conjure 'you drive me for ever from your thoughts, exert your 'resolution, and let no compassion for my sufferings bear 'the least weight in that tender bosom. Believe me, 'Madam, I so sincerely love you better than myself, that 'my great and principal end is your happiness. My first 'wish (why would not fortune indulge me in it?) was, 'and pardon me if I say, still is, to see you every mo- 'ment the happiest of women; my second wish is, to 'hear you are so; but no misery on earth can equal 'mine, while I think you owe an uneasy moment to him 'who is,

'Madam,

'In every sense, and to every purpose,

'Your devoted,

'THOMAS JONES.'

What Sophia said, or did, or thought upon this letter, how often she read it, or whether more than once, shall all be left to our reader's imagination. The answer to it he may perhaps see hereafter, but not at present; for this reason, among others, that she did not now write any, and that for several good causes, one of which was this, she had no paper, pen, nor ink.

In the evening, while Sophia was meditating on the letter she had received, or on something else, a violent noise from below disturbed her meditations. This noise was no other than a round bout at altercation between two persons. One of the combatants, by his voice, she immediately distinguished to be her father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller pipes to belong to the

organ of her aunt Western, who was just arrived in town, where having, by means of one of her servants, who stopt at the Hercules Pillars, learnt where her brother lodged, she drove directly to his lodgings.

We shall therefore take our leave at present of Sophia, and with our usual good-breeding, attend her ladyship.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement.

The squire and the parson (for the landlord was now otherwise engaged) were smoking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was first signified. The squire no sooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up stairs; for he was a great observer of such ceremonials, especially to his sister, of whom he stood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this nor did he perhaps know it himself.

Mrs. Western, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herself into a chair, began thus to harangue: 'Well, surely, no one ever had such an intolerable 'journey. I think the roads, since so many turnpike 'acts, are grown worse than ever. La, brother, how 'could you get into this odious place? no person of 'condition, I dare swear, ever set foot here before.' 'I 'don't know,' cries the squire, 'I think they do well 'enough; it was landlord recommended them. I thought 'as he knew most of the quality, he could best shew 'me where to get among un.' 'Well, and where's my

'niece?' says the lady; 'have you been to wait upon 'Lady Bellaston yet?' 'Ay, ay,' cries the squire, 'your niece is safe enough; she is up stairs in 'chamber.' 'How!' answered the lady, 'is my niece 'in this house, and doth she not know of my being 'here?' 'No, nobody can well get to her,' says the squire, 'for she is under lock and key. I have her 'safe; I vetched her from my lady cousin the first 'night I came to town, and I have taken care o' her 'ever since; she is as secure as a fox in a bag, I pro-'mise you.' 'Good heaven!' returned Mrs. Western, 'what do I hear! I thought what a fine piece of work 'would be the consequence of my consent to your 'coming to town yourself; nay, it was indeed your 'own headstrong will, nor can I charge myself with 'having ever consented to it. Did not you promise 'me, brother, that you would take none of these head-'strong measures? Was it not by these headstrong mea-'sures that you forced my niece to run away from you 'in the country? Have you a mind to oblige her to 'take such another step?' 'Z——ds and the devil!' cries the squire, dashing his pipe on the ground; 'did 'ever mortal hear the like? when I expected you would 'have commended me for all I have done, to be fallen 'upon in this manner!' 'How! brother,' said the lady, 'have I ever given you the least reason to imagine 'I should commend you for locking up your daughter? 'Have I not often told you, that women in a free country 'are not to be treated with such arbitrary power? We 'are as free as the men, and I heartily wish I could 'not say we deserve that freedom better. If you expect 'I should stay a moment longer in this wretched house, 'or that I should ever own you again as my relation, 'or that I should ever trouble myself again with the 'affairs of your family, I insist upon it, that my niece

'be set at liberty this instant.' This she spoke with so commanding an air, standing with her back to the fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of snuff in the other, that I question whether Thalestris, at the head of her Amazons ever made a more tremendous figure. It is no wonder, therefore, that the poor squire was not proof against the awe which she inspired. 'There,' he cried, throwing down the key, 'there it is, 'do whatever you please. I intended only to have kept 'her up till Blifil came to town, which can't be long; 'and now if any harm happens in the mean time, re-'member who is to be blamed for it.'

'I will answer it with my life,' cried Mrs. Western, 'but I shall not intermeddle at all, unless upon one 'condition, and that is, that you will commit the whole entirely to my care, without taking any one measure yourself, unless I shall eventually appoint you to act. If you ratify these preliminaries, brother, I yet will endeavour to preserve the honour of your family; if not, I shall continue in a neutral state.'

'I pray you, good Sir,' said the parson, 'permit 'yourself this once to be admonished by her ladyship; 'peradventure, by communing with young Madam Sophia, she will effect more than you have been 'able to perpetrate by more rigorous measures.'

'What dost thee open upon me?' cries the squire: 'If thee dost begin to babble, I shall whip thee in 'presently.'

'Fie, brother,' answered the lady, 'is this language 'to a clergyman? Mr. Supple is a man of sense, and 'gives you the best advice; and the whole world, I 'believe, will concur in his opinion; but I must tell 'you I expect an immediate answer to my categorical 'proposals. Either cede your daughter to my disposal, 'or take her wholly to your own surprising discretion,

'and then I here, before Mr. Supple, evacuate the gar-
'rison, and renounce you and your family for ever.'

'I pray you let me be a mediator,' cries the parson, 'let me supplicate you.'

'Why, there lies the key on the table,' cries the squire. 'She may take un up, if she pleases; who 'hinders her?'

'No, brother,' answered the lady, 'I insist on the 'formality of its being delivered me, with a full rati-
'fication of all the concessions stipulated.'

'Why then I will deliver it to you.—There 'tis,' cries the squire. 'I am sure, sister, you can't accuse 'me of ever denying to trust my daughter to you. 'She hath lived wi' you a whole year and muore to a 'time, without my ever zeeing her.'

'And it would have been happy for her,' answered the lady, 'if she had always lived with me. Nothing 'of this kind would have happened under my eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he, 'I only am to blame.'

'Why, you are to blame, brother,' answered she. 'I have been often obliged to tell you so, and shall 'always be obliged to tell you so. However, I hope 'you will now amend, and gather so much experience 'from past errors, as not to defeat my wisest machina-
'tions by your blunders. Indeed, brother, you are not 'qualified for these negociations. All your whole 'scheme of politics is wrong. I once more, therefore, 'insist, that you do not intermeddle. Remember only 'what is past.'——

'Z——ds and bl—d, sister,' cries the squire, 'what 'would you have me say? You are enough to provoke 'the devil.'

'There now,' said she, 'just according to the old 'custom. I see, brother, there is no talking to you. 'I will appeal to Mr. Supple, who is a man of sense,

if I said any thing which could put any human creature into a passion; but you are so wrong-headed every way.'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' said the parson, 'not to irritate his worship.'

'Irritate him?' said the lady;——'Sure, you are as great a fool as himself. Well, brother, since you have promised not to interfere, I will once more undertake the management of my niece. Lord have mercy upon all affairs which are under the directions of men! The head of one woman is worth a thousand of yours.' And now having summoned a servant to hew her to Sophia, she departed, bearing the key with ıer.

She was no sooner gone, than the squire (having first hut the door) ejaculated twenty bitches, and as many ıearty curses against her, not sparing himself for having :ver thought of her estate; but added, 'Now one hath been a slave so long, it would be pity to lose it at last, for want of holding out a little longer. The bitch can't live for ever, and I know I am down for it upon the will.'

The parson greatly commended this resolution; and ıow the squire having ordered in another bottle, which was his usual method when any thing either pleased or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal julap, so totally wash away his choler, that his temper was become perfectly placid and serene, when Mrs. Western returned with Sophia into the room. The roung lady had on her hat and capuchin, and the aunt ıcquainted Mr. Western, that she intended to take ıer niece with her to her own lodgings; 'for, indeed, brother,' says she, 'these rooms are not fit to receive a Christian soul in.'

'Very well, Madam,' quoth Western, 'whatever you

'please. The girl can never be in better hands than 'yours; and the parson here can do me the justice to 'say, that I have said fifty times behind your back, 'that you was one of the most sensible women in the 'world.'

'To this,' cries the parson, 'I am ready to bear 'testimony.'

'Nay, brother,' says Mrs. Western, 'I have always, 'I'm sure, given you as favourable a character. You 'must own you have a little too much hastiness in your 'temper; but when you will allow yourself time to 'reflect, I never knew a man more reasonable.'

'Why then, sister, if you think so,' said the squire, 'here's your good health with all my heart. I am a 'little passionate sometimes, but I scorn to bear any 'malice. Sophy, do you be a good girl, and do every 'thing your aunt orders you.'

'I have not the least doubt of her,' answered Mrs. Western. 'She hath had already an example before 'her eyes, in the behaviour of that wretch her cousin 'Harriet, who ruined herself by neglecting my advice.— 'O brother, what think you? You was hardly gone 'out of hearing, when you set out for London, when 'who should arrive but that impudent fellow with the 'odious Irish name—that Fitzpatrick. He broke in 'abruptly upon me without notice, or I would not 'have seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligible story 'about his wife, to which he forced me to give him 'a hearing; but I made him very little answer, and 'delivered him the letter from his wife, which I bid him 'answer himself. I suppose the wretch will endeavour 'to find us out; but I beg you will not see her, for I am 'determined I will not.'

'I see her!' answered the squire; 'you need not 'fear me. I'll ge no encouragement to such undutiful

enches. It is well for the fellow her husband, I was ɔt at huome. Od rabbit it, he should have taken a ance thru the horse-pond, I promise un. You zee, ophy, what undutifulness brings volks to. You have n example in your own family.'

'Brother,' cries the aunt, 'you need not shock my iece by such odious repetitions. Why will you not ɜave every thing entirely to me?' 'Well, well; I ·ull, I wull,' said the squire.

And now Mrs. Western, luckily for Sophia, put an end the conversation, by ordering chairs to be called. I ɣ luckily; for had it continued much longer, fresh ıtter of dissension would, most probably, have arisen tween the brother and sister; between whom education d sex made the only difference; for both were equally ɔlent, and equally positive; they had both a vast ection for Sophia; and both a sovereign contempt r each other.

CHAPTER V.

which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to a play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.

ıE arrival of Black George in town, and the good ices which that grateful fellow had promised to do r his old benefactor, greatly comforted Jones in the idst of all the anxiety and uneasiness which he had ffered on the account of Sophia; from whom, by the ɜans of the said George, he received the following swer to his letter, which Sophia, to whom the use pen, ink, and paper was restored with her liberty,

wrote the very evening when she departed from her confinement:

'SIR,

'As I do not doubt your sincerity in what you write, 'you will be pleased to hear that some of my afflictions 'are at an end, by the arrival of my aunt Western, with 'whom I am at present, and with whom I enjoy all the 'liberty I can desire. One promise my aunt hath in- 'sisted on my making, which is, that I will not see or 'converse with any person without her knowledge and 'consent. This promise I have most solemnly given, 'and shall most inviolably keep: and though she had 'not expressly forbidden me writing, yet that must be 'an omission from forgetfulness; or this, perhaps, is in- 'cluded in the word conversing. However, as I cannot 'but consider this as a breach of her generous confidence 'in my honour, you cannot expect that I shall, after this, 'continue to write myself, or to receive letters, without 'her knowledge. A promise is with me a very sacred 'thing, and to be extended to every thing understood 'from it, as well as to what is expressed by it; and this 'consideration may perhaps, on reflection, afford you 'some comfort. But why should I mention a comfort to 'you of this kind? For though there is one thing in 'which I can never comply with the best of fathers, yet 'am I firmly resolved never to act in defiance of him, or 'to take any step of consequence without his consent. 'A firm persuasion of this must teach you to divert your 'thoughts from what fortune hath (perhaps) made im- 'possible. This your own interest persuades you. This 'may reconcile, I hope, Mr. Allworthy to you; and if 'it will, you have my injunctions to pursue it. Acci- 'dents have laid some obligations on me, and your good 'intentions probably more. Fortune may, perhaps, be

'some time kinder to us both than at present. Believe 'this, that I shall always think of you as I think you 'deserve, and am,

'Sir,

'Your obliged servant,

'SOPHIA WESTERN.'

'I charge you write to me no more—at present at 'least; and accept this, which is now of no service to 'me, which I know you must want, and think you 'owe the trifle only to that fortune by which you 'found it.'*

A child who hath just learnt his letters, would have spelt this letter out in less time than Jones took in reading it. The sensations it occasioned were a mixture of joy and grief; somewhat like what divide the mind of a good man, when he peruses the will of his deceased friend, in which a large legacy, which his distresses make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleased than displeased; and indeed the reader may probably wonder that he was displeased at all; but the reader is not quite so much in love as was poor Jones; and love is a disease, which, though it may in some instances resemble a consumption (which it sometimes causes), in others proceeds in direct opposition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itself, or sees any one symptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him complete satisfaction, which was, that his mistress had regained her liberty, and was now with a lady where she might at least assure herself of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumstance,

* Meaning, perhaps, the bank-bill for 100*l.*

was the reference which she made to her promise of never marrying any other man; for however disinterested he might imagine his passions, and notwithstanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined degree of Platonic affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is, indeed, entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare (and, doubtless with great truth), that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature, though I cannot pretend to say I have ever seen an instance of it.

Mr. Jones having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, from the last mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the playhouse, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved, indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music

as played, he said, It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another ut. While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he ried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, Madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could e help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were ighted, 'That here were candles enow burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he reak silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which e asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied with a mile, 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, Sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was offered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, hich he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a embling, that his knees knocked against each other. ones asked him what was the matter, and whether he as afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la! Sir,' aid he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' ries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you

'will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not 'frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. 'Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's 'fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such 'foolhardiness?—Whatever happens it is good enough 'for you.——Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. 'Nay, perhaps, it is the devil——for they say he can put 'on what likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.—— 'No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; 'farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, 'dear Sir, don't you hear him!' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, 'you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more 'than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; 'but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such 'things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that 'it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should 'have known that to have been only a man in a strange 'dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened 'himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost 'thou imagine, then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was 'really frightened?' 'Nay, Sir,' said Partridge, 'did 'not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it 'was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered 'in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and 'he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I 'should have been, had it been my own case.—But hush! 'O la! what noise is that? There he is again.——Well, 'to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in

am glad I am not down yonder, where those men
' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay,
may draw your sword; what signifies a sword
inst the power of the devil?'

ıring the second act, Partridge made very few re-
s. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses;
ould he help observing upon the king's countenance.
ll,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces?
'la fides fronti is, I find, a true saying. Who would
k, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever
mitted a murder?' He then inquired after the
; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised,
him no other satisfaction, than, 'That he might pos-
r see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

rtridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now,
the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge
out, 'There, Sir, now; what say you now? is he
htened now or no? As much frightened as you
k me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears.
ɔuld not be in so bad a condition as what's his name,
ire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me!
.t's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I
ıght I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed, you
right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Part-
, 'I know it is only a play: and besides, if there was
thing in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so;
ıs to you, Sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if
devil was here in person.—There, there—Ay, no
der you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked
ch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should
e her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is for-
d by such wicked doings.——Ay, go about your
ness, I hate the sight of you.'

: critic was now pretty silent till the play, which
et introduces before the king. This he did not at

first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched: 'though 'he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to 'hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, 'as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much 'higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run 'away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face 'again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial places about 'town.' 'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the 'place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse 'grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that 'should have dug three graves while he is digging one. 'The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he 'had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. 'You had rather sing than work, I believe.'—Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well! it is 'strange to see how fearless some men are: I never 'could bring myself to touch any thing belonging to a 'dead man, on any account.—He seemed frightened 'enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus 'horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, which of the players he had liked best? To this he answered with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The 'king, without doubt.'—'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the 'town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by

'the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the 'best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, 'why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I 'had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very 'same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to 'be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and 'his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, 'Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had 'such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I 'know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, 'Madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet 'I have seen acting before in the country; and the king 'for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half 'as loud again as the other.—Any body may see he is an 'actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said, she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any thing that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost: and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

CHAPTER VI.

In which the history is obliged to look back.

It is almost impossible for the best parent to observe an exact impartiality to his children, even though no superior merit should bias his affection; but sure a parent can hardly be blamed, when that superiority determines his preference.

As I regard all the personages of this history in the light of my children; so I must confess the same inclination of partiality to Sophia; and for that I hope the reader will allow me the same excuse, from the superiority of her character.

This extraordinary tenderness which I have for my heroine, never suffers me to quit her any long time without the utmost reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to inquire what hath happened to this lovely creature since her departure from her father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short visit to Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Western, in the first confusion into which his mind was cast upon the sudden news he received of his daughter, and in the first hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any account of the discovery to Blifil. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopt at the very first inn he came to, and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint Blifil with his having found Sophia, and with his firm resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to town.

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind, which nothing but the loss of her fortune, or some such accident, could lessen, his inclination to the

match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this offer. Indeed, he proposed the gratification of a very strong passion besides avarice by marrying this young lady, and this was hatred; for he concluded that matrimony afforded an equal opportunity of satisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is very probably verified by much experience. To say the truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary behaviour of married persons to each other, we shall perhaps be apt to conclude, that the generality seek the indulgence of the former passion only, in their union of every thing but of hearts.

There was one difficulty, however, in his way, and this arose from Mr. Allworthy. That good man, when he found by the departure of Sophia (for neither that, nor the cause of it could be concealed from him), the great aversion which she had for his nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying matters so far. He by no means concurred with the opinion of those parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the inclinations of their children in the affair of marriage, as to solicit the good pleasure of their servants when they intend to take a journey; and who are, by law or decency at least, withheld often from using absolute force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the institution to be of the most sacred kind, he thought every preparatory caution necessary, to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest way to effect this, was by laying the foundation in previous affection.

Blifil indeed soon cured his uncle of all anger on the score of deceit, by many vows and protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many declarations of Western very well tallied; but now to persuade

Allworthy to consent to the renewing his addresses, was a matter of such apparent difficulty, that the very appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprising genius; but this young gentleman so well knew his own talents, that nothing within the province of cunning seemed to him hard to be achieved.

Here then he represented the violence of his own affection, and the hopes of subduing aversion in the lady by perseverance. He begged that, in an affair on which depended all his future repose, he might at least be at liberty to try all fair means of success. Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle methods! 'Besides, Sir,' said he, 'if they fail, you may then (which will be surely 'time enough) deny your consent.' He urged the great and eager desire which Mr. Western had for the match; and lastly, he made great use of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened; and from whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young lady was even an act of charity.

All these arguments were well seconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little stronger on the authority of parents than Mr. Blifil himself had done. He ascribed the measures which Mr. Blifil was desirous to take, to Christian motives; 'and though,' says he, 'the good 'young gentleman hath mentioned charity last, I am 'almost convinced, it is his first and principal consider-'ation.'

Square, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same tune, though in a different key, and would have discovered much moral fitness in the proceeding; but he was now gone to Bath for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at last yielded to the desires of his nephew. He said, he

would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to use every honest endeavour to gain the lady: 'But I declare,' said he, 'I will never give my consent to any absolute force being put on her inclinations, nor shall you ever have her, unless she can be brought freely to compliance.'

Thus did the affection of Allworthy to his nephew betray the superior understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the prudence of the best of heads often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.

Blifil, having obtained this unhoped-for acquiescence in his uncle, rested not till he carried his purpose into execution. And as no immediate business required Mr. Allworthy's presence in the country, and little preparation is necessary to men for a journey, they set out the very next day, and arrived in town that evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with Partridge at the play.

The morning after his arrival Mr. Blifil waited on Mr. Western, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the squire suffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle, till he had, almost against his will, carried him to his sister.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Western pays a visit to his sister, in company with Mr. Blifil.

Mrs. Western was reading a lecture on prudence, and matrimonial politics, to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in with less ceremony than the laws of visiting require. Sophia no sooner saw Blifil than she turned pale, and almost lost the use of all her faculties; but her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the squire.

'Brother,' said she, 'I am astonished at your be-'haviour; will you never learn any regard to decorum? 'Will you still look upon every apartment as your own, 'or as belonging to one of your country tenants? Do 'you think yourself at liberty to invade the privacies 'of women of condition, without the least decency or 'notice?'——'Why, what a pox! is the matter now?' quoth the squire; 'one would think I had caught you 'at'—'None of your brutality, Sir, I beseech you,' answered she.——'You have surprised my poor niece 'so, that she can hardly, I see, support herself.——Go, 'my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your spirits; 'for I see you have occasion.' At which words, Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, hastily withdrew.

'To be sure, sister,' cries the squire, 'you are mad, 'when I have brought Mr. Blifil here to court her, to 'force her away.'

'Sure, brother,' says she, 'you are worse than mad, 'when you know in what situation affairs are, to——I

'am sure, I ask Mr. Blifil pardon, but he knows very 'well to whom to impute so disagreeable a reception. 'For my own part, I am sure, I shall always be very 'glad to see Mr. Blifil; but his own good sense would 'not have suffered him to proceed so abruptly, had you 'not compelled him to it.'

Blifil bowed and stammered, and looked like a fool; but Western, without giving him time to form a speech for the purpose, answered, 'Well, well, I am to blame 'if you will, I always am, certainly; but come, let the 'girl be fetched back again, or let Mr. Blifil go to her——He's come up on purpose, and there is no time to be lost.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs. Western, 'Mr. Blifil, I am confident, understands himself better than to think of seeing my niece any more this morning, after what hath happened. Women are of a nice contexture; and our spirits, when disordered, are not to be recomposed in a moment. Had you suffered Mr. Blifil to have sent his compliments to my niece, and to have desired the favour of waiting on her in the afternoon, I should possibly have prevailed on her to have seen him; but now I despair of bringing about any such matter.'

'I am very sorry, Madam,' cried Blifil, 'that Mr. Western's extraordinary kindness to me, which I can never enough acknowledge, should have occasioned——' Indeed, Sir,' said she, interrupting him, 'you need make no apologies, we all know my brother so well.'

'I don't care what any body knows of me,' answered the squire;——'but when must he come to see her? for, 'consider, I tell you he is come up on purpose, and so 'is Allworthy.' 'Brother,' said she, 'whatever message 'Mr. Blifil thinks proper to send to my niece, shall be 'delivered to her; and I suppose she will want no in-'structions to make a proper answer. I am convinced

'she will not refuse to see Mr. Blifil at a proper time.'—'The devil she won't,' answered the squire.—'Odsbub!—'Don't we know,—I say nothing, but some volk are 'wiser than all the world.——If I might have had my 'will, she had not run away before: and now I expect to 'hear every moment she is guone again. For as great 'a fool as some volk think me, I know very well she 'hates——' 'No matter, brother,' replied Mrs. Western, 'I will not hear my niece abused. It is a reflection on 'my family. She is an honour to it; and she will be 'an honour to it, I promise you. I will pawn my 'whole reputation in the world on her conduct.——I 'shall be glad to see you, brother, in the afternoon; 'for I have somewhat of importance to mention to 'you.——At present, Mr. Blifil as well as you, must 'excuse me; for I am in haste to dress.'—'Well, but,' said the squire, 'do appoint a time.'——'Indeed,' said she, 'I can appoint no time.——I tell you I will see you 'in the afternoon.'——'What the devil would you have 'me do?' cries the squire, turning to Blifil; 'I can no 'more turn her, than a beagle can turn an old hare. 'Perhaps she will be in a better humour in the after-'noon.'—'I am condemned, I see, Sir, to misfortune,' answered Blifil; 'but I shall always own my obligations 'to you.'——He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs. Western, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the squire muttering to himself with an oath, that Blifil should see his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr. Western was little pleased with this interview, Blifil was less. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his sister to her humour only, and to her dissatisfaction at the omission of ceremony in the visit; but Blifil saw a little deeper into things. He suspected somewhat of more consequence, from two or three words

which dropt from the lady; and, to say the truth, he suspected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the several matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Scheme of Lady Bellaston for the ruin of Jones.

Love had taken too deep a root in the mind of Lord Fellamar, to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Western. In the heat of resentment he had indeed given a commission to Captain Egglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordship been able to find the captain after he had seen Lady Bellaston, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but so industrious was the captain in the discharge of his duty, that having after long inquiry found out the squire's lodgings very late in the evening, he sat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miss the squire in the morning, and by that means missed the revocation which my lord had sent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordship, as we have said, made a visit to Lady Bellaston, who laid open so much of the character of the squire, that his lordship plainly saw the absurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, especially as he had those honourable designs on his daughter. He then unbosomed the violence of his passion to Lady Bellaston, who readily undertook the cause, and encouraged him with certain assurance of a most favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himself when he should be

sober, and should be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, she said, lay in the fellow she had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had, by some means or other, she knew not what, procured himself tolerable clothes, and passed for a gentleman. 'Now,' says she, 'as I have, for the sake of my cousin, made it 'my business to inquire after this fellow, I have luckily 'found out his lodgings;' with which she then acquainted his lordship. 'I am thinking, my lord,' added she '(for this fellow is too mean for your personal resent-'ment), whether it would not be possible for your 'lordship to contrive some method of having him pressed 'and sent on board a ship. Neither law nor conscience 'forbid this project: for the fellow, I promise you, how-'ever well drest, is but a vagabond, and as proper as any 'fellow in the street to be pressed into the service; and 'as for the conscientious part, surely the preservation of 'a young lady from such ruin is a most meritorious act; 'nay, with regard to the fellow himself, unless he could 'succeed (which heaven forbid) with my cousin, it may 'probably be the means of preserving him from the 'gallows, and perhaps may make his fortune in an honest 'way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyship, for the part which she was pleased to take in the affair, upon the success of which his whole future happiness entirely depended. He said, he saw at present no objection to the pressing scheme, and would consider of putting it in execution. He then most earnestly recommended to her ladyship, to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his proposals to the family; to whom, he said, he offered a *carte blanche*, and would settle his fortune in almost any manner they should require. And after uttering many ecstacies and raptures concerning

Sophia, he took his leave and departed, but not before he had received the strongest charge to beware of Jones, and to lose no time in securing his person where he should no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Western was arrived at her lodgings, a card was despatched with her compliments to Lady Bellaston; who no sooner received it, than, with the impatience of a lover, she flew to her cousin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itself, for she was much better pleased with the prospect of making the proposals to a woman of sense, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom she honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though indeed from him she apprehended no danger of a refusal.

The two ladies being met, after short previous ceremonials, fell to business, which was indeed almost as soon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Western no sooner heard the name of Lord Fellamar than her cheeks glowed with pleasure; but when she was acquainted with the eagerness of his passion, the earnestness of his proposals, and the generosity of his offer, she declared her full satisfaction in the most explicit terms.

In the progress of their conversation, their discourse turned to Jones, and both cousins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Western entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded however, at last, with declaring her confidence in the good understanding of her niece, who, though she would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not, says she, soon be prevailed upon to sacrifice a simple inclination to the addresses of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large estate: 'for, indeed,' added she, 'I must do

'Sophy the justice to confess, this Blifil is but a hideous 'kind of fellow, as you know, Bellaston, all country 'gentlemen are, and hath nothing but his fortune to 'recommend him.'

'Nay,' said Lady Bellaston, 'I don't then so much 'wonder at my cousin; for I promise you, this Jones is 'a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue, which the 'men say is a great recommendation to us. What do 'you think, Mrs. Western—I shall certainly make you 'laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myself for laughing '—Will you believe that the fellow hath had the 'assurance to make love to me? But if you should be 'inclined to disbelieve it, here is evidence enough, his 'own hand-writing, I assure you.' She then delivered her cousin the letter with the proposals of marriage, which, if the reader hath a desire to see, he will find already on record in the Sixteenth Book of this history.

'Upon my word, I am astonished,' said Mrs. Western; 'this is indeed a master-piece of assurance. With your 'leave, I may possibly make some use of this letter.' 'You have my full liberty,' cries Lady Bellaston, 'to 'apply it to what purpose you please. However, I 'would not have it shewn to any but Miss Western, nor 'to her unless you find occasion.' 'Well, and how did 'you use the fellow?' returned Mrs. Western. 'Not as 'a husband,' said the lady, 'I am not married, I promise 'you, my dear. You know, Mrs. Western, I have tried 'the comforts once already; and once I think is enough 'for any reasonable woman.'

This letter Lady Bellaston thought would certainly turn the balance against Jones in the mind of Sophia, and she was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him instantly dispatched out of the way, and partly by having secured the evidence of Honour, who, upon sounding her, she saw sufficient

reason to imagine, was prepared to testify whatever she pleased.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why Lady Bellaston, who in her heart hated Sophia, should be so desirous of promoting a match, which was so much to the interest of the young lady. Now, I would desire such readers to look carefully into human nature, page almost the last, and there he will find in scarce legible characters, that women, notwithstanding the preposterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonial matters, do in reality think it so great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine, they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon these disappointments; again he will find it written much about the same place, that a woman who hath once been pleased with the possession of a man, will go above half way to the devil, to prevent any other woman from enjoying the same.

If he will not be contented with these reasons, I freely confess I see no other motive to the actions of that lady, unless we will conceive she was bribed by Lord Felamar, which for my own part I see no cause to suspect.

Now this was the affair which Mrs. Western was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by some prefatory discourse on the folly of love, and on the wisdom of legal prostitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence arose all that coldness in her behaviour to Blifil, which, though the squire, as was usual with him, imputed to a wrong cause, infused into Blifil himself (he being a much more cunning man) a suspicion of the real truth.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Jones pays a visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE reader may now, perhaps, be pleased to return with us to Mr. Jones, who, at the appointed hour, attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, before we relate the conversation which now past, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing her lodging principally to avoid Mr. Jones, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this interview.

And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding day, when hearing from Lady Bellaston that Mr. Western was arrived in town, she went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings at Piccadilly, where she was received with many scurvy compellations too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence, an old servant of her aunt Western, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to say the truth, with rudeness in another way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her scheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment desire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting this purpose.

The reader must remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account she gave of her

own story, with the fondness Mrs. Western had formerly shewn for Mr. Fitzpatrick, at Bath, from the disappointment of which, Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterness her aunt had expressed toward her. She had therefore no doubt but that the good lady would as easily listen to the addresses of Mr. Jones, as she had before done to the other; for the superiority of charms was clearly on the side of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had since made in age, she concluded (how justly I will not say), was an argument rather in favour of her project than against it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm assurance how much she should by so doing oblige Sophia; and after some excuses for her former disappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whose custody his mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant; she very explicitly mentioned her scheme to him, and advised him to make sham addresses to the older lady, in order to procure an easy access to the younger, informing him at the same time of the success which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very same stratagem.

Mr. Jones expressed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which she had expressed, and indeed testified, by this proposal; but besides intimating some diffidence of success from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her case in regard to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he said, he was afraid Miss Western would never agree to an imposition of this kind, as well from her utter detestation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and, indeed, if it may not be called a lapse of the tongue, it was a small deviation from politeness in Jones, and into

which he scarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praising Sophia, hurried him out of all reflections; for this commendation of one cousin was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered the lady, with some warmth, 'I cannot think there is any thing easier than to cheat 'an old woman with a profession of love, when her 'complexion is amorous; and though she is my aunt, 'I must say there never was a more liquorish one than 'her ladyship. Can't you pretend that the despair of 'possessing her niece, from being promised to Blifil, has 'made you turn your thoughts towards her? As to my 'cousin Sophia, I can't imagine her to be such a simpleton as to have the least scruple on such an account, 'or to conceive any harm in punishing one of these hags 'for the many mischiefs they bring upon families, by 'their tragi-comic passions; for which I think it is pity 'they are not punishable by law. I had no such scruple 'myself; and yet I hope my cousin Sophia will not think 'it an affront when I say she cannot detest every real 'species of falsehood more than her cousin Fitzpatrick. 'To my aunt, indeed, I pretend no duty, nor doth she 'deserve any. However, Sir, I have given you my 'advice; and if you decline pursuing it, I shall have 'the less opinion of your understanding,—that's all.'

Jones now clearly saw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmost power to rectify it; but he only faltered and stuttered into nonsense and contradiction. To say the truth, it is often safer to abide by the consequences of the first blunder than to endeavour to rectify it; for by such endeavours, we generally plunge deeper instead of extricating ourselves; and few persons will on such occasions have the good nature, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick displayed to Jones, by saying, with a smile, 'You need attempt no more excuses; for I can easily

forgive a real lover whatever is the effect of fondness for his mistress.'

She then renewed her proposal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could suggest on the subject; for she was so violently incensed against her aunt, that scarce any thing was capable of affording her equal pleasure with exposing her; and like a true woman, she would see no difficulties in the execution of a favourite scheme.

Jones, however, persisted in declining the undertaking, which had not, indeed, the least probability of success. He easily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be so eager in pressing her advice. He said, he would not deny the tender and passionate regard he had for Sophia; but was so conscious of the inequality of their situations, that he could never flatter himself so far as to hope that so divine a young lady would condescend to think on so unworthy a man; nay, he protested, he could scarce bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a profession of generous sentiments, which we have not at present leisure to insert.

There are some fine women (for I dare not here speak in too general terms) with whom self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any subject; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praise they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own use. In the company of these ladies it is impossible to say any thing handsome of another woman, which they will not apply to themselves; nay, they often improve the praise they seize; as for instance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good-humour deserve so much commendation, what do I deserve, who possess those qualities in so much more eminent a degree?

To these ladies a man often recommends himself while

he is commending another woman; and while he is expressing ardour and generous sentiments for his mistress, they are considering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderness for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many instances besides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a somewhat for Mr. Jones, the symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To say the truth, perfect beauty in both sexes is a more irresistible object than it is generally thought; for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are apt to repeat what gives them no idea) to despise outside, and to value more solid charms; yet I have always observed at the approach of consummate beauty, that these more solid charms only shine with that kind of lustre which the stars have after the rising of the sun.

When Jones had finished his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oröondates himself, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep sigh, and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been some time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, she cried, 'Indeed, Mr. Jones, I pity you; but it is the curse of 'such tenderness to be thrown away on those who are 'insensible of it. I know my cousin better than you, 'Mr. Jones, and I must say, any woman who makes no 'return to such a passion, and such a person, is un-'worthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam,' said Jones, 'you can't mean —' 'Mean!' cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'I know not what I 'mean; there is something, I think, in true tenderness 'bewitching; few women ever meet with it in men, and 'fewer still know how to value it when they do. I never

·d such truly noble sentiments, and I can't tell
· it is, but you force one to believe you. Sure
must be the most contemptible of women who
overlook such merit.'

e manner and look with which all this was spoke,
ɔd a suspicion into Jones, which we don't care to
ɔy in direct words to the reader. Instead of making
nswer, he said, 'I am afraid, Madam, I have made
tiresome a visit;' and offered to take his leave.

ot at all, Sir,' answered Mrs. Fitzpatrick.——'In-
l I pity you, Mr. Jones; indeed I do: but if you
going, consider of the scheme I have mentioned.
m convinced you will approve it, and let me see
again as soon as you can.—To-morrow morning
ou will, or at least some time to-morrow. I shall
at home all day.'

nes then after many expressions of thanks, very
ctfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear
ng him a present of a look at parting, by which
had understood nothing, he must have had no
standing in the language of the eyes. In reality,
nfirmed his resolution of returning to her no more;
aulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this history,
hole thoughts were now so confined to his Sophia,
I believe no woman upon earth could have now
n him into an act of inconstancy.

rtune, however, who was not his friend, resolved,
e intended to give her no second opportunity, to
the best of this; and accordingly produced the
cal incident which we are now in sorrowful notes
cord.

CHAPTER X.

The consequence of the preceding visit.

Mr. Fitzpatrick having received the letter before-mentioned from Mrs. Western, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after set forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to remember the suspicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and though sufficient reasons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that suspicion, yet now the reading so handsome a character of Mr. Jones from his wife, caused him to reflect, that she likewise was in the inn at the same time, and jumbled together such a confusion of circumstances in a head which was naturally none of the clearest, that the whole produced that green-eyed monster mentioned by Shakespeare in his tragedy of Othello.

And now, as he was inquiring in the street after his wife, and had just received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was issuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones; however, seeing a young well-dressed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house? 'for I am sure,' said he, 'you must have been in it, as I saw you come out of it.'

Jones answered very modestly, That he had been

ting a lady there. To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'hat business have you with the lady?' Upon which ıes, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, l indeed coat, of the gentleman, cried out——'Ha, my ood friend! give me your hand; I hope there is no ill lood remaining between us, upon a small mistake hich happened so long ago.'

Upon my soul, Sir,' said Fitzpatrick, 'I don't know our name nor your face.' 'Indeed, Sir,' said Jones, either have I the pleasure of knowing your name, ıt your face I very well remember to have seen before, ; Upton, where a foolish quarrel happened between us, hich, if it is not made up yet, we will now make up ver a bottle.'

At Upton!' cries the other;—'Ha! upon my soul, I elieve your name is Jones.' 'Indeed,' answered he, is.'—'O! upon my soul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are ıe very man I wanted to meet.—Upon my soul I will ink a bottle with you presently; but first I will give ou a great knock over the pate. There is for you, you ıscal. Upon my soul, if you do not give me satisfac-on for that blow, I will give you another.' And then wing his sword put himself in a posture of defence, ich was the only science he understood.

Jones was a little staggered by the blow, which came ıewhat unexpectedly; but presently recovering him-f he also drew, and though he understood nothing of cing, prest on so boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat vn his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in body of the said gentleman, who had no sooner re-ved it, than he stept backwards, dropt the point of his ord, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have satisfaction ıough: I am a dead man.'

I hope not,' cries Jones, 'but whatever be the conse-ıence, you must be sensible you have drawn it upon

'yourself.' At this instant a number of fellows rushed in and seized Jones, who told them he should make no resistance, and begged some of them at least would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded gentleman 'will be taken care enough of; for I suppose he hath not 'many hours to live. As for you, Sir, you have a month 'at least good yet.' 'D—n me, Jack,' said another, 'he 'hath prevented his voyage; he's bound to another port 'now;' and many other such jests was our poor Jones made the subject of, by these fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by Lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the house of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the street when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang very wisely concluded that his business was now to deliver his prisoner into the hands of the civil magistrate. He ordered him, therefore, to be carried to a public house, where having sent for a constable, he delivered him to his custody.

The constable, seeing Mr. Jones very well drest, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his prisoner with great civility, and, at his request, dispatched a messenger to inquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the surgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the constable informed Jones, that he must go before a justice. He answered, 'Wherever you please: 'I am indifferent as to what happens to me; for though 'I am convinced I am not guilty of murder in the eye of 'the law, yet the weight of blood I find intolerable upon 'my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the justice, where the surgeon who dressed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and de-

posed, that he believed the wound to be mortal; upon which the prisoner was committed to the Gatehouse. It was very late at night, so that Jones would not send for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never shut his eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his master so long, received a message, which almost deprived him of his being, when he heard it.

He went to the Gatehouse with trembling knees and a beating heart, and was no sooner arrived in the presence of Jones than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for, as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghost would enter the room. At last, he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones presently dispatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows:

'You owe the hearing from me again to an accident, 'which I own surprises me. My aunt hath just now 'shewn me a letter from you to Lady Bellaston, which 'contains a proposal of marriage. I am convinced it is 'in your own hand; and what more surprises me, is, 'that it is dated at the very time when you would have 'me imagine you was under such concern on my account. '——I leave you to comment on this fact. All I desire 'is, that your name may never more be mentioned to

'S. W.'

Of the present situation of Mr. Jones's mind, and of

the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea than by saying, his misery was such that even Thwackum would almost have pitied him. But, bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an end to the Sixteenth Book of our history.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAPTER I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing.

'HEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can; or when a tragic writer ıth brought them to the highest pitch of human isery, they both conclude their business to be done, ıd that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader ust now allow we were nearly arrived at this period, ıce it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his presentatives on earth, to have contrived much greater rments for poor Jones, than those in which we left m in the last chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-ıtured woman would hardly wish more uneasiness to rival, than what she must at present be supposed to

feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral sentences.

But to bring our favourites out of their present anguish and distress, and to land them at last on the shore of happiness, seems a much harder task; a task indeed so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable, that we shall somewhere or other provide a good husband for her in the end, either Blifil, or my lord, or somebody else; but as to poor Jones, such are the calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become felon to the world, he is at least a *Felo de se;* so destitute is he now of friends, and so persecuted by enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in seeing executions, I think he ought not to lose any time in taking a first row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promise, that notwithstanding any affection which we may be supposed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that supernatural assistance with which we are entrusted, upon condition that we use it only on very important occasions. If he doth not therefore find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn (which may very probably be the case), than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

In this the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at present, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always

at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his pur-
and the more extraordinary the invention was,
ater was the surprise and delight of the credulous
Those writers could with greater ease have con-
a hero from one country to another, nay from one
to another, and have brought him back again,
poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from

Arabians and Persians had an equal advantage
ing their tales from the Genii and Fairies, which
elieve in as an article of their faith, upon the
ty of the Koran itself. But we have none of
ıelps. To natural means alone are we confined:
try therefore what by these means may be done
›r Jones; though, to confess the truth, something
rs me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the
›f his fortune; and that a more shocking piece of
ıan any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the
ed leaves of fate.

CHAPTER II.

generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

LLWORTHY and Mrs. Miller were just sat down
ıkfast, when Blifil, who had gone out very early
›rning, returned to make one of the company.
had not been long seated before he began as
: 'Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do you
hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling
ı, for fear of shocking you with the remembrance
ɛr having shewn any kindness to such a villain.'
is the matter, child,' said the uncle, 'I fear I

'have shewn kindness in my life to the unworthy more 'than once. But charity doth not adopt the vices of its 'objects.' 'O, Sir!' returned Blifil, 'it is not without 'the secret direction of Providence that you mention 'the word adoption. Your adopted son, Sir, that Jones, 'that wretch whom you nourished in your bosom, hath 'proved one of the greatest villains upon earth.' 'By 'all that's sacred 'tis false,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Mr. 'Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthiest crea- 'tures breathing; and if any other person had called 'him villain, I would have thrown all this boiling water 'in his face.' Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But she did not give him leave to speak, before, turning to him, she cried, 'I hope you 'will not be angry with me; I would not offend you, 'Sir, for the world; but indeed I could not bear to 'hear him called so.' 'I must own, Madam,' said Allworthy, very gravely, 'I am a little surprised to hear 'you so warmly defend a fellow you do not know.' 'O! I do know him, Mr. Allworthy,' said she, 'indeed 'I do; I should be the most ungrateful of all wretches 'if I denied it. O! he hath preserved me and my little 'family; we have all reason to bless him while we live. '—And I pray heaven to bless him, and turn the hearts 'of his malicious enemies. I know, I find, I see he hath 'such.' 'You surprise me, Madam, still more,' said Allworthy, 'sure you must mean some other. It is 'impossible you should have any such obligations to 'the man my nephew mentions.' 'Too surely,' answered she, 'I have obligations to him of the greatest 'and tenderest kind. He hath been the preserver of 'me and mine.—Believe me, Sir, he hath been abused, 'grossly abused to you; I know he hath, or you, whom 'I know to be all goodness and honour, would not, after 'the many kind and tender things I have heard you say

this poor helpless child, have so disdainfully called
n fellow. Indeed, my best of friends, he deserves a
.der appellation from you, had you heard the good,
: kind, the grateful things which I have heard him
er of you. He never mentions your name but with
sort of adoration. In this very room I have seen
n on his knees, imploring all the blessings of heaven
on your head. I do not love that child there better
ın he loves you.'

[see, Sir, now,' said Blifil, with one of those
ning sneers with which the devil marks his best
ved, 'Mrs. Miller really doth know him. I suppose
ı will find she is not the only one of your ac-
aintance to whom he hath exposed you. As for
· character, I perceive by some hints she hath
own out, he hath been very free with it, but I
give him.' 'And the Lord forgive you, Sir,' said
. Miller, 'we have all sins enough to stand in
ed of his forgiveness.'

Upon my word, Mrs. Miller,' said Allworthy, 'I do
t take this behaviour of yours to my nephew kindly;
l I do assure you, as any reflections which you cast
on him must come only from that wickedest of men,
y would only serve, if that were possible, to heighten
r resentment against him: for I must tell you, Mrs.
ller, the young man who now stands before you,
th ever been the warmest advocate for the ungrateful
etch whose cause you espouse. This, I think, when
u hear it from my own mouth, will make you wonder
so much baseness and ingratitude.'

You are deceived, Sir,' answered Mrs. Miller; 'if
y were the last words which were to issue from my
s, I would say you were deceived; and I once more
eat it, the Lord forgive those who have deceived
u. I do not pretend to say the young man is

'without faults; but they are all the faults of wildness 'and of youth; faults which he may, nay, which I am 'certain he will relinquish, and if he should not, they 'are vastly overbalanced by one of the most humane, 'tender, honest hearts that ever man was blest with.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' said Allworthy, 'had this been 'related of you, I should not have believed it.' 'Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'you will believe every thing 'I have said, I am sure you will; and when you have 'heard the story which I shall tell you (for I will tell 'you all), you will be so far from being offended, that 'you will own (I know your justice so well) that I 'must have been the most despicable and most ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any other part 'than I have.'

'Well, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I shall be very glad 'to hear any good excuse for a behaviour, which, I must 'confess, I think wants an excuse. And now, Madam, 'will you be pleased to let my nephew proceed in his 'story without interruption. He would not have introduced a matter of slight consequence with such a preface. Perhaps even this story will cure you of your 'mistake.'

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of submission, and then Mr. Blifil began thus: 'I am sure, Sir, if you don't think 'proper to resent the ill-usage of Mrs. Miller, I shall 'easily forgive what affects me only. I think your 'goodness hath not deserved this indignity at her hands.' 'Well, child,' said Allworthy, 'but what is this new 'instance? What hath he done of late?' 'What,' cries Blifil, 'notwithstanding all Mrs. Miller hath said, 'I am very sorry to relate, and what you should never 'have heard from me, had it not been a matter impossible to conceal from the whole world. In short, he 'hath killed a man; I will not say murdered,—for per-

haps it may not be so construed in law, and I hope the best for his sake.'

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, 'Well, Madam, what say you now?'

'Why, I say, Sir,' answered she, 'that I never was more concerned at any thing in my life; but, if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, whoever he is, was in fault. Heaven knows there are many villains in this town, who make it their business to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing but the greatest provocation could have tempted him; for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my house, I never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tempered. He was beloved by every one in the house, and every one who came near it.'

While she was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted their conversation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any answer; for as she concluded this was a visitor to Mr. Allworthy, she hastily retired, taking with her her little girl, whose eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news she heard of Jones, who used to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many playthings, but spent whole hours in playing with her himself.

Some readers may, perhaps, be pleased with these minute circumstances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the best of our brother historians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at least, pardon them, as we are never prolix on such occasions.

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of Mr. Western, with some matters concerning the paternal authority.

Mrs. Miller had not long left the room, when Mr. Western entered; but not before a small wrangling bout had passed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows, who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good customer in the squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his generosity (for he had given them of his own accord sixpence more than their fare); they therefore very boldly demanded another shilling, which so provoked the squire, that he not only bestowed many hearty curses on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room; swearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. 'D—n 'me,' says he, 'if I won't walk in the rain rather than 'get into one of their hand-barrows again. They have 'jolted me more in a mile than Brown Bess would in 'a long fox-chase.'

When his wrath on this occasion was a little appeased, he resumed the same passionate tone on another. 'There,' says he, 'there is fine business forwards now. 'The hounds have changed at last, and when we ima-'gined we had a fox to deal with, od-rat it, it turns out 'to be a badger at last.'

'Pray, my good neighbour,' said Allworthy, 'drop 'your metaphors, and speak a little plainer.' 'Why 'then,' says the squire, 'to tell you plainly, we have 'been all this time afraid of a son of a whore, of a

'bastard of somebody's, I don't know who's, not I——
'And now here's a confounded son of a whore of a lord,
'who may be a bastard too for what I know or care, for
'he shall never have a daughter of mine by my consent.
'They have beggared the nation, but they shall never
'beggar me. My land shall never be sent over to
'Hanover.'

'You surprise me much, my good friend,' said Allworthy. 'Why, zounds! I am surprised myself,' answered the squire. 'I went to zee sister Western 'last night, according to her own appointment, and 'there I was had into a whole room full of women.— 'There was my lady cousin Bellaston, and my Lady 'Betty, and my Lady Catharine, and my lady I don't 'know who; d—n me, if ever you catch me among 'such a kennel of hoop-petticoat b—s. D—n me, I 'rather be run by my own dogs, as one Acton was, that 'the story book says was turned into a hare; and his own 'dogs killed un, and eat un. Od-rabbit it, no mortal 'was ever run in such a manner; if I dogged one way, 'one had me, if I offered to clap back, another snapped 'me. O! certainly one of the greatest matches in Eng-'land, says one cousin' (here he attempted to mimic them); 'A very advantageous offer indeed, cries another 'cousin, (for you must know they be all my cousins, thof 'I never zeed half o'um before.) Surely, says that fat 'a—se b—, my Lady Bellaston, "Cousin, you must be '"out of your wits to think of refusing such an offer."'

'Now I begin to understand,' says Allworthy, 'some 'person hath made proposals to Miss Western, which the 'ladies of the family approve, but is not to your liking.'

'My liking!' said Western, 'how the devil should it? 'I tell you it is a lord, and those are always volks whom 'you know I always resolved to have nothing to do with. 'Did unt I refuse a matter of vorty years purchase now

'for a bit of land, which one o'um had a mind to put into 'a park, only because I would have no dealings with 'lords, and dost think I would marry my daughter zu? 'Besides, ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever go off 'any bargain when I had promised?'

'As to that point, neighbour,' said Allworthy, 'I en- 'tirely release you from any engagement. No contract 'can be binding between parties who have not a full 'power to make it at the time, nor ever afterwards 'acquire the power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud! then,' answered Western, 'I tell you I have 'power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with me 'directly to Doctors' Commons, I will get a license; 'and I will go to sister and take away the wench by 'force, and she shall ha un, or I will lock her up, and 'keep her upon bread and water as long as she lives.'

'Mr. Western,' said Allworthy, 'shall I beg you will 'hear my full sentiments on this matter?' 'Hear thee; 'ay, to be sure I will,' answered he. 'Why, then, Sir,' cries Allworthy, 'I can truly say, without a compliment 'either to you or the young lady, that when this match 'was proposed, I embraced it very readily and heartily, 'from my regard to you both. An alliance between two 'families so nearly neighbours, and between whom there 'had always existed so mutual an intercourse and good 'harmony, I thought a most desirable event; and with 'regard to the young lady, not only the concurrent 'opinion of all who knew her, but my own observation 'assured me, that she would be an inestimable treasure 'to a good husband. I shall say nothing of her personal 'qualifications, which certainly are admirable; her good- 'nature, her charitable disposition, her modesty, are too 'well known to need any panegyric: but she hath one 'quality which existed in a high degree in that best of 'women, who is now one of the first of angels, which,

it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly escapes
servation; so little indeed it is remarked, that I want
word to express it. I must use negatives on this
asion. I never heard any thing of pertness, or what
alled repartee out of her mouth; no pretence to wit,
ch less to that kind of wisdom which is the result
y of great learning and experience; the affectation
which, in a young woman, is as absurd as any of the
ctations of an ape. No dictatorial sentiments, no
icial opinions, no profound criticism. Whenever I
ve seen her in the company of men, she hath been all
ention, with the modesty of a learner, not the for-
rdness of a teacher. You'll pardon me for it, but I
e, to try her only, desired her opinion on a point
ich was controverted between Mr. Thwackum and
. Square. To which she answered with much sweet-
s, "You will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am
ure you cannot in earnest think me capable of de-
iding any point in which two such gentlemen dis-
gree." Thwackum and Square, who both alike
ught themselves sure of a favourable decision,
onded my request. She answered with the same
d humour, "I must absolutely be excused; for I
will affront neither so much, as to give my judgment
n his side." Indeed, she always shewed the highest
erence to the understandings of men; a quality ab-
utely essential to the making a good wife. I shall
y add, that as she is most apparently void of all
ctation, this deference must be certainly real.'

ere Blifil sighed bitterly: upon which Western,
se eyes were full of tears at the praise of Sophia,
bered out, 'Don't be chicken-hearted, for shat ha
', d—n me, shat ha her, if she was twenty times
good.'

Remember your promise, Sir,' cried Allworthy, 'I

'was not to be interrupted.' 'Well, shat unt,' answered the squire, 'I won't speak another word.'

'Now, my good friend,' continued Allworthy, 'I have 'dwelt so long on the merit of this young lady, partly 'as I really am in love with her character, and partly 'that fortune (for the match in that light is really ad- 'vantageous on my nephew's side) might not be ima- 'gined to be my principal view in having so eagerly 'embraced the proposal. Indeed, I heartily wished to 'receive so great a jewel into my family; but though 'I may wish for many good things, I would not there- 'fore steal them, or be guilty of any violence or injustice 'to possess myself of them. Now to force a woman 'into a marriage contrary to her consent or approbation, 'is an act of such injustice and oppression, that I wish 'the laws of our country could restrain it; but a good 'conscience is never lawless in the worst regulated state, 'and will provide those laws for itself, which the neglect 'of legislators hath forgotten to supply. This is surely 'a case of that kind; for is it not cruel, nay impious, to 'force a woman into that state against her will; for 'her behaviour in which she is to be accountable to the 'highest and most dreadful court of judicature, and to 'answer at the peril of her soul? To discharge the 'matrimonial duties in an adequate manner is no easy 'task; and shall we lay this burthen upon a woman, 'while we at the same time deprive her of all that assist- 'ance which may enable her to undergo it? Shall we tear 'her very heart from her, while we enjoin her duties to 'which a whole heart is scarce equal? I must speak 'very plainly here, I think parents who act in this man- 'ner are accessories to all the guilt which their children 'afterwards incur, and of course must, before a just 'judge, expect to partake of their punishment; but if 'they could avoid this, good heaven! is there a soul who

'can bear the thought of having contributed to the 'damnation of his child?

'For these reasons, my best neighbour, as I see the 'inclinations of this young lady are most unhappily 'averse to my nephew, I must decline any further 'thoughts of the honour you intended him, though I 'assure you I shall always retain the most grateful 'sense of it.'

'Well, Sir,' said Western (the froth bursting forth from his lips the moment they were uncorked), 'you 'cannot say but I have heard you out, and now I expect 'you'll hear me; and if I don't answer every word on't, 'why then I'll consent to gee the matter up. First then, 'I desire you to answer me one question, Did not I beget 'her? did not I beget her? answer me that. They say 'indeed, it is a wise father that knows his own child; 'but I am sure I have the best title to her, for I bred 'her up. But I believe you will allow me to be her 'father, and if I be, am I not to govern my own child? 'I ask you that, am I not to govern my own child? 'and if I am to govern her in other matters, surely I am 'to govern her in this which concerns her most. And 'what am I desiring all this while? Am I desiring 'her to do any thing for me, to give me anything?— 'Zu much on t'other side, that I am only desiring 'her to take away half my estate now, and t'other 'half when I die. Well, and what is it all vor? 'Why is unt it to make her happy? It's enough to 'make one mad to hear volks talk; if I was going to 'marry myself, then she would ha reason to cry and to 'blubber; but, on the contrary, han't I offered to bind 'down my land in zuch a manner, that I could not 'marry if I would, zeeing as narro' woman upon earth 'would ha me. What the devil in hell can I do more? 'I contribute to her damnation!—Zounds! I'd zee all

'the world d—n'd bevore her little vinger should be 'hurt. Indeed, Mr. Allworthy, you must excuse me, 'but I am surprised to hear you talk in zuch a manner, 'and I must say, take it how you will, that I thought 'you had more sense.'

Allworthy resented this reflection only with a smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that smile any mixture of malice or contempt. His smiles at folly were indeed such as we may suppose the angels bestow on the absurdities of mankind.

Blifil now desired to be permitted to speak a few words. 'As to using any violence on the young lady, I am sure 'I shall never consent to it. My conscience will not per- 'mit me to use violence on any one, much less on a lady 'for whom, however cruel she is to me, I shall always 'preserve the purest and sincerest affection; but yet I 'have read that women are seldom proof against perse- 'verance. Why may I not hope then by such perse- 'verance at last to gain those inclinations, in which for 'the future I shall, perhaps, have no rival? for as for this 'lord, Mr. Western is so kind to prefer me to him; and 'sure, Sir, you will not deny but that a parent hath at 'least a negative voice in these matters; nay, I have 'heard this very young lady herself say so more than 'once, and declare that she thought children inexcusable 'who married in direct opposition to the will of their 'parents. Besides, though the other ladies of the family 'seem to favour the pretensions of my lord, I do not find 'the lady herself is inclined to give him any countenance; 'alas! I am too well assured she is not; I am too sensible 'that wickedest of men remains uppermost in her heart.'

'Ay, ay, so he does,' cries Western.

'But surely,' says Blifil, 'when she hears of this murder 'which he hath committed, if the law should spare his 'life——'

'What's that?' cries Western; 'Murder! hath he 'committed a murder, and is there any hopes of seeing 'him hanged? Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a singing and capering about the room.

'Child,' says Allworthy, 'this unhappy passion of yours 'distresses me beyond measure. I heartily pity you, and 'would do every fair thing to promote your success.'

'I desire no more,' cries Blifil; 'I am convinced my 'dear uncle hath a better opinion of me than to think 'that I myself would accept of more.'

'Lookye,' says Allworthy, 'you have my leave to 'write, to visit, if she will permit it,——but I insist on 'no thoughts of violence. I will have no confinement, 'nothing of that kind attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the squire, 'nothing of that kind 'shall be attempted; we will try a little longer what fair 'means will effect; and if this fellow be but hanged out 'of the way—Tol lol de rol! I never heard better news 'in my life—I warrant every thing goes to my mind.— 'Do, prithee, dear Allworthy, come and dine with me at 'the Hercules Pillars: I have bespoke a shoulder of 'mutton roasted, and a sparerib of pork, and a fowl and 'egg-sauce. There will be nobody but ourselves, unless 'we have a mind to have the landlord; for I have sent 'parson Supple down to Basingstoke after my tobacco-'box, which I left at an inn there, and I would not lose it 'for the world; for it is an old acquaintance of above 'twenty years standing. I can tell you landlord is a vast 'comical bitch, you will like un hugely.'

Mr. Allworthy at last agreed to this invitation, and soon after the squire went off, singing and capering at the hopes of seeing the speedy tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy resumed the aforesaid subject with much gravity. He told his nephew, he wished with all his heart he would endeavour to con-

quer a passion, 'in which I cannot,' says he, 'flatter you 'with any hopes of succeeding. It is certainly a vulgar 'error that aversion in a woman may be conquered by 'perseverance. Indifference may, perhaps, sometimes 'yield to it; but the usual triumphs gained by perse-'verance in a lover, are over caprice, prudence, affecta-'tion, and often an exorbitant degree of levity, which 'excites women not overwarm in their constitutions, to 'indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of courtship, 'even when they are well enough pleased with the object, 'and resolve (if they ever resolve at all) to make him a 'very pitiful amends in the end. But a fixed dislike, as 'I am afraid this is, will rather gather strength than be 'conquered by time. Besides, my dear, I have another 'apprehension which you must excuse. I am afraid this 'passion which you have for this fine young creature, 'hath her beautiful person too much for its object, and is 'unworthy of the name of that love which is the only 'foundation of matrimonial felicity. To admire, to like, 'and to long for the possession of a beautiful woman, 'without any regard to her sentiments towards us, is, I 'am afraid, too natural; but love, I believe, is the child 'of love only; at least, I am pretty confident, that to 'love the creature who we are assured hates us, is not 'in human nature. Examine your heart, therefore, thor-'oughly, my good boy, and if, upon examination, you 'have but the least suspicion of this kind, I am sure your 'own virtue and religion will impel you to drive so 'vicious a passion from your heart, and your good sense 'will soon enable you to do it without pain.'

The reader may pretty well guess Blifil's answer; but if he should be at a loss, we are not at present at leisure to satisfy him, as our history now hastens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from Sophia.

CHAPTER IV.

An extraordinary scene between Sophia and her aunt.

THE lowing heifer, and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they suffered to enjoy their liberty undisturbed. But if a plump doe be discovered to have escaped from the forest, and to repose herself in some field or grove, the whole parish is presently alarmed, every man is ready to set his dogs after her; and if she is preserved from the rest by the good squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have often considered a very fine young woman of fortune and fashion, when first found strayed from the pale of her nursery, to be pretty much in the same situation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, she is hunted from park to play, from court to assembly, from assembly to her own chamber, and rarely escapes a single season from the jaws of some devourer or other; for if her friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chusing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest; while whole herds or flocks of other women securely, and scarce regarded, traverse the park, the play, the opera, and the assembly; and though, for the most part at least, they are at last devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without disturbance or control.

Of all these paragons none ever tasted more of this persecution than poor Sophia. Her ill stars were not contented with all that she had suffered on account of

Blifil, they now raised another pursuer, who seemed likely to torment her no less than the other had done. For though her aunt was less violent, she was no less assiduous in teasing her, than her father had been before.

The servants were no sooner departed after dinner, than Mrs. Western, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, that she expected his lordship that very afternoon, and intended to take the first opportunity of leaving her alone with him. 'If you do, Madam,' answered Sophia, with some spirit, 'I shall take the first 'opportunity of leaving him by himself.'—'How! 'Madam!' cries the aunt; 'is this the return you 'make me for my kindness, in relieving you from your 'confinement at your father's?'—'You know, Madam,' said Sophia, 'the cause of that confinement was a refusal 'to comply with my father, in accepting a man I de-'tested; and will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me 'from that distress, involve me in another equally bad?' —'And do you think then, Madam,' answered Mrs. Western, 'that there is no difference between my Lord 'Fellamar and Mr. Blifil?'—'Very little, in my 'opinion,' cries Sophia: 'and if I must be condemned 'to one, I would certainly have the merit of sacrificing 'myself to my father's pleasure.'—'Then my pleasure, I 'find,' said the aunt, 'hath very little weight with you; 'but that consideration shall not move me. I act from 'nobler motives. The view of aggrandizing my family, 'of ennobling yourself, is what I proceed upon. Have 'you no sense of ambition? Are there no charms in the 'thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?' 'None, 'upon my honour,' said Sophia. 'A pincushion upon 'my coach would please me just as well.' 'Never 'mention honour,' cries the aunt. 'It becomes not the 'mouth of such a wretch. I am sorry, niece, you force 'me to use these words; but I cannot bear to hear your

veling temper; you have none of the blood of the sterns in you. But, however mean and base your ı ideas are, you shall bring no imputation on mine. ɾill never suffer the world to say of me, that I ouraged you in refusing one of the best matches in gland; a match which, besides its advantage in ;une, would do honour to almost any family, and h, indeed, in title, the advantage of ours. Surely,' Sophia, 'I am born deficient, and have not the ses with which other people are blessed; there must certainly some sense which can relish the delights sound and show, which I have not; for surely man- d would not labour so much, nor sacrifice so much the obtaining, nor would they be so elate and proud h possessing, what appeared to them, as it doth to , the most insignificant of all trifles.'

No, no, Miss;' cries the aunt; 'you are born with as ıy senses as other people; but I assure you, you are born with a sufficient understanding to make a fool ne, or to expose my conduct to the world, so I de- ; thus to you upon my word, and you know, I ve, how fixed my resolutions are, unless you agree e his lordship this afternoon, I will, with my own ;, deliver you to-morrow morning to my brother, vill never henceforth interfere with you, nor see face again.' Sophia stood a few moments silent is speech, which was uttered in a most angry and ory tone; and then bursting into tears, she cried, h me, Madam, whatever you please; I am the iserable undone wretch upon earth; if my dear sakes me, where shall I look for a protector?'— niece,' cries she, 'you will have a very good in his lordship; a protector, whom nothing nkering after that vile fellow Jones can make ine.' 'Indeed, Madam,' said Sophia, 'you

'wrong me. How can you imagine, after what you 'have shewn me, if I had ever any such thoughts, that 'I should not banish them for ever. If it will satisfy 'you, I will receive the sacrament upon it, never to see 'his face again.'—'But, child, dear child,' said the aunt, 'be reasonable; can you invent a single objection?'—— 'I have already, I think, told you a sufficient objection,' answered Sophia.——'What,' cries the aunt; 'I re- 'member none.' 'Sure, Madam,' said Sophia, 'I told 'you he had used me in the rudest and vilest manner.' 'Indeed, child,' answered she, 'I never heard you, or 'did not understand you:——But what do you mean 'by this rude, vile manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' said Sophia, 'I am almost ashamed to tell you. He caught 'me in his arms, pulled me down upon the settee, and 'thrust his hand into my bosom, and kissed me with 'such violence, that I have the mark upon my left breast 'at this moment.'—'Indeed!' said Mrs. Western. 'Yes, 'indeed, Madam,' answered Sophia; 'my father luckily 'came in at that instant, or heaven knows what rudeness 'he intended to have proceeded to.' 'I am astonished 'and confounded,' cries the aunt. 'No woman of the 'name of Western hath been ever treated so, since we 'were a family. I would have torn the eyes of a prince 'out, if he had attempted such freedoms with me. It is 'impossible; sure, Sophia, you must invent this to raise 'my indignation against him.' 'I hope, Madam,' said Sophia, 'you have too good an opinion of me, to imagine 'me capable of telling an untruth. Upon my soul, it is 'true.' 'I should have stabbed him to the heart, had 'I been present,' returned the aunt. 'Yet surely he 'could have no dishonourable design; it is impossible! 'he durst not: besides, his proposals shew he had not; 'for they are not only honourable, but generous. I 'don't know; the age allows too great freedoms. A

nt salute is all I would have allowed before the mony. I have had lovers formerly, not so long neither; several lovers, though I never would con- to marriage, and I never encouraged the least lom. It is a foolish custom, and what I never ld agree to. No man kissed more of me than my k. It is as much as one can bring one's self to lips up to a husband; and, indeed, could I ever been persuaded to marry, I believe I should not soon been brought to endure so much.' 'You will on me, dear Madam,' said Sophia, 'if I make one rvation: You own you have had many lovers, and world knows it, even if you should deny it. You ed them all, and, I am convinced, one coronet at among them.' 'You say true, dear Sophy,' an- l she; 'I had once the offer of a title.' 'Why ,' said Sophia, 'will you not suffer me to refuse this ?' 'It is true, child,' said she, 'I have refused the of a title but it was not so good an offer; that is, so very, very good an offer.'—'Yes, Madam,' said a; 'but you have had very great proposals from of vast fortunes. It was not the first, the second, the third advantageous match that offered itself.' n it was not,' said she. 'Well, Madam,' continued a, 'and why may not I expect to have a second, aps, better than this? You are now but a young an, and I am convinced would not promise to yield e first lover of fortune, nay, or of title too. I am ry young woman, and sure I need not despair.' , my dear, dear Sophy,' cries the aunt, 'what d you have me say?' 'Why, I only beg that I not be left alone, at least this evening; grant me and I will submit, if you think, after what is past, ght to see him in your company.' 'Well, I will t it,' cries the aunt. 'Sophy, you know I love you,

'and can deny you nothing. You know the easiness of 'my nature; I have not always been so easy. I have 'been formerly thought cruel; by the men, I mean. I 'was called the cruel Parthenissa. I have broke many 'a window that has had verses to the cruel Parthenissa 'on it. Sophy, I was never so handsome as you, and 'yet I had something of you formerly. I am a little 'altered. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says in 'his epistles, undergo alterations, and so must the human 'form.' Thus run she on for near half an hour upon herself, and her conquests, and her cruelty, till the arrival of my lord, who, after a most tedious visit, during which Mrs. Western never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more satisfied with the aunt than with the niece. For Sophia had brought her aunt into so excellent a temper, that she consented to almost every thing her niece said; and agreed, that a little distant behaviour might not be improper to so forward a lover.

Thus Sophia, by a little well-directed flattery, for which surely none will blame her, obtained a little ease for herself, and, at least, put off the evil day. And now we have seen our heroine in a better situation than she hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the most deplorable situation that can well be imagined.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the prison.

When Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Western, Mrs. Miller set forwards to her son-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had

known it long before from Partridge (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furnished with a room in the same house with Mr. Nightingale). The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forwards to the Gatehouse, where she heard he was, and where Mr. Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmness and constancy of a true friend is a circumstance so extremely delightful to persons in any kind of distress, that the distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compensated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are instances of this kind so rare as some superficial and inaccurate observers have reported. To say the truth, want of compassion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upward to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miserable with sufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that most of the defects which discovered themselves in the friendships within my observation have arisen from envy only; a hellish vice; and yet one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that fortune was apprehensive lest Jones should sink under the weight of his adversity, and that she might thus lose any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her persecution by sending him the company of two such faithful friends, and what is, perhaps, more rare,

a faithful servant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his master, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his cause.

While Jones was expressing great satisfaction in the presence of his friends, Partridge brought an account, that Mr. Fitzpatrick was still alive, though the surgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which, Jones, fetching a deep sigh, Nightingale said to him; 'My dear Tom, why should you afflict yourself so upon 'an accident, which, whatever be the consequence, can 'be attended with no danger to you, and in which your 'conscience cannot accuse you of having been in the 'least to blame. If the fellow should die, what have 'you done more than taken away the life of a ruffian 'in your own defence? So will the coroner's inquest 'certainly find it; and then you will be easily admitted 'to bail; and though you must undergo the form of 'a trial, yet it is a trial which many men would stand 'for you for a shilling.' 'Come, come, Mr. Jones,' says Mrs. Miller, 'cheer yourself up. I knew you could 'not be the aggressor, and so I told Mr. Allworthy, and 'so he shall acknowledge too, before I have done with 'him.'

Jones gravely answered, That whatever might be his fate, he should always lament the having shed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of the highest misfortunes which could have befallen him. 'But I have 'another misfortune of the tenderest kind.——O! Mrs. 'Miller, I have lost what I held most dear upon earth.' 'That must be a mistress,' said Mrs. Miller; 'but come, 'come; I know more than you imagine;' (for indeed Partridge had blabbed all) 'and I have heard more than 'you know. Matters go better, I promise you, than

'you think; and I would not give Blifil sixpence for 'all the chance which he hath of the lady.'

'Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,' answered Jones, 'you are an entire stranger to the cause of my grief. 'If you was acquainted with the story, you would allow 'my case admitted of no comfort. I apprehend no 'danger from Blifil. I have undone myself.' 'Don't 'despair,' replied Mrs. Miller; 'you know not what a 'woman can do; and if any thing be in my power, I 'promise you I will do it to serve you. It is my duty. 'My son, my dear Mr. Nightingale, who is so kind to 'tell me he hath obligations to you on the same 'account, knows it is my duty. Shall I go to the lady 'myself? I will say any thing to her you would have 'me say.'

'Thou best of women,' cries Jones, taking her by the hand, 'talk not of obligations to me;—— but, as you 'have been so kind to mention it, there is a favour 'which, perhaps, may be in your power. I see you 'are acquainted with the lady (how you came by your 'information I know not), who sits, indeed, very near my heart. If you could contrive to deliver this' (giving her a paper from his pocket), 'I shall for ever acknowledge your goodness.'

'Give it me,' said Mrs. Miller. 'If I see it not in her own possession before I sleep, may my next sleep be my last. Comfort yourself, my good young man! be wise enough to take warning from past follies, and I warrant all shall be well, and I shall yet see you happy with the most charming young lady in the world; for I so hear from every one she is.'

'Believe me, Madam,' said he, 'I do not speak the common cant of one in my unhappy situation. Before this dreadful accident happened, I had resolved to quit a life of which I was become sensible of the wicked-

'ness as well as folly. I do assure you, notwithstanding 'the disturbances I have unfortunately occasioned in 'your house, for which I heartily ask your pardon, I 'am not an abandoned profligate. Though I have been 'hurried into vices, I do not approve a vicious character; 'nor will I ever, from this moment, deserve it.'

Mrs. Miller expressed great satisfaction in these declarations, in the sincerity of which she averred she had an entire faith; and now the remainder of the conversation past in the joint attempts of that good woman and Mr. Nightingale to cheer the dejected spirits of Mr. Jones, in which they so far succeeded, as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing so much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he despaired of finding any means to accomplish; for when Black George produced the last from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that she had strictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any answer. He was, moreover, not a little pleased, to find he had so warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himself in this good woman, who was, in reality, one of the worthiest creatures in the world.

After about an hour's visit from the lady (for Nightingale had been with him much longer), they both took their leave, promising to return to him soon; during which, Mrs. Miller said, she hoped to bring him some good news from his mistress, and Mr. Nightingale promised to inquire into the state of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewise to find out some of the persons who were present at the rencounter.

The former of these went directly in quest of Sophia, whither we likewise shall now attend her.

CHAPTER VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a visit to Sophia.

Access to the young lady was by no means difficult; for, as she lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, she was at full liberty to receive what visitants she pleased.

Sophia was dressing when she was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her. As she was neither afraid, nor ashamed, to see any of her own sex Mrs. Miller was immediately admitted.

Curtsies and the usual ceremonials between women who are strangers to each other, being past, Sophia said, 'I have not the pleasure to know you, Madam.' 'No, 'Madam,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'and I must beg pardon 'for intruding upon you. But when you know what 'has induced me to give you this trouble, I hope——' 'Pray, what is your business, Madam?' said Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Madam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs. Miller, in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' said Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller said, 'I was 'desired, Madam, by a very unhappy young gentleman, 'to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when she saw the direction, well knowing the hand, and after some hesitation, said,—'I could not conceive, 'Madam, from your appearance, that your business had 'been of such a nature.—Whomever you brought this 'letter from, I shall not open it. I should be sorry to 'entertain an unjust suspicion of any one; but you are 'an utter stranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, Madam,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and how I came

'by that letter.' 'I have no curiosity, Madam, to know 'any thing,' cries Sophia; 'but I must insist on your 'delivering that letter back to the person who gave it 'you.'

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and in the most passionate terms implored her compassion; to which Sophia answered: 'Sure, Madam, it is surprising you 'should be so very strongly interested in the behalf of 'this person. I would not think, Madam,—' 'No, 'Madam,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you shall not think any 'thing but the truth. I will tell you all, and you will 'not wonder that I am interested. He is the best-'natured creature that ever was born.'——She then began and related the story of Mr. Henderson.——After this she cried, 'This Madam, this is his goodness; but I 'have much more tender obligations to him. He hath 'preserved my child.'——Here after shedding some tears, she related every thing concerning that fact, suppressing only those circumstances which would have most reflected on her daughter, and concluded with saying, 'Now, Madam, you shall judge whether I can ever 'do enough for so kind, so good, so generous a young 'man; and sure he is the best and worthiest of all human 'beings.'

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia hitherto had been chiefly to her disadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleness; but she now waxed redder, if possible, than vermilion, and cried, 'I know 'not what to say; certainly what arises from gratitude 'cannot be blamed——But what service can my reading 'this letter do your friend, since I resolved never——' Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, but she could not, she said, carry it back. 'Well, Madam,' says Sophia, 'I cannot help it, if you 'will force it upon me.—Certainly you may leave it

whether I will or no.' What Sophia meant, or whether ıe meant any thing, I will not presume to determine; ıt Mrs. Miller actually understood this as a hint, and :esently laying the letter down on the table, took her ave, having first begged permission to wait again on ophia; which request had neither assent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till [rs. Miller was out of sight; for then Sophia opened ıd read it.

This letter did very little service to his cause; for it ɔnsisted of little more than confessions of his own un-orthiness, and bitter lamentations of despair, together ith the most solemn protestations of his unalterable delity to Sophia, of which, he said, he hoped to con-ince her, if he had ever more the honour of being ad-ıitted to her presence; and that he could account for ıe letter to Lady Bellaston, in such a manner, that ıough it would not entitle him to her forgiveness, he oped at least to obtain it from her mercy. And con-.uded with vowing, that nothing was ever less in his ıoughts than to marry Lady Bellaston.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great ttention, his meaning still remained a riddle to her; nor ɔuld her invention suggest to her any means to excuse ones. She certainly remained very angry with him, ıough indeed Lady Bellaston took up so much of her :sentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to estow on any other person.

That lady was most unluckily to dine this very day ith her aunt Western, and in the afternoon they were ll three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, ıd thence to Lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia ould have gladly been excused from all, but she would ot disoblige her aunt; and as to the arts of counterfeit-ıg illness, she was so entirely a stranger to them, that it

never once entered into her head. When she was drest, therefore, down she went, resolved to encounter all the horrors of the day, and a most disagreeable one it proved; for Lady Bellaston took every opportunity very civilly and slily to insult her; to all which her dejection of spirits disabled her from making any return; and indeed, to confess the truth, she was at the very best but an indifferent mistress of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia, was the company of Lord Fellamar, whom she met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places were too public to admit of any particularities, and she was farther relieved by the music at the one place, and by the cards at the other, she could not however enjoy herself in his company; for there is something of delicacy in women, which will not suffer them to be even easy in the presence of a man whom they know to have pretensions to them, which they are disinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our posterity, it is hoped, will not understand in the sense it is here applied, we shall, notwithstanding our present haste, stop a moment to describe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment describe it.

A drum, then, is an assembly of well-dressed persons of both sexes, most of whom play at cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the mistress of the house performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and like the landlady of an inn prides herself in the number of her guests, though she doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder then, as so much spirits must be required to support any vivacity in these scenes of dulness, that we hear persons of fashion eternally complaining of the

vant of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper ife. How insupportable must we imagine this round of mpertinence to have been to Sophia at this time; how lifficult must she have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing out the tenderest sorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas.

Night however, at last, restored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to sooth her melancholy at east, though incapable we fear of rest, and shall pursue our history, which, something whispers us, is now arrived at the eve of some great event.

CHAPTER VII.

A pathetic scene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Miller had a long discourse with Mr. Allworthy at his return from dinner, in which she acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their separation; and with the distresses to which that loss had subjected him; of all which she had received a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter; for though she had the utmost confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair secret, which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen, yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those circumstances which reflected most on the chastity of poor Nancy; but smothered that part of her evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a judge, and

the girl was now on her trial for the murder of a bastard.

Allworthy said, There were few characters so absolutely vicious, as not to have the least mixture of good in them. 'However,' says he, 'I cannot deny but that 'you had some obligations to the fellow, bad as he is, 'and I shall therefore excuse what hath past already, 'but must insist you never mention his name to me 'more; for I promise you, it was upon the fullest and 'plainest evidence that I resolved to take the measures 'I have taken.' 'Well, Sir,' says she, 'I make not 'the least doubt, but time will shew all matters in their 'true and natural colours, and that you will be con-'vinced this poor young man deserves better of you 'than some other folks that shall be nameless.'

'Madam,' cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, 'I will not 'hear any reflections on my nephew; and if ever you 'say a word more of that kind, I will depart from your 'house that instant. He is the worthiest and best of 'men; and I once more repeat it to you, he hath carried 'his friendship to this man to a blameable length, by too 'long concealing facts of the blackest die. The ingrati-'tude of the wretch to this good young man is what I 'must resent; for, Madam, I have the greatest reason to 'imagine he had laid a plot to supplant my nephew in 'my favour, and to have disinherited him.'

'I am sure, Sir,' answered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened (for though Mr. Allworthy had the utmost sweetness and benevolence in his smiles, he had great terror in his frowns), 'I shall never speak against any 'gentleman you are pleased to think well of. I am 'sure, Sir, such behaviour would very little become 'me, especially when the gentleman is your nearest 'relation; but, Sir, you must not be angry with me, 'you must not indeed, for my good wishes to this poor

etch. Sure I may call him so now, though once
u would have been angry with me, if I had spoke
him with the least disrespect. How often have I
ard you call him your son? How often have you
ittled to me of him, with all the fondness of a
rent? Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many tender
pressions, the many good things you have told me
his beauty, and his parts, and his virtues; of his
od-nature and generosity.—I am sure, Sir, I cannot
get them, for I find them all true. I have ex-
rienced them in my own cause. They have pre-
ved my family. You must pardon my tears, Sir,
leed you must. When I consider the cruel reverse
fortune which this poor youth, to whom I am so
ich obliged, hath suffered; when I consider the loss
your favour, which I know he valued more than
s life, I must, I must lament him. If you had a
gger in your hand, ready to plunge into my heart,
must lament the misery of one whom you have
ved, and I shall ever love.'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this speech,
it seemed not to be with anger; for after a short
ace, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he said very
otionately to her: 'Come, Madam, let us consider
little about your daughter. I cannot blame you
rejoicing in a match which promises to be advan-
geous to her, but you know this advantage, in a
eat measure, depends on the father's reconciliation.
know Mr. Nightingale very well, and have formerly
d concerns with him; I will make him a visit, and
deavour to serve you in this matter. I believe he
a worldly man; but as this is an only son, and the
ing is now irretrievable, perhaps he may in time be
ought to reason. I promise you I will do all I can
r you.'

Many were the acknowledgments which the poor woman made to Allworthy for this kind and generous offer, nor could she refrain from taking this occasion again to express her gratitude towards Jones, 'to whom,' said she, 'I owe the opportunity of giving you, Sir, this 'present trouble.' Allworthy gently stopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of so noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and indeed, had not this new affair inflamed his former anger against Jones, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itself could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their conversation was put an end to, by the arrival of Blifil, and another person, which other person was no less than Mr. Dowling, the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the desire of his nephew, had made his steward; and had likewise recommended him to Mr. Western, from whom the attorney received a promise of being promoted to the same office upon the first vacancy; and in the mean time, was employed in transacting some affairs which the squire then had in London in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the same opportunity to charge himself with some money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of some other business; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this history, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and resort to other matters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing various matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good humour by those soothing methods which we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate of her zeal for the match with Lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by Lady Bellaston, who had told her the preceding evening, that she was well satisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordship, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to succeed, was to press the match forward with such rapidity that the young lady should have no time to reflect, and be obliged to consent, while she scarce knew what she did. In which manner, she said, one-half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which, I suppose, is owing the mutual tenderness which afterwards exists among so many happy couples.

A hint of the same kind was given by the same lady to Lord Fellamar; and both these so readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his lordship's request, appointed by Mrs. Western for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and insisted upon in such high terms, that, after having urged every thing she possibly could invent against it, without the least effect, she at last agreed to give the highest instance of complaisance which any young lady can give, and consented to see his lordship.

As conversations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that past at this interview; in which, after his lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion to the silent, blushing Sophia; she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low voice, said, 'My lord, you must be yourself conscious 'whether your former behaviour to me hath been con-'sistent with the professions you now make.' 'Is there,' answered he, 'no way by which I can atone for mad-'ness? what I did, I am afraid, must have too plainly 'convinced you that the violence of love had deprived 'me of my senses.' 'Indeed, my lord,' said she, 'it is in 'your power to give me a proof of an affection which I 'much rather wish to encourage, and to which I should 'think myself more beholden.' 'Name it, Madam,' said my lord, very warmly.—'My lord,' says she, looking down upon her fan, 'I know you must be sensible how 'uneasy this pretended passion of yours hath made me.' ——'Can you be so cruel to call it pretended?' says he. 'Yes, my lord,' answered Sophia, 'all professions of love 'to those whom we persecute, are most insulting pre-'tences. This pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel 'persecution; nay, it is taking a most ungenerous ad-'vantage of my unhappy situation.' 'Most lovely, most 'adorable charmer, do not accuse me,' cries he, 'of taking 'an ungenerous advantage, while I have no thoughts but 'what are directed to your honour and interest, and while 'I have no view, no hope, no ambition, but to throw 'myself, honour, fortune, every thing at your feet.' 'My 'lord,' says she, 'it is that fortune, and those honours, 'which gave you the advantage of which I complain. 'These are the charms which have seduced my relations, 'but to me they are things indifferent. If your lordship 'will merit my gratitude, there is but one way'——

Pardon me, divine creature,' said he, 'there can be none. All I can do for you is so much your due, and will give me so much pleasure, that there is no room for your gratitude.'——'Indeed, my lord,' answered e, 'you may obtain my gratitude, my good opinion, very kind thought and wish which it is in my power o bestow; nay, you may obtain them with ease, for ure to a generous mind it must be easy to grant my equest. Let me beseech you, then, to cease a pursuit, n which you can never have any success. For your wn sake as well as mine I entreat this favour; for sure ou are too noble to have any pleasure in tormenting an nhappy creature. What can your lordship propose ut uneasiness to yourself by a perseverance, which, pon my honour, upon my soul, cannot, shall not pre-ail with me, whatever distresses you may drive me to.' ere my lord fetched a deep sigh, and then said,—'Is it nen, Madam, that I am so unhappy to be the object of our dislike and scorn; or will you pardon me if I sus-ect there is some other?'—Here he hesitated, and phia answered with some spirit, 'My lord, I shall not e accountable to you for the reasons of my conduct. am obliged to your lordship for the generous offer you ave made; I own it is beyond either my deserts or xpectations; yet I hope, my lord, you will not insist n my reasons, when I declare I cannot accept it.' rd Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not fectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be ictly reconciled either to sense or grammar; but he ncluded his ranting speech with saying, 'That if she ad pre-engaged herself to any gentleman, however nhappy it would make him, he should think himself ound in honour to desist.' Perhaps my lord laid too ich emphasis on the word gentleman; for we cannot e well account for the indignation with which he

inspired Sophia, who, in her answer, seemed greatly to resent some affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more raised than usual, Mrs. Western came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames bursting from her eyes. 'I am ashamed,' says she, 'my lord, of the re-'ception which you have met with. I assure your lord-'ship we are all sensible of the honour done us; and I 'must tell you, Miss Western, the family expects a dif-'ferent behaviour from you.' Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpose; the aunt proceeded till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herself into a chair, and burst into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the conversation between Mrs. Western and his lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter lamentations on his side, and on hers of the strongest assurances that her niece should and would consent to all he wished. 'Indeed, my lord,' says she, 'the girl hath had a foolish education, neither adapted to 'her fortune nor her family. Her father, I am sorry to 'say it, is to blame for every thing. The girl hath silly 'country notions of bashfulness. Nothing else, my lord, 'upon my honour; I am convinced she hath a good 'understanding at the bottom, and will be brought to 'reason.'

This last speech was made in the absence of Sophia; for she had some time before left the room, with more appearance of passion than she had ever shewn on any occasion; and now his lordship, after many expressions of thanks to Mrs. Western, many ardent professions of passion which nothing could conquer, and many assurances of perseverance, which Mrs. Western highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs. Western and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfor-

tunate accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the return of Mrs. Western with so much fury, as we have seen.

The reader then must know, that the maid who at present attended on Sophia, was recommended by Lady Bellaston, with whom she had lived for some time in the capacity of a comb-brush; she was a very sensible girl, and had received the strictest instructions to watch her young lady very carefully. These instructions, we are sorry to say, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whose favour Lady Bellaston had now so ingratiated herself, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia, was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which she had to her new mistress.

Now when Mrs. Miller was departed, Betty (for that was the name of the girl), returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the visible emotions which she betrayed on that occasion might have well accounted for some suspicions which the girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a stronger foundation, for she had overheard the whole scene which passed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Western was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations, and some rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter came again, she should introduce her to Mrs. Western herself.

Unluckily, Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordship. Betty, according to order, sent her directly to the aunt; who being mistress of so many circumstances relating to what had passed the day before, easily imposed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole

affair; and so pumped every thing out of her which she knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might, indeed, be called simplicity itself. She was one of that order of mortals who are apt to believe every thing which is said to them: to whom nature hath neither indulged the offensive nor defensive weapons of deceit, and who are consequently liable to be imposed upon by any one, who will only be at the expense of a little falsehood for that purpose. Mrs. Western having drained Mrs. Miller of all she knew, which, indeed, was but little, but which was sufficient to make the aunt suspect a great deal, dismissed her with assurances that Sophia would not see her, that she would send no answer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did she suffer her to depart without a handsome lecture on the merits of an office, to which she could afford no better name than that of procuress.—This discovery had greatly discomposed her temper, when coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, she overheard Sophia very warmly protesting against his lordship's addresses. At which the rage already kindled burst forth, and she rushed in upon her niece in a most furious manner, as we have already described, together with what past at that time till his lordship's departure.

No sooner was Lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs. Western returned to Sophia, whom she upbraided in the most bitter terms, for the ill use she had made of the confidence reposed in her; and for her treachery in conversing with a man with whom she had offered but the day before to bind herself in the most solemn oath, never more to have any conversation. Sophia protested she had maintained no such conversation. 'How! how! Miss 'Western,' said the aunt; 'will you deny your receiving a 'letter from him yesterday?'—'A letter, Madam!' answered Sophia, somewhat surprised. 'It is not very well

'bred, Miss,' replies the aunt, 'to repeat my words. I 'say a letter, and I insist upon your shewing it me im- 'mediately.'—'I scorn a lie, Madam,' said Sophia, 'I 'did receive a letter, but it was without my desire, and, 'indeed, I may say against my consent.'—'Indeed, in- 'deed, Miss,' cries the aunt, 'you ought to be ashamed 'of owning you had received it at all; but where is the 'letter; for I will see it.'

To this peremptory demand, Sophia paused some time before she returned an answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the letter in her pocket, which was, indeed, true; upon which her aunt, losing all manner of patience, asked her niece this short question, whether she would resolve to marry Lord Fellamar, or no? to which she received the strongest negative. Mrs. Western then replied with an oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia then began to reason with her aunt in the following manner: 'Why, Madam, must I of necessity be 'forced to marry at all? Consider how cruel you would 'have thought it in your own case, and how much kinder 'your parents were in leaving you to your liberty. What 'have I done to forfeit this liberty? I will never marry 'contrary to my father's consent, nor without asking 'yours——And when I ask the consent of either im- 'properly, it will be then time enough to force some other 'marriage upon me.' 'Can I bear to hear this,' cries Mrs. Western, 'from a girl who hath now a letter from a 'murderer in her pocket?' 'I have no such letter, I pro- 'mise you,' answered Sophia; 'and if he be a murderer, 'he will soon be in no condition to give you any farther 'disturbance.' 'How, Miss Western,' said the aunt, 'have 'you the assurance to speak of him in this manner; to own your affection for such a villain to my face!' 'Sure,

'Madam,' said Sophia, 'you put a very strange construc-
'tion on my words.' 'Indeed, Miss Western,' cries the lady, 'I shall not bear this usage; you have learnt of your 'father this manner of treating me; he hath taught you to 'give me the lie. He hath totally ruined you by his false 'system of education; and, please heaven, he shall have 'the comfort of its fruits; for once more I declare to you 'that to-morrow morning I will carry you back. I will 'withdraw all my forces from the field, and remain hence-'forth, like the wise king of Prussia, in a state of perfect 'neutrality. You are both too wise to be regulated by 'my measures; so prepare yourself, for to-morrow morn-'ing you shall evacuate this house.'

Sophia remonstrated all she could; but her aunt was deaf to all she said. In this resolution therefore we must at present leave her, as there seem to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAPTER IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the prison.

Mr. Jones passed above twenty-four melancholy hours by himself, unless when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned; not that this worthy young man had deserted or forgot his friend, for, indeed, he had been much the greatest part of the time employed in his service.

He had heard, upon inquiry, that the only persons who had seen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter, were the crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went in search of

this crew, where he was informed that the men he sought after were all gone ashore. He then traced them from place to place, till at last he found two of them drinking together, with a third person, at a hedge-tavern, near Aldersgate.

Nightingale desired to speak with Jones by himself (for Partridge was in the room when he came in). As soon as they were alone, Nightingale, taking Jones by the hand, cried, 'Come, my brave friend, be not too 'much dejected at what I am going to tell you——I am 'sorry I am the messenger of bad news; but I think it 'my duty to tell you.' 'I guess already what that bad 'news is,' cries Jones. 'The poor gentleman then is 'dead.'——'I hope not,' answered Nightingale. 'He 'was alive this morning; though I will not flatter you; 'I fear from the accounts I could get, that his wound is 'mortal. But if the affair be exactly as you told it, your 'own remorse would be all you have reason to apprehend, 'let what would happen: but forgive me, my dear Tom, 'if I entreat you to make the worst of your story to your 'friends. If you disguise any thing to us, you will only 'be an enemy to yourself.'

'What reason, my dear Jack, have I ever given you,' said Jones, 'to stab me with so cruel a suspicion?' 'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and I will tell you 'all. After the most diligent inquiry I could make, I 'at last met with two of the fellows who were present 'at this unhappy accident, and I am sorry to say, they 'do not relate the story so much in your favour as you 'yourself have told it.' 'Why, what do they say?' cries Jones. 'Indeed what I am sorry to repeat, as I am 'afraid of the consequence of it to you. They say, that 'they were at too great a distance to overhear any words 'that passed between you; but they both agree that the 'first blow was given by you.' 'Then, upon my soul,'

answered Jones, 'they injure me. He not only struck 'me first, but struck me without the least provocation. 'What should induce those villains to accuse me falsely?' 'Nay, that I cannot guess,' said Nightingale, 'and if you 'yourself, and I, who am so heartily your friend, cannot 'conceive a reason why they should belie you, what 'reason will an indifferent court of justice be able to 'assign, why they should not believe them? I repeated 'the question to them several times, and so did another 'gentleman who was present, who, I believe, is a sea-'faring man, and who really acted a very friendly part 'by you; for he begged them often to consider, that 'there was the life of a man in the case; and asked 'them over and over, if they were certain; to which 'they both answered, that they were, and would abide 'by their evidence upon oath. For heaven's sake, my 'dear friend, recollect yourself; for if this should appear 'to be the fact, it will be your business to think in time 'of making the best of your interest. I would not shock 'you; but you know, I believe, the severity of the law, 'whatever verbal provocations may have been given 'you.' 'Alas! my friend,' cries Jones, 'what interest 'hath such a wretch as I? Besides, do you think I 'would even wish to live with the reputation of a mur-'derer? If I had any friends (as alas! I have none), 'could I have the confidence to solicit them to speak in 'the behalf of a man condemned for the blackest crime 'in human nature? Believe me, I have no such hope; 'but I have some reliance on a throne still greatly 'superior; which will, I am certain, afford me all the 'protection I merit.'

He then concluded with many solemn and vehement protestations of the truth of what he had at first asserted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again staggered, and began to incline to credit his friend, when Mrs. Miller

appeared, and made a sorrowful report of the success of her embassy; which, when Jones had heard, he cried out most heroically, 'Well, my friend, I am now indif-'ferent as to what shall happen, at least with regard to 'my life; and if it be the will of heaven that I shall 'make an atonement with that for the blood I have 'spilt, I hope the Divine Goodness will one day suffer 'my honour to be cleared, and that the words of a 'dying man, at least, will be believed, so far as to 'justify his character.'

A very mournful scene now past between the prisoner and his friends, at which, as few readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the entrance of the turnkey, who acquainted Jones, that there was a lady without who desired to speak with him, when he was at leisure.

Jones declared his surprise at this message. He said, He knew no lady in the world whom he could possibly expect to see there. However, as he saw no reason to decline seeing any person, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale presently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was surprised at the news of a visit from a lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters! In this astonishment then we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the surprise of the reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs. Waters was, the reader pretty well knows; what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the same coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Irish gentleman, and in their company travelled to Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr. Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had resigned, or at least deserted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road found her extremely fit for the place, which, on their arrival at Bath, he presently conferred upon her, and she without any scruple, accepted. As husband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they stayed at Bath, and as husband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was so wise a man as not to part with one good thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs. Waters had so well discharged her office, that he intended still to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the case) only her deputy, I will not say; but certain it is, he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Western, nor ever once hinted his purpose of repossessing his wife; much less did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent persons who think a wife, a mother, a sister, or sometimes a whole family, the safest seconds on these occasions. The first account therefore which she had of all this was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been drest.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, had not the clearest way of telling a story at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confused than usual, it was some time before she discovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very same person from whom her heart had received a wound, which, though not of a

mortal kind, was yet so deep that it had left a considerable scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr. Jones himself was the man who had been committed to the Gatehouse for this supposed murder, than she took the first opportunity of committing Mr. Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurse, and hastened away to visit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aspect of poor Jones, who started and blessed himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, 'Nay, I do not wonder 'at your surprise; I believe you did not expect to see 'me; for few gentlemen are troubled here with visits 'from any lady, unless a wife. You see the power you 'have over me, Mr. Jones. Indeed, I little thought 'when we parted at Upton, that our next meeting would 'have been in such a place.' 'Indeed, Madam,' says Jones, 'I must look upon this visit as kind; few will 'follow the miserable, especially to such dismal habita-'tions.' 'I protest, Mr. Jones,' says she, 'I can hardly 'persuade myself you are the same agreeable fellow I 'saw at Upton. Why, your face is more miserable than 'any dungeon in the universe. What can be the matter 'with you?' 'I thought, Madam,' said Jones, 'as you 'knew of my being here, you knew the unhappy reason.' 'Pugh,' says she, 'you have pinked a man in a duel, 'that's all.' Jones exprest some indignation at this levity, and spoke with the utmost contrition for what had happened. To which she answered, 'Well then, 'Sir, if you take it so much to heart, I will relieve 'you; the gentleman is not dead; and, I am pretty con-'fident, is in no danger of dying. The surgeon, indeed, 'who first dressed him was a young fellow, and seemed 'desirous of representing his case to be as bad as pos-'sible, that he might have the more honour from curing

'him: but the king's surgeon hath seen him since, and 'says, unless from a fever, of which there are at present 'no symptoms, he apprehends not the least danger of 'life.' Jones shewed great satisfaction in his countenance at this report; upon which she affirmed the truth of it, adding, 'By the most extraordinary accident in 'the world I lodge at the same house; and have seen the 'gentleman; and I promise you he doth you justice, 'and says, whatever be the consequence, that he was 'entirely the aggressor, and that you was not in the least 'to blame.'

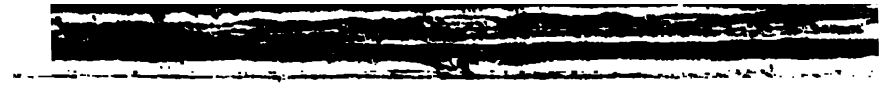
Jones expressed the utmost satisfaction at the account which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which she well knew before, as who Mr. Fitzpatrick was, the occasion of his resentment, &c. He likewise told her several facts of which she was ignorant, as the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he said, had been attended with such ill consequences, that he should be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit those vicious courses for the future. He lastly concluded with assuring her of his resolution to sin no more, lest a worst thing should happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low spirits and confinement. She repeated some witticisms about the devil when he was sick, and told him, She doubted not but shortly to see him at liberty, and as lively a fellow as ever; 'and then,' says she, 'I don't question but your conscience will be safely 'delivered of all these qualms that it is now so sick in 'breeding.'

Many more things of this kind she uttered, some of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of

aders, to remember; nor are we quite certain but e answers made by Jones would be treated with by others. We shall therefore suppress the rest conversation, and only observe, that it ended at h perfect innocence, and much more to the satis- of Jones than of the lady; for the former was transported with the news she had brought him; latter was not altogether so pleased with the tial behaviour of a man, whom she had, at her erview, conceived a very different opinion of from ie now entertained of him.

the melancholy occasioned by the report of Mr. igale was pretty well effaced; but the dejection ich Mrs. Miller had thrown him still continued. count she gave so well tallied with the words of herself in her letter, that he made not the least ut that she had disclosed his letter to her aunt, l taken a fixed resolution to abandon him. The ts this thought gave him, were to be equalled only iece of news which fortune had yet in store for nd which we shall communicate in the second of the ensuing book.



THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about six days.

CHAPTER I.

A farewell to the reader.

re now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our ourney. As we have, therefore, travelled together h so many pages, let us behave to one another llow-travellers in a stage coach, who have passed l days in the company of each other; and who, hstanding any bickerings or little animosities may have occurred on the road, generally make at last, and mount, for the last time, into their with cheerfulness and good-humour; since after ıe stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it com- happens to them, never to meet more.

I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to t a little farther. I intend then in this last book ate the good company I have mentioned in their urney. Now, it is well known that all jokes and

raillery are at this time laid aside; whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest-sake personated on the road, are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same manner, if I have now and then, in the course of this work, indulged any pleasantry for thy entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of those ludicrous observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it scarce sufficient to tell the story.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things, perhaps, here said may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow; but whoever told thee so, did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than myself; nor hath any man more reason; for none hath ever been treated with more; and what is a very severe fate, I have had some of the abusive writings of those very men fathered upon me, who, in other of their works, have abused me themselves with the utmost virulence.

All these works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page shall offer itself to thy perusal; for, however short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weekly productions of his abusive cotemporaries.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a very tragical incident.

WHILE Jones was employed in these unpleasant meditations, with which we left him tormenting himself, Partridge came stumbling into the room with his face paler than ashes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair standing on end, and every limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would have done had he seen a spectre, or had he indeed been a spectre himself.

Jones, who was little subject to fear, could not avoid being somewhat shocked with this sudden appearance. He did indeed himself change colour, and his voice a little faltered, while he asked him, What was the matter?

'I hope, Sir,' said Partridge, 'you will not be angry 'with me. Indeed I did not listen, but I was obliged 'to stay in the outward room. I am sure I wish I had 'been a hundred miles off, rather than have heard what 'I have heard.' 'Why, what is the matter?' said Jones. 'The matter, Sir? O good heaven!' answered Partridge, 'was that woman who is just gone out, the woman who 'was with you at Upton?' 'She was, Partridge,' cries Jones. 'And did you really, Sir, go to bed with that 'woman?' said he, trembling—'I am afraid what past 'between us is no secret,' said Jones.—'Nay, but pray,

'Sir, for heaven's sake, Sir, answer me,' cries Partridge. 'You know I did,' cries Jones.—'Why, then, the Lord 'have mercy upon your soul, and forgive you,' cries Partridge; 'but as sure as I stand here alive, you have 'been a-bed with your own mother.'

Upon these words, Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himself. He was indeed, for some time, struck dumb with amazement, and both stood staring wildly at each other. At last his words found way, and in an interrupted voice he said—'How! How! What's this you tell me?' 'Nay, 'Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have not breath enough left 'to tell you now—but what I have said is most cer-'tainly true.—That woman who now went out is your 'own mother. How unlucky was it for you, Sir, that 'I did not happen to see her at that time, to have pre-'vented it? Sure the devil himself must have contrived 'to bring about this wickedness.'

'Sure,' cries Jones, 'fortune will never have done 'with me, till she hath driven me to distraction. But 'why do I blame fortune? I am myself the cause of 'all my misery. All the dreadful mischiefs which have 'befallen me are the consequences only of my own folly 'and vice. What thou hast told me, Partridge, hath 'almost deprived me of my senses! And was Mrs. 'Waters then—But why do I ask? for thou must cer-'tainly know her——If thou hast any affection for me; 'nay, if thou hast any pity, let me beseech thee to fetch 'this miserable woman back again to me. O good 'heavens! Incest——with a mother! To what am 'I reserved?' He then fell into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and despair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him; but at last, having vented the first torrent of passion, he came a little to himself; and then, having acquainted Partridge that

he would find this wretched woman in the same house where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of her.

If the reader will please to refresh his memory, by turning to the scene at Upton, in the Ninth Book, he will be apt to admire the many strange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs. Waters, when she spent a whole day there with Mr. Jones. Instances of this kind we may frequently observe in life, where the greatest events are produced by a nice train of little circumstances; and more than one example of this may be discovered, by the accurate eye, in this our history.

After a fruitless search of two or three hours, Partridge returned back to his master, without having seen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a state of desperation at his delay, was almost raving mad when he brought him this account. He was not long however in this condition, before he received the following letter:

'SIR,

'Since I left you, I have seen a gentleman, from whom I have learnt something concerning you which greatly surprises and affects me; but as I have not at present leisure to communicate a matter of such high importance, you must suspend your curiosity till our next meeting, which shall be the first moment I am able to see you. O Mr. Jones! little did I think, when I past that happy day at Upton, the reflection upon which is like to embitter all my future life, who it was to whom I owed such perfect happiness. Believe me to be ever sincerely your unfortunate

'J. WATERS.'

'P.S. I would have you comfort yourself as much

'as possible; for Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no manner of 'danger; so that whatever other grievous crimes you 'may have to repent of, the guilt of blood is not among 'the number.'

Jones having read the letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had scarce the use of any one of his faculties), Partridge took it up, and having received consent by silence, read it likewise: nor had it upon him a less sensible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, should describe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained speechless, the turnkey entered the room, and without taking any notice of what sufficiently discovered itself in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones that a man without desired to speak with him. This person was presently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As sights of horror were not so usual to George as they were to the turnkey, he instantly saw the great disorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worst light in Mr. Western's family; he concluded, therefore, that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a shameful end. A thought which gave him much uneasiness; for George was of a compassionate disposition, and notwithstanding a small breach of friendship which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow therefore scarce refrained from a tear at the present sight. He told Jones, he was heartily sorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to consider if he could be of any manner of service. 'Perhaps,

'Sir,' said he, 'you may want a little matter of money 'upon this occasion; if you do, Sir, what little I have 'is heartily at your service.'

Jones shook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but answered, He had not the least want of that kind. Upon which George began to press his services more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, come, my 'good master,' answered George, 'do not take the matter 'so much to heart. Things may end better than you 'imagine; to be sure you an't the first gentleman who 'hath killed a man, and yet come off.' 'You are wide 'of the matter, George,' said Partridge, 'the gentleman 'is not dead, nor like to die. Don't disturb my master, 'at present, for he is troubled about a matter in which 'it is not in your power to do him any good.' 'You 'don't know what I may be able to do, Mr. Partridge,' answered George; 'if his concern is about my young 'lady, I have some news to tell my master.'——'What 'do you say, Mr. George?' cried Jones. 'Hath any 'thing lately happened in which my Sophia is con-'cerned? My Sophia! how dares such a wretch as I 'mention her so profanely.'——'I hope she will be 'yours yet,' answered George.—'Why, yes, Sir, I have 'something to tell about her. Madam Western hath just 'brought Madam Sophia home, and there hath been a 'terrible to do. I could not possibly learn the very 'right of it; but my master he hath been in a vast big 'passion, and so was Madam Western, and I heard her 'say, as she went out of doors into her chair, that she 'would never set her foot in master's house again. I 'don't know what's the matter, not I, but every thing was 'very quiet when I came out; but Robin, who waited

'at supper, said he had never seen the squire for a long 'while in such good humour with young Madam; that 'he kissed her several times, and swore she should be 'her own mistress, and he never would think of con-'fining her any more. I thought this news would please 'you, and so I slipped out, though it was so late, to 'inform you of it.' Mr. Jones assured George that it did greatly please him; for though he should never more presume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could so much relieve his misery as the satisfaction he should always have in hearing of her welfare.

The rest of the conversation which passed at the visit is not important enough to be here related. The reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleased to hear how this great good-will of the squire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Western, on her first arrival at her brother's lodging, began to set forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with Lord Fellamar, which her niece had absolutely refused; in which refusal, when the squire took the part of his daughter, she fell immediately into the most violent passion, and so irritated and provoked the squire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there ensued between them both so warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingsgate never equalled it. In the heat of this scolding, Mrs. Western departed, and had consequently no leisure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have possibly produced ill effects; but, to say truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Western was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from necessity as incli-

ıation, began to return the compliment which her father ıad made her, in taking her part against her aunt, by aking his likewise against the lady. This was the first ime of her so doing, and it was in the highest degree ıcceptable to the squire. Again, he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had insisted on an entire relinquishment of all violent means; and indeed, as he made no doubt ɔut that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the least ıuestion succeeding with his daughter by fair means; ıe now therefore once more gave a loose to his natural ondness for her, which had such an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender, and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had ıer honour given to Jones, and something else perhaps n which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a man ıhe did not like, to have obliged her father. She promised him, she would make it the whole business of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man against his consent; which brought the old man so near to his highest happiness, that he was resolved to take the other step, and went to bed completely drunk.

CHAPTER III.

Allworthy visits old Nightingale; with a strange discovery that he made on that occasion.

THE morning after these things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went according to his promise to visit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was so great, that after having sat with him three hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his son.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary

kind; one indeed of those strange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interposes in the discovery of the most secret villany, in order to caution men from quitting the paths of honesty, however warily they tread in those of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, saw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him.

However, when their conversation on the principal point was over, Allworthy asked Nightingale, Whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house? 'Yes,' answered Nightingale, 'I know him very well, and a most extraordinary fellow 'he is, who, in these days, hath been able to hoard up '500*l.* from renting a very small estate of 30*l.* a year.' 'And is this the story which he hath told you?' cries Allworthy. 'Nay, it is true, I promise you,' said Nightingale, 'for I have the money now in my own hands, in 'five bank bills, which I am to lay out either in a mort-'gage, or in some purchase in the North of England.' The bank bills were no sooner produced at Allworthy's desire, than he blessed himself at the strangeness of the discovery. He presently told Nightingale, that these bank bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of business than highwaymen, gamesters, and other thieves of that kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the frauds of gamesters, &c., as usurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind; whether it be that the one way of cheating is a discountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common mistress of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no sooner heard the story, than he exclaimed against the fellow in terms much severer than

the justice and honesty of Allworthy had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired Nightingale to retain both the money and the secret till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean time see the fellow, that he would not take the least notice to him of the discovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller in a very dejected condition, on account of the information she had received from her son-in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great cheerfulness, told her, that he had much good news to communicate; and with little further preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to consent to see his son, and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more soured by another accident of the same kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller, and her son-in-law, did not yet know.

The reader may suppose Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulness, and no less pleasure; but so uncommon was her friendship to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneasiness she suffered for his sake, did not overbalance her satisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending so much to the happiness of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligations she had to Jones, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful heart said to her, 'While my own family is happy, how miserable 'is the poor creature, to whose generosity we owe the 'beginning of all this happiness!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may use that expression) on these first tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which

he believed would give her pleasure. 'I think,' said he, 'I have discovered a pretty considerable treasure belonging to the young gentleman, your friend; but, perhaps, 'indeed, his present situation may be such, that it will 'be of no service to him.' The latter part of the speech gave Mrs. Miller to understand who was meant, and she answered with a sigh, 'I hope not, Sir.' 'I hope so too,' cries Allworthy, 'with all my heart; but my nephew told 'me this morning, he had heard a very bad account of 'the affair.'——'Good heaven! Sir,' said she—'Well, 'I must not speak, and yet it is certainly very hard to 'be obliged to hold one's tongue when one hears.'—— 'Madam,' said Allworthy, 'you may say whatever you 'please, you know me too well to think I have a pre-'judice against any one; and as for that young man, I 'assure you I should be heartily pleased to find he could 'acquit himself of every thing, and particularly of this 'sad affair. You can testify the affection I have for-'merly borne him. The world, I know, censured me for 'loving him so much. I did not withdraw that affec-'tion from him without thinking I had the justest cause. 'Believe me, Mrs. Miller, I should be glad to find I 'have been mistaken.' Mrs. Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a servant acquainted her, that a gentleman without desired to speak with her immediately. Allworthy then inquired for his nephew, and was told that he had been for some time in his room with the gentleman who used to come to him, and whom Mr. Allworthy guessing rightly to be Mr. Dowling, he desired presently to speak with him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the case of the bank notes to him, without mentioning any name, and asked in what manner such a person might be punished. To which Dowling answered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but said, as it was

a matter of some nicety, it would be proper to go to counsel. He said he was to attend counsel presently upon an affair of Mr. Western's, and if Mr. Allworthy pleased he would lay the case before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. Miller opening the door, cried, 'I ask pardon, I did not know you had company;' but Allworthy desired her to come in, saying he had finished his business. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindness done him by Allworthy; but she had scarce patience to let the young gentleman finish his speech before she interrupted him, saying, 'O Sir! Mr. Nightingale brings great news 'about poor Mr. Jones; he hath been to see the wounded 'gentleman, who is out of all danger of death, and what 'is more, declares he fell upon poor Mr. Jones himself, 'and beat him. I am sure, Sir, you would not have Mr. 'Jones be a coward. If I was a man myself, I am sure 'if any man was to strike me, I should draw my sword. 'Do pray, my dear, tell Mr. Allworthy, tell him all your-'self.' Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs. Miller had said; and concluded with many handsome things of Jones, who was, he said, one of the best-natured fellows in the world, and not in the least inclined to be quarrelsome. Here Nightingale was going to cease, when Mrs. Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expressions he had heard him make use of towards Mr. Allworthy. 'To say the utmost good of Mr. Allworthy,' cries Nightingale, 'is doing no more than strict justice, 'and can have no merit in it; but, indeed, I must 'say, no man can be more sensible of the obligations 'he hath to so good a man, than is poor Jones. Indeed, 'Sir, I am convinced the weight of your displeasure is 'the heaviest burthen he lies under. He hath often la-'mented it to me, and hath as often protested in the most

'solemn manner he hath never been intentionally guilty 'of any offence towards you; nay, he hath sworn he 'would rather die a thousand deaths than he would have 'his conscience upbraid him with one disrespectful, un-'grateful, or undutiful thought towards you. But I ask 'pardon, Sir, I am afraid I presume to intermeddle too 'far in so tender a point.' 'You have spoke no more 'than what a Christian ought,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'In-'deed, Mr. Nightingale,' answered Allworthy, 'I applaud 'your generous friendship, and I wish he may merit it of 'you. I confess I am glad to hear the report you bring 'from this unfortunate gentleman; and if that matter 'should turn out to be as you represent it (and, indeed, I 'doubt nothing of what you say), I may, perhaps, in 'time, be brought to think better than lately I have of 'this young man; for this good gentlewoman here, nay, all 'who know me, can witness that I loved him as dearly 'as if he had been my own son. Indeed, I have con-'sidered him as a child sent by fortune to my care. I still 'remember the innocent, the helpless situation in which I 'found him. I feel the tender pressure of his little hands 'at this moment——He was my darling, indeed he was.' At which words he ceased, and the tears stood in his eyes.

As the answer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into fresh matters, we will here stop to account for the visible alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in histories and dramatic writers, for no other reason than because the history or play draws to a conclusion, and are justified by authority of authors; yet though we insist upon as much authority as any author whatever, we shall use this power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this work.

This alteration then in the mind of Mr. Allworthy was occasioned by a letter he had just received from Mr. Square, and which we shall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing two letters in very different styles.

'MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I informed you in my last, that I was forbidden the use of the waters, as they were found by experience rather to increase than lessen the symptoms of my distemper. I must now acquaint you with a piece of news, which, I believe, will afflict my friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr. Harrington and Dr. Brewster have informed me, that there is no hopes of my recovery.

'I have somewhere read, that the great use of philosophy is to learn to die. I will not therefore so far disgrace mine as to shew any surprise at receiving a lesson which I must be thought to have so long studied. Yet, to say the truth, one page of the Gospel teaches this lesson better than all the volumes of ancient or modern philosophers. The assurance it gives us of another life is a much stronger support to a good mind, than all the consolations that are drawn from the necessity of nature, the emptiness or satiety of our enjoyments here, or any other topic of those declamations which are sometimes capable of arming our minds with a stubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of death; but never of raising them to a real contempt of it, and much less of making us think it is a real

'good. I would not here be understood to throw 'the horrid censure of atheism, or even the absolute 'denial of immortality, on all who are called philo-'sophers. Many of that sect, as well ancient as modern, 'have, from the light of reason, discovered some hopes 'of a future state; but, in reality, that light was so 'faint and glimmering, and the hopes were so un-'certain and precarious, that it may be justly doubted 'on which side their belief turned. Plato himself con-'cludes his Phædon with declaring, that his best argu-'ments amount only to raise a probability; and Cicero 'himself seems rather to profess an inclination to be-'lieve, than any actual belief in the doctrines of immor-'tality. As to myself, to be very sincere with you, I 'never was much in earnest in this faith till I was in 'earnest a Christian.

'You will perhaps wonder at the latter expression; 'but I assure you it hath not been till very lately, that 'I could, with truth, call myself so. The pride of 'philosophy had intoxicated my reason, and the sub-'limest of all wisdom appeared to me, as it did to the 'Greeks of old, to be foolishness. God hath however 'been so gracious to shew me my error in time, and 'to bring me into the way of truth, before I sunk into 'utter darkness for ever.

'I find myself beginning to grow weak, I shall there-'fore hasten to the main purpose of this letter.

'When I reflect on the actions of my past life, I know 'of nothing which sits heavier upon my conscience, than 'the injustice I have been guilty of to that poor wretch 'your adopted son. I have indeed not only connived at 'the villany of others, but been myself active in injustice 'towards him. Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell 'you on the word of a dying man, he hath been basely 'injured. As to the principal fact, upon the misrepre-

sentation of which you discarded him, I solemnly assure you he is innocent. When you lay upon your supposed deathbed, he was the only person in the house who testified any real concern; and what happened afterwards arose from the wildness of his joy on your recovery; and, I am sorry to say it, from the baseness of another person (but it is my desire to justify the innocent, and to accuse none). Believe me, my friend, this young man hath the noblest generosity of heart, the most perfect capacity for friendship, the highest integrity, and indeed every virtue which can ennoble a man. He hath some faults, but among them is not to be numbered the least want of duty or gratitude towards you. On the contrary, I am satisfied when you dismissed him from your house, his heart bled for you more than for himself.

'Worldly motives were the wicked and base reasons of my concealing this from you so long: to reveal it now I can have no inducement but the desire of serving the cause of truth, of doing right to the innocent, and of making all the amends in my power for a past offence. I hope this declaration therefore will have the effect desired, and will restore this deserving young man to your favour; the hearing of which, while I am yet alive, will afford the utmost consolation to,

'SIR,

'Your most obliged,

'Obedient humble servant,

'THOMAS SQUARE.'

The reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the resolution so visibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy, notwithstanding he received from Thwackum, by the same

post, another letter of a very different kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last time we shall have occasion to mention the name of that gentleman.

'SIR,

'I am not at all surprised at hearing from your worthy 'nephew a fresh instance of the villany of Mr. Square, 'the atheist's young pupil. I shall not wonder at any 'murders he may commit; and I heartily pray that your 'own blood may not seal up his final commitment to the 'place of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

'Though you cannot want sufficient calls to repentance 'for the many unwarrantable weaknesses exemplified in 'your behaviour to this wretch, so much to the prejudice 'of your own lawful family, and of your character; I 'say, though these may sufficiently be supposed to prick 'and goad your conscience at this season; I should yet 'be wanting in my duty, if I spared to give you some 'admonition in order to bring you to a due sense of your 'errors. I therefore pray you seriously to consider the 'judgment which is likely to overtake this wicked villain; 'and let it serve at least as a warning to you, that you 'may not for the future despise the advice of one who is 'so indefatigable in his prayers for your welfare.

'Had not my hand been withheld from due correction, 'I had scourged much of this diabolical spirit out of a 'boy, of whom, from his infancy, I discovered the devil 'had taken such entire possession. But reflections of 'this kind now come too late.

'I am sorry you have given away the living of West- 'erton so hastily. I should have applied on that 'occasion earlier, had I thought you would not have 'acquainted me previous to the disposition.——Your 'objection to pluralities is being righteous over-much.

'If there were any crime in the practice, so many godly 'men would not agree to it. If the vicar of Aldergrove 'should die (as we hear he is in a declining way), I hope 'you will think of me, since I am certain you must be 'convinced of my most sincere attachment to your high- 'est welfare—a welfare to which all worldly considera- 'tions are as trifling as the small tithes mentioned in 'scripture are, when compared to the weighty matters of 'the law.

'I am, Sir,

'Your faithful humble servant,

'ROGER THWACKUM.'

This was the first time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative style to Allworthy, and of this he had afterwards sufficient reason to repent, as in the case of those who mistake the highest degree of goodness for the lowest degree of weakness. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he also knew that his divinity itself was tinctured with his temper, and such as in many respects he himself did by no means approve; but he was at the same time an excellent scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this, the strict severity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honesty, and a most devout attachment to religion. So that upon the whole, though Allworthy did not esteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and industry, extremely well qualified for his office: and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own house, and under his own eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's instructions.

CHAPTER V.

In which the history is continued.

MR. ALLWORTHY, in his last speech, had recollected some tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes. This Mrs. Miller observing, said, 'Yes, yes, Sir, your goodness to this poor young 'man is known, notwithstanding all your care to conceal 'it; but there is not a single syllable of truth in what 'those villains said. Mr. Nightingale hath now dis-'covered the whole matter. It seems these fellows were 'employed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr. Jones, 'to have pressed him on board a ship.——I assure them 'I don't know who they will press next. Mr. Nightin-'gale here hath seen the officer himself, who is a very 'pretty gentleman, and hath told him all, and is very 'sorry for what he undertook, which he would never 'have done, had he known Mr. Jones to have been a 'gentleman; but he was told that he was a common 'strolling vagabond.'

Allworthy stared at all this, and declared he was a stranger to every word she said. 'Yes, Sir,' answered she, 'I believe you are.——It is a very different story, I 'believe, from what those fellows told the lawyer.'

'What lawyer, Madam? what is it you mean?' said Allworthy. 'Nay, nay,' said she, 'this is so like you 'to deny your own goodness; but Mr. Nightingale 'here saw him.' 'Saw whom, Madam?' answered he. 'Why, your lawyer, Sir,' said she, 'that you so kindly 'sent to inquire into the affair.' 'I am still in the dark, 'upon my honour,' said Allworthy. 'Why, then do 'you tell him, my dear Sir,' cries she. 'Indeed, Sir,' said Nightingale, 'I did see that very lawyer who went

'from you when I came into the room, at an alehouse 'in Aldersgate, in company with two of the fellows 'who were employed by Lord Fellamar to press Mr. 'Jones, and who were by that means present at the 'unhappy rencounter between him and Mr. Fitzpatrick.' 'I own, Sir,' said Mrs. Miller, 'when I saw this gen- 'tleman come into the room to you, I told Mr. Nightin- 'gale that I apprehended you had sent him thither to 'inquire into the affair.' Allworthy shewed marks of astonishment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes struck dumb by it. At last addressing himself to Mr. Nightingale, he said, 'I must confess myself, Sir, more surprised at what 'you tell me, than I have ever been before at any thing 'in my whole life. Are you certain this was the gen- 'tleman?' 'I am most certain,' answered Nightingale. 'At Aldersgate?' cries Allworthy. 'And was you in 'company with this lawyer and the two fellows?'—'I 'was, Sir,' said the other, 'very near half an hour.'—— 'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'and in what manner did 'the lawyer behave? did you hear all that passed 'between him and the fellows?' 'No, Sir,' answered Nightingale, 'they had been together before I came.— 'In my presence the lawyer said little; but after I had 'several times examined the fellows, who persisted in 'a story directly contrary to what I had heard from 'Mr. Jones, and which I find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was 'a rank falsehood; the lawyer then desired the fellows 'to say nothing but what was the truth, and seemed to 'speak so much in favour of Mr. Jones, that when I 'saw the same person with you, I concluded your good- 'ness had prompted you to send him thither.'—'And 'did you not send him thither?' says Mrs. Miller.— 'Indeed I did not,' answered Allworthy; 'nor did I 'know he had gone on such an errand till this moment.'

—'I see it all!' said Mrs. Miller, 'upon my soul, I see 'it all! No wonder they have been closeted so close 'lately. Son Nightingale, let me beg you run for these 'fellows immediately——find them out if they are above 'ground. I will go myself.'——'Dear Madam,' said Allworthy, 'be patient, and do me the favour to send 'a servant up stairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he 'be in the house, or if not, Mr. Blifil.' Mrs. Miller went out muttering something to herself, and presently returned with an answer, That Mr. Dowling was gone; but that t'other, as she called him, was coming.

Allworthy was of a cooler disposition than the good woman, whose spirits were all up in arms in the cause of her friend. He was not however without some suspicions which were near akin to hers. When Blifil came into the room, he asked him with a very serious countenance, and with a less friendly look than he had ever before given him, Whether he knew any thing of Mr. Dowling's having seen any of the persons who were present at the duel between Jones and another gentleman?

There is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprise on a man, whose business it is to conceal truth, or to defend falsehood. For which reason those worthy personages, whose noble office it is to save the lives of their fellow-creatures at the Old Bailey, take the utmost care, by frequent previous examination, to divine every question which may be asked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be supplied with proper and ready answers, which the most fertile invention cannot supply in an instant. Besides, the sudden and violent impulse on the blood, occasioned by these surprises, causes frequently such an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence against himself. And such indeed

ere the alterations which the countenance of Blifil nderwent from this sudden question, that we can arce blame the eagerness of Mrs. Miller, who immeiately cried out, 'Guilty, upon my honour! guilty, upon my soul!'

Mr. Allworthy sharply rebuked her for this impetusity; and then turning to Blifil, who seemed sinking ito the earth, he said, 'Why do you hesitate, Sir, at giving me an answer? You certainly must have employed him; for he would not, of his own accord, I believe, have undertaken such an errand, and especially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then answered, 'I own, Sir, I have been guilty of an offence, yet may I hope your pardon?'——'My pardon,' said Allworthy, very angrily.——'Nay, Sir,' nswered Blifil, 'I knew you would be offended; yet surely my dear uncle will forgive the effects of the most amiable of human weaknesses. Compassion for those who do not deserve it I own is a crime; and yet it is a crime from which you yourself are not entirely free. I know I have been guilty of it in more than one instance to this very person; and I will own I did send Mr. Dowling, not on a vain and fruitless inquiry, but to discover the witnesses, and to endeavour to soften their evidence. This, Sir, is the truth; which, though I intended to conceal from you, I will not deny.'

'I confess,' said Nightingale, 'this is the light in which it appeared to me from the gentleman's behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I believe you will once in your life own you have entertained a wrong suspicion, and are not so angry with my nephew as you was.'

Mrs. Miller was silent; for though she could not so

hastily be pleased with Blifil, whom she looked upon to have been the ruin of Jones, yet in this particular instance he had imposed upon her as well as upon the rest; so entirely had the devil stood his friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar observation, 'That the 'devil often deserts his friends, and leaves them in the 'lurch,' to be a great abuse on that gentleman's character. Perhaps he may sometimes desert those who are only his cup acquaintance; or who, at most, are but half his; but he generally stands by those who are thoroughly his servants, and helps them off in all extremities, till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion strengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly established by recovery from some diseases; so anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the case of Mr. Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped off the greater suspicion, the lesser, which had been raised by Square's letter, sunk of course, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had cast on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the resentment of Mr. Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him. he told Blifil, He did not only forgive the extraordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give him the pleasure of following his example. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, with a smile which would have become an angel, he cried, 'What say you, Madam? shall we 'take a hackney-coach, and all of us together pay a 'visit to your friend? I promise you it is not the first 'visit I have made in a prison.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy woman; but they must have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendship,

who can feel what she felt on this occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now past in the mind of Blifil; but those who are, will acknowledge, that it was impossible for him to raise any objection to this visit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a shock; for at the very instant when the coach was sent for, Partridge arrived, and having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find some means of stopping him: 'For,' says he, 'the 'matter must at all hazards be kept a secret from 'him; and if he should now go, he will find Mr. Jones, 'and his mother, who arrived just as I left him, 'lamenting over one another the horrid crime they 'have ignorantly committed.'

The poor woman, who was almost deprived of her senses at his dreadful news, was never less capable of invention than at present. However, as women are much readier at this than men, she bethought herself of an excuse, and returning to Allworthy, said, 'I am 'sure, Sir, you will be surprised at hearing any objec- 'tion from me to the kind proposal you just now made; 'and yet I am afraid of the consequence of it, if carried 'immediately into execution. You must imagine, Sir, 'that all the calamities which have lately befallen this 'poor young fellow, must have thrown him into the 'lowest dejection of spirits; and now, Sir, should we 'all on a sudden fling him into such a violent fit of 'joy, as I know your presence will occasion, it may, 'I am afraid, produce some fatal mischief, especially 'as his servant, who is without, tells me he is very far 'from being well.'

'Is his servant without?' cries Allworthy; 'pray call

'him hither. I will ask him some questions concerning 'his master.'

Partridge was at first afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length persuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole story from his own mouth, had promised to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had passed since he had seen him. Mrs. Miller, therefore, might have spared here a formal oration, in which, indeed, she was something prolix; for the reader, I believe, may have observed already, that the good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the service of her friends.

'And are you,' said Allworthy to Partridge, 'the ser-'vant of Mr. Jones?' 'I can't say, Sir,' answered he, 'that I am regularly a servant, but I live with him, an't 'please your honour, at present. *Non sum qualis eram*, 'as your honour very well knows.'

Mr. Allworthy then asked him many questions concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge answered, without having the least regard to what was, but considered only what he would have things appear; for a strict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honest fellow's morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue, Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and presently after, Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewise dispatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no sooner left in private together, than Allworthy began as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the history is farther continued.

'SURE, friend,' said this good man, 'you are the strangest 'of all human beings. Not only to have suffered as you 'have formerly, for obstinately persisting in a falsehood; 'but to persist in it thus to the last, and to pass thus 'upon the world for a servant of your own son? What 'interest can you have in all this? What can be your 'motive?'

'I see, Sir,' said Partridge, falling down upon his knees, 'that your honour is prepossessed against me, and 'resolved not to believe any thing I say, and, therefore, 'what signifies my protestations; and yet there is one 'above who knows that I am not the father of this young 'man.'

'How!' said Allworthy, 'will you yet deny what you 'was formerly convicted of upon such unanswerable, 'such manifest evidence? Nay, what a confirmation is 'your being now found with this very man of all which 'twenty years ago appeared against you. I thought you 'had left the country; nay, I thought you had been long 'since dead. In what manner did you know anything of 'this young man? Where did you meet with him, 'unless you had kept some correspondence together? 'Do not deny this; for I promise you it will greatly 'raise your son in my opinion to find that he hath such a 'sense of filial duty, as privately to support his father for 'so many years.'

'If your honour will have patience to hear me,' said

Partridge, 'I will tell you all.'—Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: 'When your honour conceived that displeasure against me, it ended in my ruin soon after; 'for I lost my little school; and the minister, thinking I 'suppose it would be agreeable to your honour, turned 'me out from the office of clerk; so that I had nothing 'to trust to but the barber's shop, which, in a country 'place like that, is a poor livelihood; and when my wife 'died (for till that time I received a pension of 12*l.* a 'year from an unknown hand, which indeed I believe 'was your honour's own; for nobody that ever I heard 'of doth these things besides)—but as I was saying, 'when she died, this pension forsook me; so that now as 'I owed two or three small debts, which began to be 'troublesome to me, particularly * one which an attorney 'brought up by law-charges from 15*s.* to near 30*l.* and 'as I found all my usual means of living had forsook me, 'I packed up my little all as well as I could, and went 'off.

'The first place I came to was Salisbury, where I got 'into the service of a gentleman belonging to the law, 'and one of the best gentlemen that ever I knew, for he 'was not only good to me, but I know a thousand good 'and charitable acts which he did while I staid with 'him; and I have known him often refuse business, 'because it was paltry and oppressive.'—'You need not 'be so particular,' said Allworthy; 'I know this gentle-'man, and a very worthy man he is, and an honour to

* This is a fact which I knew happen to a poor clergyman in Dorsetshire, by the villany of an attorney, who not contented with the exorbitant costs to which the poor man was put by a single action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment, as it was called. A method frequently used to oppress the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attornies, to the great scandal of the law, of the nation, of Christianity, and even of human nature itself.

'his profession.'—'Well, Sir,' continued Partridge, 'from 'hence I removed to Lymington, where I was above three 'years in the service of another lawyer, who was like- 'wise a very good sort of a man, and to be sure one of the 'merriest gentlemen in England. Well, Sir, at the end 'of the three years I set up a little school, and was likely 'to do well again, had it not been for a most unlucky 'accident. Here I kept a pig; and one day, as ill for- 'tune would have it, this pig broke out, and did a tres- 'pass, I think they call it, in a garden belonging to one 'of my neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful man, 'and employed a lawyer, one—one—I can't think of his 'name; but he sent for a writ against me, and had me to 'Size. When I came there, Lord of mercy upon me— 'to hear what the counsellors said. There was one that 'told my lord a parcel of the confoundedest lies about 'me; he said that I used to drive my hogs into other 'folks' gardens, and a great deal more; and at last, he 'said, He hoped I had at last brought my hogs to a fair 'market. To be sure, one would have thought, that in- 'stead of being owner only of one poor little pig, I had 'been the greatest hog-merchant in England. Well—' 'Pray,' said Allworthy, 'do not be so particular. I have 'heard nothing of your son yet.' 'O it was a great 'many years,' answered Partridge, 'before I saw my son, 'as you are pleased to call him.—I went over to Ireland 'after this, and taught school at Cork, (for that one suit 'ruined me again, and I lay seven years in Winchester 'jail.)'——'Well,' said Allworthy, 'pass that over till 'your return to England.'—'Then, Sir,' said he, 'it was 'about half a year ago that I landed at Bristol, where I 'staid some time, and not finding it do there, and hearing 'of a place between that and Gloucester, where the 'barber was just dead, I went thither, and there I had 'been about two months when Mr. Jones came thither.'

He then gave Allworthy a very particular account of their first meeting, and of every thing as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently interlarding his story with panegyrics on Jones, and not forgetting to insinuate the great love and respect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with saying, 'Now, Sir, I have told your honour the whole 'truth.' And then repeated a most solemn protestation, That he was no more the father of Jones than of the pope of Rome; and imprecated the most bitter curses on his head, if he did not speak truth.

'What am I to think of this matter?' cries Allworthy. 'For what purpose should you so strongly deny a fact, 'which I think it would be rather your interest to own?' —'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, (for he could hold no longer) 'if your honour will not believe me, you are like 'soon to have satisfaction enough. I wish you had mis- 'taken the mother of this young man, as well as you 'have his father.'——And now being asked what he meant, with all the symptoms of horror, both in his voice and countenance, he told Allworthy the whole story, which he had a little before expressed such desire to Mrs. Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almost as much shocked at this discovery as Partridge himself had been while he related it. 'Good heavens!' says he, 'in what miserable dis- 'tresses do vice and imprudence involve men! How 'much beyond our designs are the effects of wickedness 'sometimes carried!' He had scarce uttered these words, when Mrs. Waters came hastily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no sooner saw her, than he cried, 'Here, Sir, is the very woman herself. This is 'the unfortunate mother of Mr. Jones; I am sure she 'will acquit me before your honour.—Pray, Madam,——'

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what

artridge said, and almost without taking any notice of im, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. 'I believe, Sir, it is so long since I had the honour of seeing you, that you do not recollect me.' —— 'Indeed,' answered llworthy, 'you are so very much altered, on many accounts, that had not this man already acquainted me who you are, I should not have immediately called you to my remembrance. Have you, Madam, any particular business which brings you to me?'— llworthy spoke this with great reserve; for the reader ay easily believe he was not well pleased with the nduct of this lady; neither with what he had for- erly heard, nor with what Partridge had now de- vered.

Mrs. Waters answered,——'Indeed, Sir, I have very particular business with you; and it is such as I can impart only to yourself.——I must desire therefore the favour of a word with you alone; for I assure you what I have to tell you is of the utmost importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but before e went, he begged the lady to satisfy Mr. Allworthy at he was perfectly innocent. To which she answered, -'You need be under no apprehension, Sir, I shall satisfy Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of that matter.'

Then Partridge withdrew, and that past between Mr. llworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next hapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Continuation of the history.

Irs. Waters remaining a few moments silent, Mr. llworthy could not refrain from saying, 'I am sorry,

'Madam, to perceive, by what I have since heard, that 'you have made so very ill a use ——' 'Mr. Allworthy,' says she, interrupting him, 'I know I have faults, but 'ingratitude to you is not one of them. I never can 'nor shall forget your goodness, which I own I have 'very little deserved; but be pleased to waive all up- 'braiding me at present, as I have so important an 'affair to communicate to you concerning this young 'man, to whom you have given my maiden name of 'Jones.'

'Have I then,' said Allworthy, 'ignorantly punished 'an innocent man, in the person of him who hath just left 'us? Was he not the father of the child?' 'Indeed he 'was not,' said Mrs. Waters. 'You may be pleased to 'remember, Sir, I formerly told you, you should one day 'know; and I acknowledge myself to have been guilty of 'a cruel neglect in not having discovered it to you before. 'Indeed, I little knew how necessary it was.'—'Well, 'Madam,' said Allworthy, 'be pleased to proceed.' 'You 'must remember, Sir,' said she, 'a young fellow whose 'name was Summer.' 'Very well,' cries Allworthy, 'he 'was the son of a clergyman of great learning and virtue, 'for whom I had the highest friendship.' 'So it appeared, 'Sir,' answered she; 'for I believe you bred the young 'man up, and maintained him at the University; where 'I think, he had finished his studies, when he came to re- 'side at your house; a finer man, I must say, the sun 'never shone upon; for, besides the handsomest person I 'ever saw, he was so genteel, and had so much wit and 'good breeding.' 'Poor gentleman,' said Allworthy, 'he 'was indeed untimely snatched away; and little did I 'think he had any sins of this kind to answer for; for I 'plainly perceive you are going to tell me he was the 'father of your child.'

'Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'he was not.' 'How?'

said Allworthy, 'to what then tends all this preface?' 'To a story, Sir,' said she, 'which I am concerned falls to 'my lot to unfold to you.—O Sir! prepare to hear some-'thing which will surprise you, will grieve you.' 'Speak,' said Allworthy, 'I am conscious of no crime, and cannot 'be afraid to hear.'—'Sir,' said she, 'that Mr. Summer, 'the son of your friend, educated at your expense, who, after living a year in the house as if he had been your own son, died there of the small-pox, was tenderly lamented by you, and buried as if he had been your own; that Summer, Sir, was the father of this child.'—How!' said Allworthy; 'you contradict yourself.'—That I do not,' answered she, 'he was indeed the father of this child, but not by me.' 'Take care, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'do not, to shun the imputation of any crime, be guilty of falsehood. Remember, there is one from whom you can conceal nothing, and before whose tribunal falsehood will only aggravate your guilt.' Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I am not his mother; nor would I now think myself so for the world.' 'I know your reason,' said Allworthy, 'and shall rejoice as much as you to find it otherwise; yet you must remember, you yourself confest it before me.'—'So far what I confest,' said she, 'was true, that these hands conveyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither at the command of its mother; at her commands I afterwards owned it, and thought myself, by her generosity, nobly rewarded, both for my secrecy and my shame.' 'Who could this woman be?' said Allworthy. 'Indeed, I tremble to name her,' answered Mrs. Waters. 'By all this preparation I am to guess that she was a relation of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed, she was a near one.' At which words Allworthy started, and she continued—'You had a sister,' Sir.'—'A sister!' repeated he, looking aghast.——'As there is truth in heaven,' cries she, 'your sister was the

'mother of that child you found between your sheets.'
'Can it be possible?' cries he, 'Good heavens!'—'Have
'patience, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'and I will unfold to
'you the whole story. Just after your departure for
'London, Miss Bridget came one day to the house of my
'mother. She was pleased to say she had heard an
'extraordinary character of me, for my learning and
'superior understanding to all the young women there,
'so she was pleased to say. She then bid me come
'to her to the great house; where when I attended,
'she employed me to read to her. She expressed
'great satisfaction in my reading, shewed great kindness
'to me, and made me many presents. At last she began
'to catechise me on the subject of secrecy, to which I
'gave her such satisfactory answers, that, at last having
'locked the door of her room, she took me into her
'closet, and then locking that door likewise, she said,
'she should convince me of the vast reliance she had on
'my integrity, by communicating a secret in which her
'honour, and consequently her life, was concerned. She
'then stopt, and after a silence of a few minutes, during
'which she often wiped her eyes, she inquired of me, if
'I thought my mother might safely be confided in. I
'answered, I would stake my life on her fidelity. She
'then imparted to me the great secret which laboured in
'her breast, and which, I believe, was delivered with
'more pains than she afterwards suffered in child-birth.
'It was then contrived, that my mother and myself only
'should attend at the time, and that Mrs. Wilkins should
'be sent out of the way, as she accordingly was, to the
'very furthest part of Dorsetshire, to inquire the char-
'acter of a servant; for the lady had turned away her
'own maid near three months before; during all which
'time I officiated about her person upon trial, as she said,
'though, as she afterwards declared, I was not sufficiently

'handy for the place. This, and many other such things 'which she used to say of me, were all thrown out to 'prevent any suspicion which Wilkins might hereafter 'have, when I was to own the child; for she thought it 'could never be believed she would venture to hurt a 'young woman with whom she had intrusted such a 'secret. You may be assured, Sir, I was well paid for all 'these affronts, which, together with being informed with 'the occasion of them, very well contented me. Indeed, 'the lady had a greater suspicion of Mrs. Wilkins than of 'any other person; not that she had the least aversion to 'the gentlewoman, but she thought her incapable of 'keeping a secret, especially from you, Sir; for I have 'often heard Miss Bridget say, that if Mrs. Wilkins had 'committed a murder, she believed she would acquaint 'you with it. At last the expected day came, and Mrs. 'Wilkins, who had been kept a week in readiness, and 'put off from time to time, upon some pretence or other, 'that she might not return too soon, was dispatched. 'Then the child was born, in the presence only of my-'self and my mother, and was by my mother conveyed 'to her own house, where it was privately kept by her 'till the evening of your return, when I, by the command 'of Miss Bridget, conveyed it into the bed where you 'found it. And all suspicions were afterwards laid 'asleep by the artful conduct of your sister, in pre-'tending ill-will to the boy, and that any regard she 'shewed him was out of mere complaisance to you.'

Mrs. Waters then made many protestations of the truth of this story, and concluded by saying, 'Thus, Sir, you 'have at last discovered your nephew; for so I am sure 'you will hereafter think him, and I question not but he 'will be both an honour and a comfort to you under that 'appellation.'

'I need not, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'express my

'astonishment at what you have told me; and yet surely 'you would not, and could not, have put together so 'many circumstances, to evidence an untruth. I confess, 'I recollect some passages relating to that Summer, 'which formerly gave me a conceit that my sister had 'some liking to him. I mentioned it to her; for I had 'such a regard to the young man, as well on his own 'account, as on his father's, that I should willingly have 'consented to a match between them; but she exprest 'the highest disdain of my unkind suspicion, as she called 'it; so that I never spoke more on the subject. Good 'heavens! Well! the Lord disposeth all things.——Yet 'sure it was a most unjustifiable conduct in my sister to 'carry this secret with her out of the world.'—'I promise 'you, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'she always profest a con-'trary intention, and frequently told me, she intended 'one day to communicate it to you. She said, indeed, 'she was highly rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so 'well, and that you had of your own accord taken such 'a fancy to the child, that it was yet unnecessary to 'make any express declaration. Oh! Sir, had that lady 'lived to have seen this poor young man turned like 'a vagabond from your house; nay, Sir, could she have 'lived to hear that you had yourself employed a lawyer 'to prosecute him for a murder of which he was not 'guilty——Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, I must say it 'was unkind.——Indeed, you have been abused, he 'never deserved it of you.'—'Indeed, Madam,' said All-worthy, 'I have been abused by the person, whoever he 'was, that told you so.'—'Nay, Sir,' said she, 'I would 'not be mistaken, I did not presume to say you were 'guilty of any wrong. The gentleman who came to me 'proposed no such matter; he only said, taking me for 'Mr. Fitzpatrick's wife, that if Mr. Jones had murdered 'my husband, I should be assisted with any money I

wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who, he said, was well apprized what a villain I had to deal with. It was by this man I found out who Mr. Jones was; and this man, whose name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells me, is your steward. I discovered his name by a very odd accident; for he himself refused to tell it me; but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings the second time he came, knew him formerly at Salisbury.'

'And did this Mr. Dowling,' says Allworthy, with reat astonishment in his countenance, 'tell you, that I would assist in the prosecution?'——'No, Sir,' anwered she, 'I will not charge him wrongfully. He said I should be assisted, but he mentioned no name.—Yet you must pardon me, Sir, if from circumstances I thought it could be no other.'——'Indeed, Madam,' ıys Allworthy, 'from circumstances I am too well convinced it was another.——Good heaven! by what wonderful means is the blackest and deepest villany sometimes discovered!—Shall I beg you, Madam, to stay till the person you have mentioned comes; for I expect him every minute; nay he may be, perhaps, already in the house.'

Allworthy then stept to the door, in order to call a ervant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleıan who will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Further continuation.

HE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Western. He no sooner saw Allworthy, than, without

considering in the least the presence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner: 'Fine 'doings at my house! A rare kettle of fish I have dis- 'covered at last! who the devil would be plagued with 'a daughter?' 'What's the matter, neighbour?' said Allworthy. 'Matter enough,' answered Western; 'when 'I thought she was just a coming to; nay, when she had 'in a manner promised me to do as I would ha her, and 'when I was a hoped to have had nothing more to do 'than to have sent for the lawyer, and finished all; what 'do you think I have found out? that the little b—— 'hath bin playing tricks with me all the while, and 'carrying on a correspondence with that bastard of 'yours. Sister Western, whom I have quarrelled with 'upon her account, sent me word o't, and I ordered her 'pockets to be searched when she was asleep, and here 'I have got un signed with the son of a whore's own 'name. I have not had patience to read half o't, for 'tis 'longer than one of parson Supple's sermons; but I find 'plainly it is all about love; and indeed what should it 'be else? I have packed her up in a chamber again, 'and to-morrow morning down she goes into the country, 'unless she consents to be married directly, and there 'she shall live in a garret upon bread and water all her 'days; and the sooner such a b—— breaks her heart the 'better, though, d—n her, that I believe is too tough. 'She will live long enough to plague me.' 'Mr. Western,' answered Allworthy, 'you know I have always protested 'against force, and you yourself consented that none 'should be used.' 'Ay,' cries he, 'that was only upon 'condition that she would consent without. What the 'devil and Doctor Faustus! shan't I do what I will with 'my own daughter, especially when I desire nothing but 'her own good?' 'Well, neighbour,' answered Allworthy, 'if you will give me leave, I will undertake

once to argue with the young lady.' 'Will you,' said Western, 'why that is kind now and neighbourly, and mayhap you will do more than I have been able to do with her; for I promise you she hath a very good opinion of you.' 'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'if you will go home, and release the young lady from her captivity, I will wait upon her within this half hour.' But, suppose,' said Western, 'she should run away with un in the mean time? For lawyer Dowling tells me there is no hopes of hanging the fellow at last; for that the man is alive, and like to do well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of prison again presently.'——'How,' aid Allworthy, 'what did you employ him then to inquire or to do any thing in that matter?' 'Not I,' nswered Western, 'he mentioned it to me just now of his own accord.'—'Just now!' cries Allworthy, 'why where did you see him then? I want much to see Mr. Dowling.'—'Why you may see un an you will presently at my lodgings; for there is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning, about a mortgage.—— 'Icod! I shall lose two or dree thousand pounds, I believe, by that honest gentleman, Mr. Nightingale.'— Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'I will be with you within the half hour.' 'And do for once,' cries the squire, take a fool's advice; never think of dealing with her by gentle methods, take my word for it those will never do. I have tried 'um long enough. She must be frightened into it, there is no other way. Tell her I'm her father; and of the horrid sin of disobedience, and of the dreadful punishment of it in t'other world, and then tell her about being locked up all her life in a garret in this, and being kept only on bread and water.' I will do all I can,' said Allworthy; 'for I promise you, there is nothing I wish for more than an alliance with this amiable creature.' 'Nay, the girl is well enough

'for matter o'that,' cries the squire; 'a man may go 'farther and meet with worse meat; that I may de- 'clare o' her, thof she be my own daughter. And if 'she will be but obedient to me, there is narrow a 'father within a hundred miles o' the place, that loves 'a daughter better than I do; but I see you are busy 'with the lady here, so I will go huome and expect 'you; and so your humble servant.'

As soon as Mr. Western was gone, Mrs. Waters said, 'I see, Sir, the squire hath not the least remembrance 'of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy, you would not 'have known me neither. I am very considerably altered 'since that day when you so kindly gave me that advice, 'which I had been happy had I followed.'——'Indeed, 'Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it gave me great concern 'when I first heard the contrary.' 'Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I was ruined by a very deep scheme of villany, 'which if you knew, though I pretend not to think it 'would justify me in your opinion, it would at least 'mitigate my offence, and induce you to pity me; you 'are not now at leisure to hear my whole story; 'but this I assure you, I was betrayed by the most 'solemn promises of marriage; nay, in the eye of 'heaven I was married to him; for after much reading 'on the subject, I am convinced that particular cere- 'monies are only requisite to give a legal sanction to 'marriage, and have only a worldly use in giving a 'woman the privileges of a wife; but that she who 'lives constant to one man, after a solemn private af- 'fiance, whatever the world may call her, hath little to 'charge on her own conscience.' 'I am sorry, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'you made so ill an use of your learning. 'Indeed, it would have been well that you had been 'possessed of much more, or had remained in a state 'of ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am afraid you have

'more than this sin to answer for.' 'During his life,' answered she, 'which was above a dozen years, I most 'solemnly assure you, I had not. And consider, Sir, 'on my behalf, what is in the power of a woman stript 'of her reputation, and left destitute; whether the good-'natured world will suffer such a stray sheep to return 'to the road of virtue, even if she was never so desirous. 'I protest then, I would have chose it had it been in 'my power; but necessity drove me into the arms of 'Captain Waters, with whom, though still unmarried, 'I lived as a wife for many years, and went by his name. 'I parted with this gentleman at Worcester, on his march 'against the rebels, and it was then I accidentally 'met with Mr. Jones, who rescued me from the hands 'of a villain. Indeed, he is the worthiest of men. No 'young gentleman of his age is, I believe, freer from 'vice, and few have the twentieth part of his virtues; 'nay, whatever vices he hath had, I am firmly per-'suaded he hath now taken a resolution to abandon 'them.' 'I hope he hath,' cries Allworthy, 'and I 'hope he will preserve that resolution. I must say, I 'have still the same hopes with regard to yourself. The 'world, I do agree, are apt to be too unmerciful on these 'occasions; yet time and perseverance will get the better 'of this their disinclination, as I may call it, to pity; 'for though they are not, like heaven, ready to receive 'a penitent sinner; yet a continued repentance will at 'length obtain mercy even with the world. This you 'may be assured of, Mrs. Waters, that whenever I find 'you are sincere in such good intentions, you shall want 'no assistance in my power to make them effectual.'

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many most passionate acknowledgments of his goodness, which, as she truly said, savoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender manner, making use of every expression which his invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, who, upon his first entrance, seeing Mrs. Waters, started, and appeared in some confusion; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said, he was in the utmost haste to attend counsel at Mr. Western's lodgings; but however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of counsel, upon the case which he had before told him, which was, that the conversion of the monies in that case, could not be questioned in a criminal cause, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the monies of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any answer to this, bolted the door, and then advancing with a stern look to Dowling, he said, 'Whatever be your haste, Sir, I must first 'receive an answer to some questions. Do you know 'this lady?'——'That lady, Sir!' answered Dowling, with great hesitation. Allworthy then, with the most solemn voice, said, 'Look you, Mr. Dowling, as you 'value my favour, or your continuance a moment longer 'in my service, do not hesitate nor prevaricate; but 'answer faithfully and truly to every question I ask.—— 'Do you know this lady?'——'Yes, Sir,' said Dowling, 'I have seen the lady.' 'Where, Sir?' 'At her own 'lodgings.'—'Upon what business did you go thither, 'Sir; and who sent you?' 'I went, Sir, to inquire, Sir, 'about Mr. Jones.' 'And who sent you to inquire about 'him?' 'Who, Sir? why, Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me.' 'And 'what did you say to the lady concerning that matter?' 'Nay, Sir, it is impossible to recollect every word.' 'Will you please, Madam, to assist the gentleman's

memory?' 'He told me, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'that if Mr. Jones had murdered my husband, I should be assisted by any money I wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who was well apprized what a villain I had to deal with. These, I can safely swear, were the very words he spoke.'—Were these the words, Sir?' said Allworthy. 'I cannot charge my memory exactly,' cries Dowling, 'but I believe I did speak to that purpose.'—'And did Mr. Blifil order you to say so?' 'I am sure, Sir, I should not have gone on my own accord, nor have willingly exceeded my authority in matters of this kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr. Blifil's instructions.' 'Look you, Mr. Dowling,' said Allworthy; I promise you before this lady, that whatever you have done in this affair by Mr. Blifil's order, I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the truth; for I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own accord, and without authority in this matter.——Mr. Blifil then likewise sent you to examine the two fellows at Aldersgate?'—'He did, Sir.' 'Well, and what instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near as possible, the very words he used.' 'Why, Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me to find out the persons who were eye-witnesses of this fight. He said, he feared they might be tampered with by Mr. Jones, or some of his friends. He said, blood required blood; and that not only all who concealed a murderer, but those who omitted any thing in their power to bring him to justice, were sharers in his guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper you should appear in it.'—'He did so,' says Allworthy. —'Yes, Sir,' cries Dowling; 'I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such lengths for the sake of any other

'person living but your worship.'—'What lengths, Sir?' said Allworthy.—'Nay, Sir,' cries Dowling, 'I would not 'have your worship think I would, on any account, be 'guilty of subornation of perjury; but there are two 'ways of delivering evidence. I told them, therefore, 'that if any offers should be made them on the other 'side, they should refuse them, and that they might be 'assured they should lose nothing by being honest men, 'and telling the truth. I said, we were told, that Mr. 'Jones had assaulted the gentleman first, and that if that 'was the truth, they should declare it; and I did give 'them some hints, that they should be no losers.'—'I 'think you went lengths indeed,' cries Allworthy.—— 'Nay, Sir,' answered Dowling, 'I am sure I did not 'desire them to tell an untruth;——nor should I have 'said what I did, unless it had been to oblige you.'—— 'You would not have thought, I believe,' says Allworthy, 'to have obliged me, had you known that 'this Mr. Jones was my own nephew.'——'I am sure, 'Sir,' answered he, 'it did not become me to take any 'notice of what I thought you desired to conceal.'— 'How!' cries Allworthy, 'and did you know it then?' —'Nay, Sir,' answered Dowling, 'if your worship 'bids me speak the truth, I am sure I shall do it.—In-'deed, Sir, I did know it; for they were almost the last 'words which Madam Blifil ever spoke, which she men-'tioned to me as I stood alone by her bedside, when she 'delivered me the letter I brought your worship from 'her.'—'What letter?' cries Allworthy.—'The letter, 'Sir,' answered Dowling, 'which I brought from Salis-'bury, and which I delivered into the hands of Mr. 'Blifil.'——'O heavens!' cries Allworthy; 'Well, and 'what were the words? What did my sister say to 'you?'—'She took me by the hand,' answered he, 'and as she delivered me the letter, said, "I scarce

'know what I have written. Tell my brother, Mr. 'Jones is his nephew—He is my son.—Bless him," says she, and then fell backward, as if dying away. I presently called in the people, and she never spoke more to me, and died within a few minutes afterwards.' -Allworthy stood a minute silent, lifting up his eyes; nd then turning to Dowling, said,——'How came you, Sir, not to deliver me this message?' 'Your worship,' nswered he, 'must remember that you was at that time ll in bed; and being in a violent hurry as indeed I lways am, I delivered the letter and message to Mr. Blifil, who told me he would carry them both to you, which he hath since told me he did, and that your worship, partly out of friendship to Mr. Jones, and partly out of regard to your sister, would never have t mentioned; and did intend to conceal it from the world; and therefore, Sir, if you had not mentioned it to me first, I am certain I should never have thought it belonged to me to say any thing of the matter, either to your worship or any other person.'

We have remarked somewhere already, that it is possible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth; his was the case at present; for Blifil had, in fact, told owling what he now related; but had not imposed on him, nor indeed had imagined he was able so to . In reality, the promises which Blifil had made to owling, were the motives which had induced him to crecy; and as he now very plainly saw Blifil would ot be able to keep them, he thought proper now to ake this confession, which the promises of forgiveness, ined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, nd the discoveries he had made before, extorted from m, who was besides taken unawares, and had no time consider of evasions.

Allworthy appeared well satisfied with this relation,

and having enjoined on Dowling strict silence as to what had past, conducted that gentleman himself to the door, lest he should see Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of this last deceit on his uncle, and little suspected what had since passed below stairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale and full of terror, said to him, 'O! Sir, I find this wicked woman 'hath been with you, and you know all; yet do not on 'this account abandon the poor young man. Consider, 'Sir, he was ignorant it was his own mother; and the 'discovery itself will most probably break his heart, 'without your unkindness.'

'Madam,' says Allworthy, 'I am under such an 'astonishment at what I have heard, that I am really 'unable to satisfy you; but come with me into my room. 'Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I have made surprising discoveries, 'and you shall soon know them.'

The poor woman followed him trembling; and now Allworthy going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the hand, and then turning to Mrs. Miller, said, 'What 'reward shall I bestow upon this gentlewoman, for the 'services she hath done me?—O! Mrs. Miller, you have 'a thousand times heard me call the young man to 'whom you are so faithful a friend, my son. Little 'did I then think he was indeed related to me at all.— 'Your friend, Madam, is my nephew; he is the brother 'of that wicked viper which I have so long nourished in 'my bosom.—She will herself tell you the whole story, 'and how the youth came to pass for her son. Indeed, 'Mrs. Miller, I am convinced that he hath been wronged, 'and that I have been abused; abused by one whom you 'too justly suspected of being a villain. He is, in truth, 'the worst of villains.'

The joy which Mrs. Miller now felt bereft her of the ›wer of speech, and might perhaps have deprived her ' her senses, if not of life, had not a friendly shower of ars come seasonably to her relief. At length recover- g so far from her transport as to be able to speak, she ied: 'And is my dear Mr. Jones then your nephew, Sir? and not the son of this lady? And are your eyes opened to him at last? And shall I live to see him as happy as he deserves?' 'He certainly is my nephew,' ys Allworthy, 'and I hope all the rest.'—'And is this the dear good woman, the person,' cries she, 'to whom all this discovery is owing?'—'She is indeed,' says llworthy.—'Why then,' cried Mrs. Miller upon her nees, 'may heaven shower down its choicest blessings upon her head, and for this one good action forgive her all her sins, be they never so many!'

Mrs. Waters then informed them, that she believed ones would very shortly be released; for that the ırgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to ıe justice who committed him, in order to certify that Ir. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and › procure his prisoner his liberty.

Allworthy said he should be glad to find his nephew ıere at his return home; but that he was then obliged › go on some business of consequence. He then called › a servant to fetch him a chair, and presently left the vo ladies together.

Mr. Blifil hearing the chair ordered, came down stairs › attend upon his uncle; for he never was deficient in ıch acts of duty. He asked his uncle if he was going ut; which is a civil way of asking a man, whither he is oing: to which the other making no answer, he again esired to know, when he would be pleased to return?— llworthy made no answer to this neither, till he was ıst going into his chair, and then turning about, he said,

—'Harkye, Sir, do you find out, before my return, the 'letter which your mother sent me on her deathbed.' Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a situation to be envied only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

CHAPTER IX.

A further continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity whilst he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Western delivered him; and there were some expressions in it concerning himself, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Western's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the first ceremonies were past, and the gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a silence of some minutes ensued; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the visit by her father, sat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confusion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himself a little disconcerted, began thus: 'I am afraid, 'Miss Western, my family hath been the occasion of 'giving you some uneasiness; to which, I fear, I have 'innocently become more instrumental than I intended. 'Be assured, Madam, had I at first known how disagree-'able the proposals had been, I should not have suffered 'you to have been so long persecuted. I hope, therefore, 'you will not think the design of this visit is to trouble 'you with any further solicitations of that kind, but 'entirely to relieve you from them.'

'Sir,' said Sophia, with a little modest hesitation, 'this behaviour is most kind and generous, and such

'as I could expect only from Mr. Allworthy; but as 'you have been so kind to mention this matter, you 'will pardon me for saying, it hath, indeed, given me 'great uneasiness, and hath been the occasion of my 'suffering much cruel treatment from a father, who was, 'till that unhappy affair, the tenderest and fondest of 'all parents. I am convinced, Sir, you are too good 'and generous to resent my refusal of your nephew. 'Our inclinations are not in our own power; and what-'ever may be his merit, I cannot force them in his 'favour.' 'I assure you, most amiable young lady,' said Allworthy, 'I am capable of no such resentment, 'had the person been my own son, and had I enter-'tained the highest esteem for him. For you say, truly, 'Madam, we cannot force our inclinations, much less 'can they be directed by another.' 'Oh! Sir,' answered Sophia, 'every word you speak proves you deserve that 'good, that great, that benevolent character the whole 'world allows you. I assure you, Sir, nothing less 'than the certain prospect of future misery could have 'made me resist the commands of my father.' 'I 'sincerely believe you, Madam,' replied Allworthy, 'and I heartily congratulate you on your prudent 'foresight, since by so justifiable a resistance you have 'avoided misery indeed!' 'You speak now, Mr. All-'worthy,' cries she, 'with a delicacy which few men 'are capable of feeling! but surely, in my opinion, 'to lead our lives with one to whom we are indifferent, 'must be a state of wretchedness—Perhaps that wretch-'edness would be even increased by a sense of the 'merits of an object to whom we cannot give our 'affections. If I had married Mr. Blifil——' 'Par-'don my interrupting you, Madam,' answered All-worthy, 'but I cannot bear the supposition.—Believe 'me, Miss Western, I rejoice from my heart, I rejoice

'in your escape.——I have discovered the wretch for 'whom you have suffered all this cruel violence from 'your father, to be a villain.' 'How, Sir!' cries Sophia,—'you must believe this surprises me.'——'It 'hath surprised me, Madam,' answered Allworthy, 'and 'so it will the world—But I have acquainted you with 'the real truth.' 'Nothing but truth,' says Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come from the lips of Mr. All-'worthy.——Yet, Sir, such sudden, such unexpected 'news——Discovered, you say——may villany be ever 'so!'——'You will soon enough hear the story,' cries Allworthy;—'at present let us not mention so detested 'a name.—I have another matter of a very serious 'nature to propose.—O! Miss Western, I know your 'vast worth, nor can I so easily part with the ambition 'of being allied to it.—I have a near relation, Madam, 'a young man whose character is, I am convinced, the 'very opposite to that of this wretch, and whose fortune 'I will make equal to what his was to have been. Could 'I, Madam, hope you would admit a visit from him?' Sophia, after a minute's silence, answered, 'I will deal 'with the utmost sincerity with Mr. Allworthy. His 'character, and the obligation I have just received from 'him, demand it. I have determined at present to 'listen to no such proposals, from any person. My only 'desire is to be restored to the affection of my father, 'and to be again the mistress of his family. This, 'Sir, I hope to owe to your good offices. Let me be-'seech you, let me conjure you by all the goodness 'which I, and all who know you, have experienced; 'do not the very moment when you have released me 'from one persecution, do not engage me in another as 'miserable and as fruitless.' 'Indeed, Miss Western,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no such conduct; 'and if this be your resolution, he must submit to the

'disappointment, whatever torments he may suffer under 'it.' 'I must smile now, Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'when you mention the torments of a man 'whom I do not know, and who can consequently have 'so little acquaintance with me.' 'Pardon me, dear 'young lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I begin now to be 'afraid he hath had too much acquaintance, for the 'repose of his future days; since, if ever man was 'capable of a sincere, violent, and noble passion, such, 'I am convinced, is my unhappy nephew's for Miss 'Western.' 'A nephew of yours, Mr. Allworthy!' answered Sophia. 'It is surely strange, I never heard 'of him before.' 'Indeed! Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it is only the circumstance of his being my nephew 'to which you are a stranger, and which, till this day, 'was a secret to me.—Mr. Jones, who has long loved 'you, he! he is my nephew!' 'Mr. Jones your 'nephew, Sir!' cries Sophia; 'can it be possible?'— 'He is, indeed, Madam,' answered Allworthy; 'he is 'my own sister's son—as such I shall always own him; 'nor am I ashamed of owning him. I am much more 'ashamed of my past behaviour to him; but I was as 'ignorant of his merit as of his birth. Indeed, Miss 'Western, I have used him cruelly——Indeed I have.' ——Here the good man wiped his eyes, and after a short pause proceeded—'I never shall be able to re-'ward him for his sufferings without your assistance. ——Believe me, most amiable young lady, I must 'have a great esteem of that offering which I make 'to your worth. I know he hath been guilty of faults; 'but there is great goodness of heart at the bottom. 'Believe me, Madam, there is.'—Here he stopped, seeming to expect an answer, which he presently received from Sophia, after she had a little recovered herself from the hurry of spirits into which so strange

and sudden information had thrown her: 'I sincerely 'wish you joy, Sir, of a discovery in which you seem 'to have such satisfaction. I doubt not but you will 'have all the comfort you can promise yourself from 'it. The young gentleman hath certainly a thousand 'good qualities, which makes it impossible he should 'not behave well to such an uncle.'—'I hope, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'he hath those good qualities which must 'make him a good husband.—He must, I am sure, be 'of all men the most abandoned, if a lady of your merit 'should condescend——' 'You must pardon me, Mr. 'Allworthy,' answered Sophia: 'I cannot listen to a 'proposal of this kind. Mr. Jones, I am convinced, 'hath much merit; but I shall never receive Mr. Jones 'as one who is to be my husband—Upon my honour 'I never will.'—'Pardon me, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'if I am a little surprised, after what I have heard from 'Mr. Western——I hope the unhappy young man hath 'done nothing to forfeit your good opinion, if he had 'ever the honour to enjoy it.—Perhaps, he may have 'been misrepresented to you, as he was to me. The 'same villany may have injured him every where.— 'He is no murderer, I assure you; as he hath been 'called.'—'Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'I have 'told you my resolution. I wonder not at what my 'father hath told you; but whatever his apprehen- 'sions or fears have been, if I know my heart, I have 'given no occasion for them; since it hath always 'been a fixed principle with me, never to have mar- 'ried without his consent. This is, I think, the duty 'of a child to a parent: and this, I hope, nothing could 'ever have prevailed with me to swerve from. I do not 'indeed conceive, that the authority of any parent can 'oblige us to marry, in direct opposition to our inclina- 'tions. To avoid a force of this kind, which I had

'reason to suspect, I left my father's house, and sought 'protection elsewhere. This is the truth of my story; 'and if the world, or my father, carry my intentions any 'farther, my own conscience will acquit me.' 'I hear 'you, Miss Western,' cries Allworthy, 'with admiration. 'I admire the justness of your sentiments; but surely 'there is more in this. I am cautious of offending you, 'young lady; but am I to look on all which I have 'hitherto heard or seen, as a dream only? And have 'you suffered so much cruelty from your father on the 'account of a man to whom you have been always ab- 'solutely indifferent?' 'I beg, Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'you will not insist on my reasons;—Yes, I have 'suffered indeed; I will not, Mr. Allworthy, conceal '——I will be very sincere with you—I own I had a 'great opinion of Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I have 'suffered for my opinion——I have been treated cruelly 'by my aunt, as well as by my father; but that is now 'past—I beg I may not be farther pressed; for what- 'ever hath been, my resolution is now fixed. Your 'nephew, Sir, hath many virtues—he hath great virtues, 'Mr. Allworthy. I question not but he will do you 'honour in the world, and make you happy.'——'I wish 'I could make him so, Madam,' replied Allworthy; 'but 'that I am convinced is only in your power. It is that 'conviction which hath made me so earnest a solicitor 'in his favour.' 'You are deceived, indeed, Sir; you 'are deceived,' said Sophia.—'I hope not by him. It 'is sufficient to have deceived me. Mr. Allworthy, 'I must insist on being prest no farther on this sub- 'ject.—I should be sorry—Nay, I will not injure him 'in your favour. I wish Mr. Jones very well. I sin- 'cerely wish him well; and I repeat it again to you, 'whatever demerit he may have to me, I am certain he 'hath many good qualities. I do not disown my former

'thoughts; but nothing can ever recal them. At present 'there is not a man upon earth whom I would more 'resolutely reject than Mr. Jones; nor would the ad- 'dresses of Mr. Blifil himself be less agreeable to me.'

Western had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was just now arrived at the door, to listen; when having heard the last sentiments of his daughter's heart, he lost all temper, and, bursting open the door in a rage, cried out,—'It is a lie. It is a d—d 'lie. It is all owing to that d—'d rascal, Jones; and 'if he could get at 'un, she'd ha un any hour of the day.' Here Allworthy interposed, and addressing himself to the squire with some anger in his look, he said, 'Mr. 'Western, you have not kept your word with me. You 'promised to abstain from all violence.'—'Why so I 'did,' cries Western, 'as long as it was possible; but to 'hear a wench telling such confounded lies——Zounds! 'doth she think if she can make vools of other volk, she 'can make one of me?——No, no, I know her better 'than thee dost.' 'I am sorry to tell you, Sir,' answered Allworthy, 'it doth not appear by your behaviour to this 'young lady, that you know her at all. I ask pardon 'for what I say; but I think our intimacy, your own 'desires, and the occasion, justify me. She is your 'daughter, Mr. Western, and I think she doth honour 'to your name. If I was capable of envy, I should 'sooner envy you on this account, than any other man 'whatever.'—'Od-rabbit-it,' cries the squire, 'I wish 'she was thine, with all my heart—wouldst soon be 'glad to be rid of the trouble o' her.'—'Indeed, my 'good friend,' answered Allworthy, 'you yourself are 'the cause of all the trouble you complain of. Place 'that confidence in the young lady which she so well 'deserves, and I am certain you will be the happiest 'father on earth.'——'I confidence in her!' cries the

squire; 'Sblood! what confidence can I place in her, 'when she won't do as I wou'd ha' her? Let her gi but 'her consent to marry as I wou'd ha her, and I'll place 'as much confidence in her as wouldst ha me.'——'You 'have no right, neighbour,' answered Allworthy, 'to 'insist on any such consent. A negative voice your 'daughter allows you, and God and Nature have thought 'proper to allow you no more.'—'A negative voice!' cries the squire—'Ay! ay! I'll shew you what a negative 'voice I ha—Go along, go into your chamber, go, you 'stubborn ——.' 'Indeed, Mr. Western,' said Allworthy, 'indeed you use her cruelly—I cannot bear to see this— 'You shall, you must behave to her in a kinder manner. 'She deserves the best of treatment.' 'Yes, yes,' said the squire, 'I know what she deserves: now she's gone, 'I'll shew you what she deserves.—See here, Sir, here is 'a letter from my cousin, my Lady Bellaston, in which 'she is so kind to gi' me to understand, that the fellow is 'got out of prison again; and here she advises me to 'take all the care I can o' the wench. Odzookers! 'neighbour Allworthy, you don't know what it is to 'govern a daughter.'

The squire ended his speech with some compliments to his own sagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole discovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Blifil, and with every particular which had been disclosed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over-violent in their dispositions are, for the most part, as changeable in them. No sooner then was Western informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Here Mr. Allworthy was again forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and Sophia, at which he testified great surprise.

The squire was silent a moment, and looked wild with astonishment at this account.—At last he cried out, 'Why, what can be the meaning of this, neighbour All-'worthy? Vond o un she was, that I'll be sworn to. '——Odzookers! I have hit o't. As sure as a gun I 'have hit o' the very right o't. It's all along o' zister. 'The girl hath got a hankering after this son of a whore 'of a lord. I vound 'em together at my cousin, my 'Lady Bellaston's. He hath turned the head o' her, 'that's certain—but d—n me if he shall ha her—I'll ha 'no lords nor courtiers in my vamily.'

Allworthy now made a long speech, in which he repeated his resolution to avoid all violent measures, and very earnestly recommended gentle methods to Mr. Western, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs. Miller, but was forced to comply with the earnest entreaties of the squire, in promising to bring Mr. Jones to visit him that afternoon, that he might, as he said, 'make all matters up with the young 'gentleman.' At Mr. Allworthy's departure, Western promised to follow his advice, in his behaviour to Sophia, saying, 'I don't know how 'tis, but d—n me, Allworthy, 'if you don't make me always do just as you please; and 'yet I have as good an esteate as you, and am in the 'commission of the peace as well as yourself.'

CHAPTER X.

Wherein the history begins to draw towards a conclusion.

WHEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr. Jones was just arrived before him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr. Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender or moving scene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew (for Mrs. Waters, as the reader may well suppose, had at her last visit discovered to him the secret of his birth). The first agonies of joy which were felt on both sides, are indeed beyond my power to describe: I shall not therefore attempt it. After Allworthy had raised Jones from his feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his arms, 'O my child!' he cried, 'how have I 'been to blame! how have I injured you! What amends 'can I ever make you for those unkind, those unjust sus-'picions which I have entertained; and for all the suffer-'ings they have occasioned to you?' 'Am I not now 'made amends?' cries Jones; 'Would not my sufferings, 'if they had been ten times greater, have been now richly 'repaid? O my dear uncle! this goodness, this tender-'ness overpowers, unmans, destroys me. I cannot bear 'the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be 'again restored to your presence, to your favour; to be 'once more thus kindly received by my great, my noble, 'my generous benefactor.'—'Indeed, child,' cries Allworthy, 'I have used you cruelly.'——He then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil, and again repeated expressions of the utmost concern, for having been induced by that treachery to use him so ill. 'O,

'talk not so!' answered Jones; 'indeed, Sir, you have 'used me nobly. The wisest man might be deceived as 'you were; and under such a deception, the best must 'have acted just as you did. Your goodness displayed 'itself in the midst of your anger, just as it then seemed. 'I owe everything to that goodness of which I have been 'most unworthy. Do not put me on self accusation, by 'carrying your generous sentiments too far. Alas! Sir, 'I have not been punished more than I have deserved; 'and it shall be the whole business of my future life to 'deserve that happiness you now bestow on me; for 'believe me, my dear uncle, my punishment hath not 'been thrown away upon me: though I have been a 'great, I am not a hardened sinner; I thank heaven, 'I have had time to reflect on my past life, where, 'though I cannot charge myself with any gross villany, 'yet I can discern follies and vices more than enow to 'repent and to be ashamed of; follies which have been 'attended with dreadful consequences to myself, and 'have brought me to the brink of destruction.' 'I 'am rejoiced, my dear child,' answered Allworthy, 'to 'hear you talk thus sensibly; for as I am convinced 'hypocrisy (good heaven! how have I been imposed 'on by it in others!) was never among your faults; 'so I can readily believe all you say. You now see, 'Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may subject 'virtue (for virtue, I am now convinced, you love in 'a great degree). Prudence is indeed the duty which 'we owe to ourselves; and if we will be so much our 'own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder 'if the world is deficient in discharging their duty to 'us; for when a man lays the foundation of his own 'ruin, others will, I am afraid, be too apt to build 'upon it. You say, however, you have seen your 'errors, and will reform them. I firmly believe you,

'my dear child; and therefore, from this moment, 'you shall never be reminded of them by me. Re- 'member them only yourself so far, as for the future 'to teach you the better to avoid them; but still re- 'member, for your comfort, that there is this great 'difference between those faults which candour may 'construe into imprudence, and those which can be 'deduced from villany only. The former, perhaps, are 'even more apt to subject a man to ruin; but if he 'reform, his character will, at length, be totally re- 'trieved; the world, though not immediately, will, in 'time, be reconciled to him; and he may reflect, not 'without some mixture of pleasure, on the dangers he 'hath escaped; but villany, my boy, when once dis- 'covered, is irretrievable; the stains which this leaves 'behind, no time will wash away. The censures of 'mankind will pursue the wretch, their scorn will 'abash him in public; and if shame drives him into 'retirement, he will go to it with all those terrors with 'which a weary child, who is afraid of hobgoblins, 'retreats from company to go to bed alone.—Here his 'murdered conscience will haunt him. Repose, like 'a false friend, will fly from him. Wherever he turns 'his eyes, horror presents itself; if he looks backward, 'unavailable repentance treads on his heels; if forward, 'incurable despair stares him in the face; till, like a 'condemned prisoner confined in a dungeon, he detests 'his present condition, and yet dreads the consequence 'of that hour which is to relieve him from it. Comfort 'yourself, I say, my child, that this is not your case; 'and rejoice, with thankfulness to him who hath suffered 'you to see your errors, before they have brought on 'you that destruction, to which a persistence in even 'those errors must have led you. You have deserted 'them; and the prospect now before you is such, that

'happiness seems in your own power.'—At these words Jones fetched a deep sigh; upon which, when Allworthy remonstrated, he said, 'Sir, I will conceal nothing from 'you: I fear there is one consequence of my vices I 'shall never be able to retrieve. O, my dear uncle! 'I have lost a treasure.'——'You need say no more,' answered Allworthy; 'I will be explicit with you; I 'know what you lament; I have seen the young lady, 'and have discoursed with her concerning you. This 'I must insist on, as an earnest of your sincerity in 'all you have said, and of the stedfastness of your 'resolution, that you obey me in one instance. To 'abide entirely by the determination of the young lady, 'whether it shall be in your favour, or no. She hath 'already suffered enough from solicitations which I 'hate to think of; she shall owe no further constraint 'to my family: I know her father will be as ready 'to torment her now on your account, as he hath for-'merly been on another's; but I am determined she 'shall suffer no more confinement, no more violence, 'no more uneasy hours.'—'O, my dear uncle!' answered Jones, 'lay, I beseech you, some command 'on me, in which I shall have some merit in obedience. 'Believe me, Sir, the only instance in which I could 'disobey you, would be to give an uneasy moment 'to my Sophia. No, Sir, if I am so miserable to 'have incurred her displeasure beyond all hope of 'forgiveness, that alone, with the dreadful reflection of 'causing her misery, will be sufficient to overpower 'me. To call Sophia mine is the greatest, and now 'the only additional blessing which heaven can bestow; 'but it is a blessing which I must owe to her alone.' —'I will not flatter you, child,' cries Allworthy; 'I 'fear your case is desperate: I never saw stronger 'marks of an unalterable resolution in any person,

'than appeared in her vehement declarations against 'receiving your addresses; for which, perhaps, you 'can account better than myself.'—'Oh, Sir! I can 'account too well,' answered Jones; 'I have sinned 'against her beyond all hope of pardon; and guilty 'as I am, my guilt unfortunately appears to her in 'ten times blacker than the real colours. O, my dear 'uncle! I find my follies are irretrievable; and all 'your goodness cannot save me from perdition.'

A servant now acquainted them, that Mr. Western was below stairs; for his eagerness to see Jones could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whose eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Western a few minutes, till he a little recovered himself; to which the good man consented, and having ordered Mr. Western to be shewn into a parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no sooner heard that Jones was alone, (for she had not yet seen him since his release from prison) than she came eagerly into the room, and advancing towards Jones, wished him heartily joy of his new-found uncle, and his happy reconciliation; adding, 'I 'wish I could give you joy on another account, 'my dear child: but any thing so inexorable I never 'saw.'

Jones, with some appearance of surprise, asked her what she meant. 'Why then,' says she, 'I have been 'with your young lady, and have explained all matters 'to her, as they were told me by my son Nightingale. 'She can have no longer any doubt about the letter; of 'that I am certain; for I told her my son Nightingale 'was ready to take his oath, if she pleased, that it was 'all his own invention, and the letter of his inditing. 'I told her the very reason of sending the letter ought to 'recommend you to her the more, as it was all upon her

'account, and a plain proof, that you was resolved to 'quit all your profligacy for the future; that you had 'never been guilty of a single instance of infidelity to her 'since your seeing her in town: I am afraid I went too 'far there; but heaven forgive me: I hope your future 'behaviour will be my justification. I am sure I have 'said all I can; but all to no purpose. She remains in-'flexible. She says, she had forgiven many faults on 'account of youth; but expressed such detestation of the 'character of a libertine, that she absolutely silenced me. 'I often attempted to excuse you; but the justness of her 'accusation flew in my face. Upon my honour she is a 'lovely woman, and one of the sweetest and most sensible 'creatures I ever saw. I could have almost kissed her 'for one expression she made use of. It was a sentiment 'worthy of Seneca, or of a bishop.—"I once fancied, '"Madam," said she, "I had discovered great goodness of '"heart in Mr. Jones; and for that I own I had a sin-'"cere esteem; but an entire profligacy of manners will '"corrupt the best heart in the world; and all which a '"good-natured libertine can expect is, that we should '"mix some grains of pity with our contempt and abhor-'"rence." She is an angelic creature, that is the truth 'on't.'—'O, Mrs. Miller!' answered Jones, 'can I bear 'to think I have lost such an angel!'—'Lost! no,' cries Mrs. Miller, 'I hope you have not lost her yet. Resolve 'to leave such vicious courses, and you may yet have 'hopes; nay, if she should remain inexorable, there 'is another young lady, a sweet pretty young lady, and 'a swinging fortune, who is absolutely dying for love of 'you. I heard of it this very morning, and I told it to 'Miss Western; nay, I went a little beyond the truth 'again; for I told her you had refused her; but, indeed, 'I knew you would refuse her.——And here I must give 'you a little comfort; when I mentioned the young lady's

'name, who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I 'thought she turned pale; but when I said you had re- 'fused her, I will be sworn her face was all over scarlet 'in an instant; and these were her very words, "I will '"not deny but that I believe he has some affection for '"me."'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Western, who could no longer be kept out of the room, even by the authority of Allworthy himself; though this, as we have often seen, had a wonderful power over him.

Western immediately went up to Jones, crying out, 'My old friend Tom, I am glad to see thee, with all my 'heart. All past must be forgotten. I could not intend 'any affront to thee, because, as Allworthy here knows, 'nay, dost know it thyself, I took thee for another 'person; and where a body means no harm, what 'signifies a hasty word or two? One Christian must 'forget and forgive another.' 'I hope, Sir,' said Jones, 'I shall never forget the many obligations I have had to 'you; but as for any offence towards me, I declare I am 'an utter stranger.'——'A't,' says Western, 'then give 'me thy fist; a't as hearty an honest cock as any in the 'kingdom. Come along with me; I'll carry thee to 'thy mistress this moment.' Here Allworthy inter- posed; and the squire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after some litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compassion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager desires of Western, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the tea table.

The conversation which now ensued was pleasant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our history, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leisure only to attend to what is

very material, it shall suffice to say, that matters being entirely adjusted as to the afternoon visit, Mr. Western again returned home.

CHAPTER XI.

The history draws nearer to a conclusion.

When Mr. Western was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two surgeons, and a friend of Mr. Nightingale's, had attended the magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the surgeon's oaths, that the wounded person was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was discharged.

One only of these lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly surprised him, by asking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the case, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this:—The lieutenant whom Lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of Lady Bellaston, to press Jones, as a vagabond, into the sea-service, when he came to report to his lordship the event which we have before seen, spoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts, and strongly assured that lord, that he must have mistaken the person, for that Jones was certainly a gentleman; insomuch that his lordship, who was strictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would

have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, Lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Irish peer, who in a conversation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which indeed he did not do strict justice, especially in what related to his lady. He said, she was the most innocent, the most injured woman alive, and that from compassion alone he had undertaken her cause. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if possible, to consent to a separation from his wife, who, the peer said, was in apprehensions of her life, if she should ever return to be under the power of her husband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might satisfy himself more concerning Jones, and the circumstances of the duel; for he was by no means easy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordship gave a hint of his readiness to assist in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of Lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor Irishman no sooner saw these noble peers had undertaken the cause of his wife, than he submitted, and articles of separation were soon drawn up, and signed between the parties.

Fitzpatrick had been so well satisfied by Mrs. Waters concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or perhaps, from some other reasons, was now become so indifferent to that matter, that he spoke highly in favour of Jones to Lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himself, and said the other had behaved very much like a gentleman, and a man of honour; and upon that lord's further inquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told

him, he was nephew to a gentleman of very great fashion and fortune, which was the account he had just received from Mrs. Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make satisfaction to a gentleman whom he had so grossly injured, and without any consideration of rivalship (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia), determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty, being satisfied, as well from Fitzpatrick as his surgeon, that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Irish peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. Waters, as what he had discovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expressed great astonishment and no less concern at this account; but without making any comment or observation upon it. And now a message was brought from Mr. Blifil, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy started and turned pale, and then in a more passionate tone than I believe he had ever used before, bid the servant tell Blifil he knew him not. 'Consider, dear Sir,'—cries Jones, in a trembling voice.—'I have considered,' answered Allworthy, 'and you yourself shall carry my 'message to the villain.—No one can carry him the 'sentence of his own ruin so properly, as the man 'whose ruin he hath so villanously contrived.'—'Par-'don me, dear Sir,' said Jones; 'a moment's reflection 'will, I am sure, convince you of the contrary. What 'might perhaps be but justice from another tongue, 'would from mine be insult; and to whom?—My own

'brother, and your nephew.—Nor did he use me so 'barbarously.—Indeed that would have been more in- 'excusable than any thing he hath done. Fortune may 'tempt men of no very bad dispositions to injustice; but 'insults proceed only from black and rancorous minds, 'and have no temptations to excuse them.—Let me 'beseech you, Sir, to do nothing by him in the present 'height of your anger. Consider, my dear uncle, I 'was not myself condemned unheard.' Allworthy stood silent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he said, with tears gushing from his eyes, 'O my child! to what good- 'ness have I been so long blind!'

Mrs. Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and seeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burst forth into the most ecstatic thanksgivings to heaven, for what had happened. —Then running to Jones, she embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My dearest friend, I wish you joy a thousand 'and a thousand times of this blest day.' And next Mr. Allworthy himself received the same congratulations. To which he answered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, I 'am beyond expression happy.' Some few more raptures having passed on all sides, Mrs. Miller desired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where she said there were a very happy set of people assembled; being indeed no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his cousin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excused himself from dining with the company, saying he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private business to discourse of, but could not resist promising the good woman, that both he and Jones would make part of her society at supper.

Mrs. Miller then asked what was to be done with

Blifil? 'for indeed,' says she, 'I cannot be easy while 'such a villain is in my house.'—Allworthy answered, He was as uneasy as herself on the same account. 'O!' cries she, 'if that be the case, leave the matter to me; 'I'll soon shew him the outside of my doors, I warrant 'you. Here are two or three lusty fellows below stairs.' 'There will be no need of any violence,' cries Allworthy; 'if you will carry him a message from me, he will, I 'am convinced, depart of his own accord.' 'Will I?' said Mrs. Miller, 'I never did any thing in my life 'with a better will.' Here Jones interfered, and said, He had considered the matter better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy pleased, be himself the messenger. 'I 'know,' says he, 'already enough of your pleasure, 'Sir, and I beg leave to acquaint him with it by my 'own words. Let me beseech you, Sir,' added he, 'to 'reflect on the dreadful consequences of driving him 'to violent and sudden despair. How unfit, alas! is 'this poor man to die in his present situation.' This suggestion had not the least effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room, crying, 'you are too good, Mr. Jones, 'infinitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impression on Allworthy. 'My good child,' said he, 'I am equally astonished at the goodness of 'your heart, and the quickness of your understanding. 'Heaven indeed forbid that this wretch should be de-'prived of any means or time for repentance. That 'would be a shocking consideration indeed. Go to him, 'therefore, and use your own discretion; yet do not 'flatter him with any hopes of my forgiveness; for I 'never shall forgive villany farther than my religion 'obliges me, and that extends not either to our bounty 'or our conversation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a situation which moved his pity, though it would have

raised a less amiable passion in many beholders. He cast himself on his bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears; not in such tears as flow from contrition, and wash away guilt from minds which have been seduced or surprised into it unawares, against the bent of their natural dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, these tears were such as the frighted thief sheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the most savage natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasing and tedious to paint this scene in full length. Let it suffice to say, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to excess. He omitted nothing which his invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping spirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the resolution of his uncle, that he must quit the house that evening. He offered to furnish him with any money he wanted, assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all; but finding at last the evidence too strong against him he betook himself at last to confession. He then asked pardon of his brother in the most vehement manner, prostrated himself on the ground, and kissed his feet; in short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not so far check his disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme servility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his

afflictions more like a man; repeating, at the same time, his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them; for which Blifil, making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks; and then he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he made concerning the 500*l.* bank-notes. 'I have,' said he, 'already consulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my great astonishment, that there is no punishment for a fraud of this kind. Indeed, when I consider the black ingratitude of this fellow toward you, I think a highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent person.'

'Good heaven!' says Jones, 'is it possible?—I am shocked beyond measure at this news. I thought there was not an honester fellow in the world.—— The temptation of such a sum was too great for him to withstand; for smaller matters have come safe to me through his hand. Indeed, my dear uncle, you must suffer me to call it weakness rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor fellow loves me, and hath done me some kindnesses, which I can never forget; nay, I believe he hath repented of this very act; for it is not above a day or two ago, when my affairs seemed in the most desperate situation, that he visited me in my confinement, and offered me any money I wanted. Consider, Sir, what a temptation to a man who hath tasted such bitter distress it must be to have a sum in his possession, which must put him and his family beyond any future possibility of suffering the like.'

'Child,' cries Allworthy, 'you carry this forgiving temper too far. Such mistaken mercy is not only weakness, but borders on injustice, and is very per-

'nicious to society, as it encourages vice. The dis-
'honesty of this fellow, I might, perhaps, have pardoned,
'but never his ingratitude. And give me leave to say,
'when we suffer any temptation to atone for dishonesty
'itself, we are as candid and merciful as we ought to
'be; and so far I confess I have gone; for I have often
'pitied the fate of a highwayman, when I have been on
'the grand jury; and have more than once applied to
'the judge on the behalf of such as have had any
'mitigating circumstances in their case; but when dis-
'honesty is attended with any blacker crime, such as
'cruelty, murder, ingratitude, or the like, compassion
'and forgiveness then become faults. I am convinced
'the fellow is a villain, and he shall be punished; at
'least as far as I can punish him.'

This was spoke with so stern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply; besides, the hour appointed by Mr. Western now drew so near, that he had barely time left to dress himself. Here therefore ended the present dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his clothes.

Partridge had scarce seen his master since the happy discovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or express his transports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almost as many mistakes while he was dressing Jones, as I have seen made by Harlequin in dressing himself on the stage.

His memory, however, was not in the least deficient. He recollected now many omens and presages of this happy event, some of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt that evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with saying, 'I
'always told your honour something boded in my mind,

'that you would one time or other have it in your power 'to make my fortune.' Jones assured him, that this boding should as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other omens had been to himself, which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his master.

CHAPTER XII.

Approaching still nearer to the end.

JONES being now completely dressed, attended his uncle to Mr. Western's. He was, indeed, one of the finest figures ever beheld, and his person alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this history, that nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth, on this merit only, to recommend her work.

Sophia, who, angry as she was, was likewise set forth to the best advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful, that even Allworthy, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering Western, that he believed she was the finest creature in the world. To which Western answered, in a whisper overheard by all present, 'So much the better 'for Tom;——for d—n me if he shan't ha the tousling 'her.' Sophia was all over scarlet at these words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his chair.

The tea-table was scarce removed, before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him, he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private, before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, pear strange to many readers, that those who had so ıch to say to one another when danger and difficulty ended their conversation: and who seemed so eager to sh into each other's arms, when so many bars lay in ir way, now that with safety they were at liberty to y or do whatever they pleased, should both remain some time silent and motionless; insomuch that a anger of moderate sagacity might have well concluded, ey were mutually indifferent; but so it was, however ange it may seem; both sat with their eyes cast down- rds on the ground, and for some minutes continued in rfect silence.

Mr. Jones, during this interval attempted once or twice speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, rather sighing out some broken words; when Sophia length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn discourse from the subject which she knew well ough he was endeavouring to open, said;——

'Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate man in the orld in this discovery.' 'And can you really, Madam, ink me so fortunate,' said Jones, sighing, 'while I ave incurred your displeasure?'—'Nay, Sir,' says , 'as to that you best know whether you have de- rved it.' 'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'you your- lf are as well apprized of all my demerits. Mrs. Miller hath acquainted you with the whole truth. O! y Sophia, am I never to hope for forgiveness?'—— think, Mr. Jones,' said she, 'I may almost depend n your own justice, and leave it to yourself to pass ntence on your own conduct.'——'Alas! Madam,' swered he, 'it is mercy, and not justice which I im- lore at your hands. Justice I know must condemn e.——Yet not for the letter I sent to Lady Bellaston. f that I most solemnly declare you have had a true

'account.' He then insisted much on the security given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyship should have accepted his offer; but confest, that he had been guilty of a great indiscretion, to put such a letter as that into her power, 'which,' said he, 'I have dearly 'paid for, in the effect it has upon you.' 'I do not, I 'cannot,' says she, 'believe otherwise of that letter than 'you would have me. My conduct, I think, shews you 'clearly I do not believe there is much in that. And 'yet, Mr. Jones, have I not enough to resent? After 'what past at Upton, so soon to engage in a new amour 'with another woman, while I fancied, and you pre-'tended, your heart was bleeding for me?——Indeed, 'you have acted strangely. Can I believe the passion 'you have profest to me to be sincere? Or, if I can, 'what happiness can I assure myself of with a man 'capable of so much inconstancy?' 'O, my Sophia,' cries he, 'do not doubt the sincerity of the purest pas-'sion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think, most 'adorable creature, of my unhappy situation, of my de-'spair.——Could I, my Sophia, have flattered myself 'with the most distant hopes of being ever permitted 'to throw myself at your feet in the manner I do now, 'it would not have been in the power of any other 'woman to have inspired a thought which the severest 'chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! 'O Sophia! if you can have goodness enough to pardon 'what is past, do not let any cruel future apprehensions 'shut your mercy against me.——No repentance was 'ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my 'heaven in this dear bosom.' 'Sincere repentance, Mr. 'Jones,' answered she, 'will obtain the pardon of a 'sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of 'that sincerity. A human mind may be imposed on;

'nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You 'must expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on 'by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least 'insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity.'——'Name 'any proof in my power,' answered Jones eagerly. 'Time,' replied she; 'Time alone, Mr. Jones, can con-'vince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved 'to abandon these vicious courses, which I should detest 'you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in 'them.' 'Do not imagine it,' cries Jones. 'On my 'knees I entreat, I implore your confidence, a confidence 'which it shall be the business of my life to deserve.' 'Let it then,' said she, 'be the business of some part 'of your life to shew me you deserve it. I think I have 'been explicit enough in assuring you, that when I see 'you merit my confidence, you will obtain it. After 'what is past, Sir, can you expect I should take you 'upon your word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my word; I have 'a better security, a pledge for my constancy, which it 'is impossible to see and to doubt.' 'What is that?' said Sophia, a little surprised. 'I will shew you, my 'charming angel,' cries Jones, seizing her hand, and carrying her to the glass. 'There, behold it there in 'that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, 'that mind which shines through these eyes; can the 'man who shall be in possession of these be inconstant? 'Impossible! my Sophia; they would fix a Dorimant, a 'Lord Rochester. You could not doubt it, if you could 'see yourself with any eyes but your own.' Sophia blushed, and half smiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown—'If I am to judge,' said she, 'of the future 'by the past, my image will no more remain in your 'heart when I am out of your sight, than it will in this 'glass when I am out of the room.' 'By heaven, by all

'that is sacred!' said Jones, 'it never was out of my 'heart. The delicacy of your sex cannot conceive the 'grossness of ours, nor how little one sort of amour 'has to do with the heart.' 'I will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very gravely, 'who shall not learn refine-'ment enough to be as incapable as I am myself of 'making such a distinction.' 'I will learn it,' said Jones. 'I have learnt it already. The first moment of hope 'that my Sophia might be my wife, taught it me at once; 'and all the rest of her sex from that moment became as 'little the objects of desire to my sense, as of passion to 'my heart.' 'Well,' said Sophia, 'the proof of this 'must be from time. Your situation, Mr. Jones, is now 'altered, and I assure you I have great satisfaction in the 'alteration. You will now want no opportunity of being 'near me, and convincing me that your mind is altered 'too.' 'O! my angel,' cries Jones, how shall I thank 'thy goodness! And are you so good to own, that you 'have a satisfaction in my prosperity?——Believe me, 'believe me, Madam, it is you alone have given a relish 'to that prosperity, since I owe to it the dear hope—— 'O! my Sophia, let it not be a distant one.—I will be all 'obedience to your commands. I will not dare to press 'any thing further than you permit me. Yet let me 'entreat you to appoint a short trial. O! tell me, when 'I may expect you will be convinced of what is most 'solemnly true.' 'When I have gone voluntarily thus 'far, Mr. Jones,' said she, 'I expect not to be pressed. 'Nay, I will not.'—'O! don't look unkindly thus, my 'Sophia,' cries he. 'I do not, I dare not press you.— 'Yet permit me at least once more to beg you would fix 'the period. O! consider the impatience of love.'—— 'A twelvemonth, perhaps,' said she. 'O! my Sophia,' cries he, 'you have named an eternity.'—'Perhaps, it 'may be something sooner,' says she; 'I will not be

'teazed. If your passion for me be what I would have 'it, I think you may now be easy.'—'Easy, Sophia, call 'not such an exulting happiness as mine by so cold a 'name.——O! transporting thought! am I not assured 'that the blessed day will come, when I shall call you 'mine; when fears shall be no more; when I shall have 'that dear, that vast, that exquisite, ecstatic delight of 'making my Sophia happy?'——'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'that day is in your own power.'——'O! my dear, my 'divine angel,' cried he, 'these words have made me mad 'with joy.——But I must, I will thank those dear lips 'which have so sweetly pronounced my bliss.' He then caught her in his arms, and kissed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this instant Western, who had stood some time listening, burst into the room, and with his hunting voice and phrase, cried out, 'To her, boy, to her, go to her. '——That's it, little honeys, O that's it! Well, what is 'it all over? Hath she appointed the day, boy? What, 'shall it be to-morrow or next day? It shan't be put off 'a minute longer than next day, I am resolved.' 'Let 'me beseech you, Sir,' says Jones, 'don't let me be the 'occasion—'—'Beseech mine a——,' cries Western, 'I 'thought thou hadst been a lad of higher mettle, than to 'give way to a parcel of maidenish tricks.——I tell thee 'tis all flimflam. Zoodikers! she'd have the wedding 'to night with all her heart. Would'st not, Sophy? 'Come, confess, and be an honest girl for once. What, 'art dumb? Why dost not speak?' 'Why should I 'confess, Sir,' says Sophia, 'since it seems you are so 'well acquainted with my thoughts.'——'That's a good 'girl,' cries he, 'and dost consent then?' 'No indeed, 'Sir,' says Sophia, 'I have given no such consent.'—— 'And wunt nut ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?' says Western.——'Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I have no

'such intention.' 'But I can tell thee,' replied he, 'why 'hast nut, only because thou dost love to be disobedient, 'and to plague and vex thy father.' 'Pray, Sir,' said Jones interfering——'I tell thee thou art a puppy,' cries he. 'When I vorbid her, then it was all nothing but 'sighing and whining, and languishing and writing; 'now I am vor thee, she is against thee. All the spirit 'of contrary, that's all. She is above being guided and 'governed by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It 'is only to disoblige and contradict me.' 'What would 'my papa have me do?' cries Sophia. 'What would 'I ha thee do?' says he, 'why gi un thy hand this 'moment.'——'Well, Sir,' said Sophia, 'I will obey 'you.—There is my hand, Mr. Jones.' 'Well, and 'will you consent to ha un to-morrow morning?' says Western.—'I will be obedient to you, Sir,' cries she.— 'Why then to-morrow morning be the day,' cries he.— 'Why then to-morrow morning shall be the day, papa, 'since you will have it so,' says Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kissed her hand in an agony of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room, presently crying out, 'Where the devil is Allworthy? 'He is without now, a talking with that d——d lawyer 'Dowling, when he should be minding other matters.' He then sallied out in quest of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he soon returned with Allworthy saying, 'If you 'won't believe me, you may ask her yourself. Hast nut 'gin thy consent, Sophy, to be married to-morrow?' 'Such are your commands, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'and I 'dare not be guilty of disobedience.' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'my nephew will merit so much good- 'ness, and will be always as sensible as myself of the 'great honour you have done my family. An alliance

'with so charming and so excellent a young lady would 'indeed be an honour to the greatest in England.' 'Yes,' cries Western, 'but if I had suffered her to stand shill I 'shall I, dilly dally, you might not have had that honour 'yet awhile; I was forced to use a little fatherly authority 'to bring her to.' 'I hope not, Sir,' cries Allworthy. 'I hope there is not the least constraint.' 'Why, there,' cries Western; 'you may bid her unsay all again, if 'you will. D'ost repent heartily of thy promise, d'ost 'not, Sophy!' 'Indeed, papa,' cries she, 'I do not 'repent, nor do I believe I ever shall, of any promise 'in favour of Mr. Jones.' 'Then, nephew,' cries Allworthy, 'I felicitate you most heartily; for I think you 'are the happiest of men. And, Madam, you will give 'me leave to congratulate you on this joyful occasion: 'indeed, I am convinced you have bestowed yourself on 'one who will be sensible of your great merit, and who 'will at least use his best endeavours to deserve it.' 'His best endeavours!' cries Western, 'that he will, I 'warrant un.——Harkye, Allworthy, I'll bet thee five 'pounds to a crown we have a boy to-morrow nine 'months; but prithee tell me what wut ha! Wut ha 'Burgundy, Champaigne, or what? for please Jupiter, 'we'll make a night on't.' 'Indeed, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'you must excuse me; both my nephew and I were 'engaged before I suspected this near approach of his 'happiness.'——'Engaged!' quoth the squire, 'never 'tell me.—I won't part with thee to-night upon any 'occasion. Shalt sup here, please the Lord Harry.' 'You must pardon me, my dear neighbour,' answered Allworthy: 'I have given a solemn promise, and that 'you know I never break.' 'Why, prithee, who art 'engaged to?' cries the squire.——Allworthy then informed him, as likewise of the company.——'Odzookers!' answered the squire, 'I will go with thee, and so shall

'Sophy; for I won't part with thee to-night; and it 'would be barbarous to part Tom and the girl.' This offer was presently embraced by Allworthy, and Sophia consented, having first obtained a private promise from her father, that he would not mention a syllable concerning her marriage.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In which the history is concluded.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewise he met his uncle, who was returned to town in quest of his new-married daughter.

This marriage was the luckiest incident which could have happened to the young gentleman; for these brothers lived in a constant state of contention about the government of their children, both heartily despising the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured, as much as he could, to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This desire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had used, so strongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his son with a smiling countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the most immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his nephew, where his daughter and her husband were, than he declared he would instantly go to

her. And when he arrived there, he scarce suffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderness which affected all who saw him; and in less than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her husband, as if he had himself joined their hands.

In this situation were affairs when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happiness of Mrs. Miller, who no sooner saw Sophia, than she guessed every thing that had happened; and so great was her friendship to Jones, that it added not a few transports to those she felt on the happiness of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many instances of a number of people met together, where every one was so perfectly happy, as in this company. Amongst whom, the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the least perfect content; for notwithstanding his affection for his son; notwithstanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not so entirely be satisfied with his son's choice; and perhaps, the presence of Sophia herself tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then suggested itself, that his son might have had that lady, or some other such. Not that any of the charms which adorned either the person or mind of Sophia created the uneasiness; it was the contents of her father's coffers which set his heart a longing. These were the charms which he could not bear to think his son had sacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but so totally were they eclipsed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the best-tempered girls in the world, it would have raised some envy in their breasts; for neither of their husbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia, who sat at the table like a queen receiving

homage, or rather like a superior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not which she exacted; for she was as much distinguished by her modesty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was spent in much true mirth. All were happy, but those the most, who had been most unhappy before. Their former sufferings and fears gave such a relish to their felicity, as even love and fortune, in their fullest flow, could not have given without the advantage of such a comparison. Yet as great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the least merry of the whole company. Which Western observed with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'st 'not talk, boy! Why do'st look so grave! Hast lost 'thy tongue, girl! Drink another glass of wine, sha't 'drink another glass.' And the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing a merry song, which bore some relation to matrimony and the loss of a maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that topic, as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checked him sometimes by looks, and once or twice by a—'Fie! Mr. Western!' He began indeed once to debate the matter, and assert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought fit; but as nobody seconded him, he was soon reduced to order.

Notwithstanding this little restraint, he was so pleased with the cheerfulness and good-humour of the company, that he insisted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the mistress of the ceremonies, or, in the polite phrase, did

the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors'-Commons, where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller, were the only persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her father, that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her marriage. The same secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This somewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own inclinations. In confidence of this secrecy, she went through the day pretty well, till the squire, who was now advanced into the second bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great confusion of our poor blushing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To say truth, there was not a person present made wiser by this discovery; for Mrs. Miller had whispered it to her daughter, her daughter to her husband, her husband to his sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the squire sat in to his cups, in which he was, by degrees, deserted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Western himself. These two, therefore, sat stoutly to it during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had surrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of the enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion, in which to our great pleasure, though contrary perhaps to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happiest of all human kind; for what happiness this

world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other persons who have made any considerable figure in this history, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as possible, to satisfy their curiosity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to see Blifil, but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to settle 200*l.* a year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles distant from London, and lays up 200*l.* a year out of it, in order to purchase a seat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is also lately turned methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that sect, whose estate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitless attempts to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himself with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuses behind their backs. But in his stead, Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his house, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is separated from her husband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is so good an economist, that she spends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Irish peer; and in acts of friendship to her repays all the obligations she owes to her husband.

Mrs. Western was soon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and hath spent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellaston made the latter a formal visit at her return to town, where she behaved to Jones as to a perfect stranger, and, with great civility, wished him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter reside, and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families.

As to those of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a pension of 60*l.* a year settled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to parson Supple, on whom, at the instance of Sophia, Western hath bestowed a considerable living.

Black George, hearing the discovery that had been made, run away, and was never since heard of; and Jones bestowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greatest share.

As for Partridge, Jones hath settled 50*l.* a year on him; and he hath again set up a school, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly, and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miss Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Western and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Western hath resigned his family seat, and the greater part of his estate, to his son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser house of his in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed, he is often as a visitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter,

hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to please him. And this desire of theirs is attended with such success, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and anti-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases; and his daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it; for Jones hath assured her that, as next to pleasing her, one of his highest satisfactions is to contribute to the happiness of the old man; so the great duty, which she expresses and performs to her father, renders her almost equally dear to him with the love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his time in the nursery, where he declares the tattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is sweeter music than the finest cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no instance of shewing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath also, by reflection on his past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest affection for each other, an affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual esteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends less amiable than towards one another.

And such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

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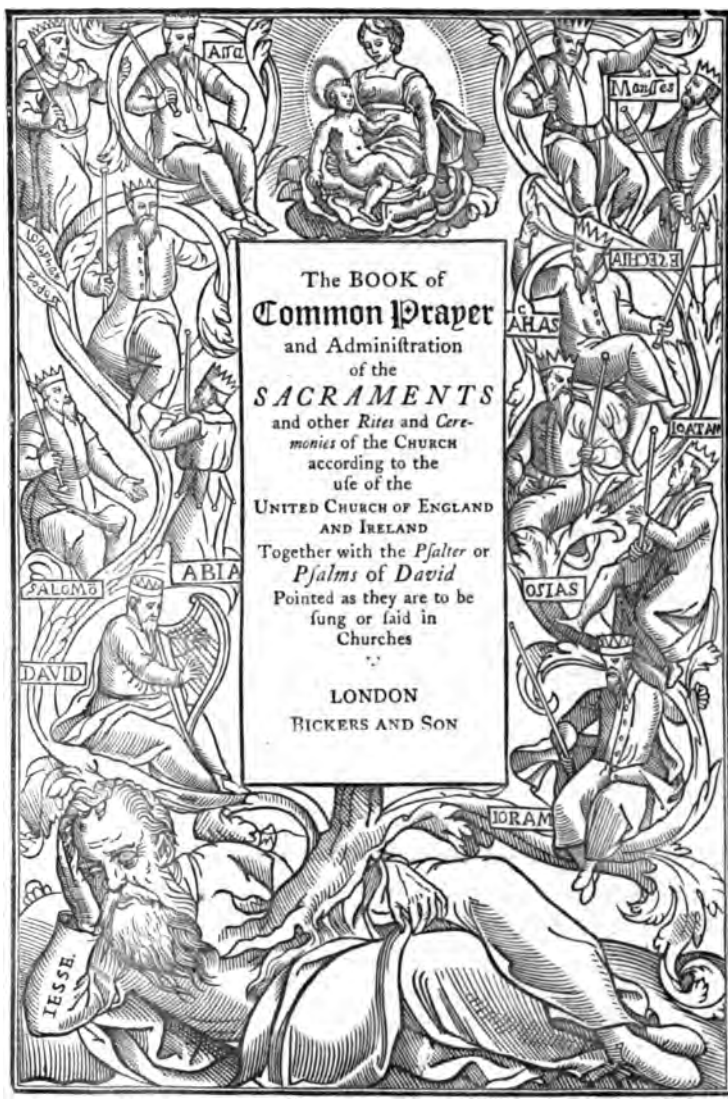

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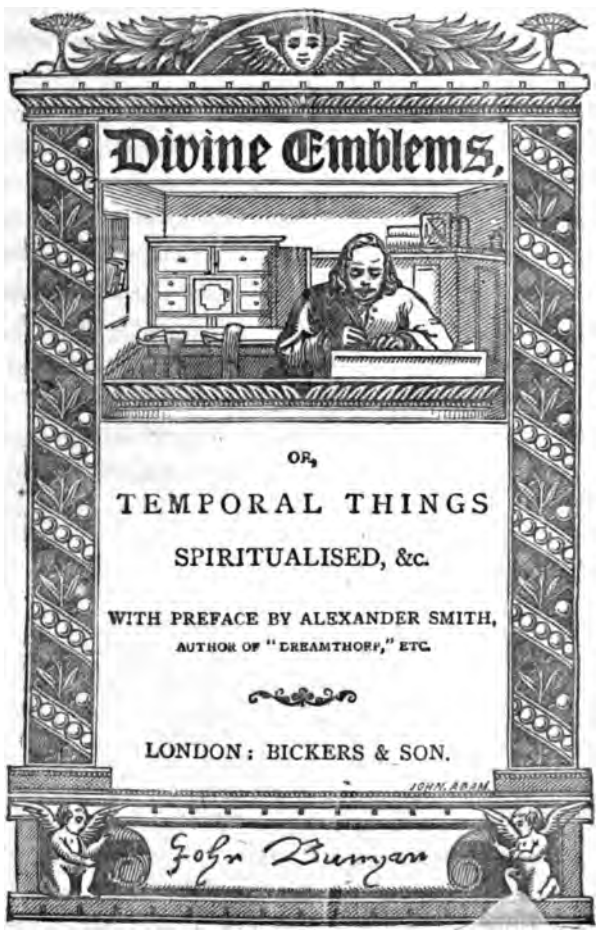

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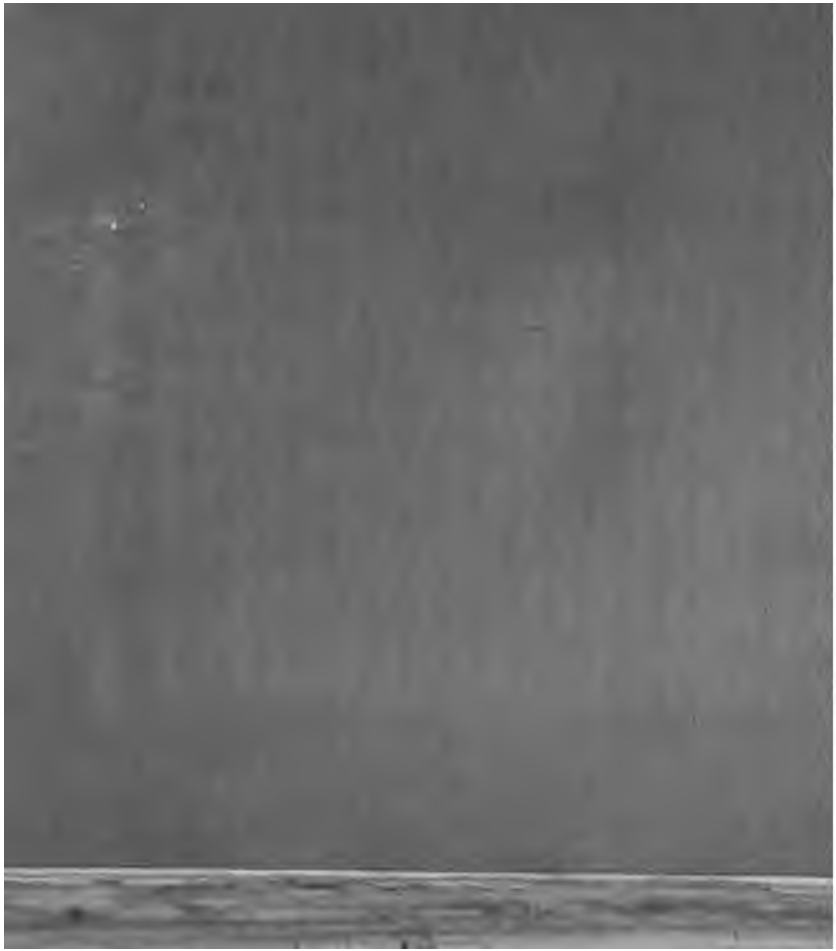
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